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Dedication.

To

Charles Warren Stoddard, Ph. D., '01

In Grateful Appreciation of His Work

For the

Literature of California

This Seventh Volume of

The Redwood

Is Respectfully Inscribed

by the

Staff

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THE VERY REVEREND GEO. DE LA MOTTE, S. J.,
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No. 1

OCTOBER IN SANTA CLARA VALLEY

*Queenly enchantress thou, O would 'twere mine
Sweetly to tell the charm that lures my heart
When 'neath the subtlety of thy magic art
Our vale more beauteous grows! Thy form divine*

*Is seen, and lo, o'er plain and knoll and hill
The purpling grape from broad vine leaves among
Peeps forth in conscious beauty, while all day long
From sky of chastest blue the sunbeams fill*

*The land with radiance. But 'tis at night
When mellowest rays fall from a mellow moon
Silvering the vale with brightness akin to noon;
'Tis then my heart is ravished with delight.*

J. P. Deegan, '10.

SANTA CLARA'S PASSION PLAY

THE "NAZARETH" OF CALIFORNIA'S OBERAMMERGAU A PRODUCTION
OF BEAUTY, POWER AND REVERENCE

It was my good fortune in 1889, to see the Oberammergau Passion Play produced in all its original simplicity at Brixleg, a village in the Austrian Tyrol. At Oberammergau I visited Joseph Mayer, the famous Christus of 1870-1871, 1880 and 1890. The Judas also was my friend—the Judas, an impersonation so realistic that when the actors were leaving the theater after the play, mobs of peasants stoned him in the streets and he was obliged to flee for his life. He was a wood carver, as was Joseph Mayer; his son was an artist in burnt wood etching. I asked the father if the son was to succeed him in the part of the mercenary traitor; and the old man with a look of horror mingled with love and pity said:

"Not if I can prevent him. He shall not suffer as I have suffered."

If I am not mistaken, that son has since assumed the part. I saw also the admirable production of Salmi Morse's Passion Play at the Grand opera house, San Francisco, California, in 1878. It was an artistic mingling of tableaux and recitation and deeply impressed the large audiences that gathered to witness it, but through the bigotry of certain fanatics it was suppressed after a few representations. This play was the realization of an almost life-long dream of the author and in its production he invested his whole fortune. Having been boycotted

in San Francisco he vainly endeavored to find an opening in New York and at last, losing all hope of achieving the triumph he had striven for he was finally driven to despair and suicide.

I twice saw the Santa Clara College Passion Play—twice in a single day. At the matinee I seemed to be keying up to the proper pitch for a thorough appreciation of the representation that followed in the evening. The interval between the two productions was so brief the actors retained their costumes and their make-up—which in many cases was not elaborate—and the college campus reminded me of a market place in Jerusalem.

If I were asked which of these Passion Plays affected me most profoundly; which touched my heart more than another and has left an impression that is not likely to fade with time, as that of the others have, I should say without hesitation, it is "Nazereth," the Passion Play of Santa Clara. It seems to me the most reverent and the most beautiful and it grows in beauty and reverence the more familiar one becomes with it.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau has become a theatrical speculation in the interest of the Theater Royal of Munich. The performers have grown stagey, according to the traditions of the conventional drama. At Brixleg—as at Oberammergau—the simple and

ingenuous audience refreshed itself during the long and tedious acts—there were eighteen of them—with the undisguised consumption of pretzels and beer. At the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, where the cast—which was unannounced, though the chief performers were recognized by old playgoers, especially the “Christus,” James O’Neil, of Monte Christo fame—there was the art of the professional and the theatrical atmosphere which is inseparable from it. It was the refreshing artlessness of the students of Santa Clara College who filled every role in the beautiful play and alone deserve the credit for its perfect production, that went straight to the heart and thrilled it with unwonted emotion.

The players were all youths, some of them were children. For more than three months “Nazareth” had been in rehearsal. No classes in the college course were interrupted in all that time. At the close of the evening study hour, or during the half-holidays, a portion of the play was carefully rehearsed. Thus, day by day, and week by week, each grew into his role and it became a part of him. I overheard a protestant clergyman who was present at an afternoon performance of the play, say:

“I do not see how it is possible for these young men to enter into their parts as they do with so much earnestness and reverence; and recite their scriptural lines with such conviction, without its having a marked influence upon their character hereafter.”

It was all very real and very sympa-

thetic to me. I cannot believe that it was because I was taken behind the scenes and introduced to several of the actors; or my love for the college and the old Mission church and all who are in any way associated with either, that has prejudiced me in favor of the play and the players. I believe that the majority of those present were affected as I was, seriously and profoundly. Of course, I knew what perhaps very few people in the audience knew, that before the curtain was drawn aside each matinee and evening the whole company was assembled on that stage, and, as with one voice, they uttered an earnest prayer to Saint Joseph for the success of the play. “Thy special favor we now implore for success in the coming Passion Play.” This, with the versicle repeated seven times over, in honor of the seven joys and sorrows of Saint Joseph, and a concluding prayer, pitched the key-note in a harmony almost celestial. Then appeared before the curtain two heralds who blew one long note upon their golden trumpets, and withdrew. These heralds looked as if they had stepped for a moment from a picture by Fra Angelico. The six court pages were such angelic children as Fra Angelico alone could paint. Indeed, in the careful selection of the cast each was physically fitted to his part and had no word been spoken, but the whole been merely a series of tableaux, these, with the musical accompaniment, would have made the ensemble perfect.

“Nazareth,” the Passion Play, was produced for the first time on any stage,

during the week of May 27, 1901, at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Santa Clara College, the pioneer institution of learning in California. It was written by Clay M. Greene, an alumnus of the Class of 1868, and he, the original native son of San Francisco. On this occasion Mr. Greene assumed the role of Dathian, emissary from King Herod to Bethlehem. So pronounced was the success of the play in 1901, it was resolved that it should be revived at intervals. It enjoyed a second season in 1903, and was in rehearsal for its third season when the terrible disaster of 1906 paralyzed for a time the spirit and energy of the people of the Pacific Coast.

The greatest success of all was the triumphant reproduction of the play during the week of May 13, 1907. The costumes were historically correct; the scenery and appointments rich and of great beauty; the music, delightful and dramatically appropriate, was a fitting accompaniment to a play that was in conception and execution an epic poem. The electrical effect was brilliant and startling and the crowning achievement—an inspiration—so quickened the imagination of the spectator that an emotion akin to awe was awakened when a mysterious light, glowing softly in the wings of the stage heralded the approach of the Redeemer, whose radiant body was never for a moment visible to the breathless audience. One could but look and wonder at what seemed something akin to a miracle. Even on the way to the Cross, the agonizing ascent of Calvary,

all that took place during the tragic pilgrimage was suggested; the Apostles crouching, grief-stricken, by a closed gate in a wall beyond which the howling and raving mob passing slowly by, while above it appeared the helmets and plumes of the mounted centurions, the weeping and wailing was heard, and the tips of the waving palms in the hands of the followers of the Christ; and then just the upper portions of the Cross borne upon the bleeding shoulders of Him who was to sanctify it with the sacrifice of His body; then the moment of faintness when the Cross fell and the stoning of the Divine victim by the mob that followed after! I venture to assert that this remarkable scene, so appalling in its suggestiveness, yet so reverentially veiled from the flooding eyes of those who witnessed it, has never been equaled in tremendous effectiveness on any other stage.

At least three of the original cast of the Passion Play appeared in its third production. The Judas of John J. Ivanovich holds its own in comparison with the best impersonations on the modern English stage. James Bacigalupi and Michael Griffith appear also for the third time and with others in the cast assume their parts with all the ease and self-possession of professionals. They have the art, also, but 'tis an artless art that is guiltless of affectations, and lends to the production a charm that one seldom finds in the theaters of the day.

Over two hundred students were employed in the representation of "Nazareth." With them it was indeed a labor

of love, a veritable act of donation. One could not help realizing this during the action of the Passion Play. It was as unstaged as possible. A student with his assistants managed the business; a student painted the scenery; one of the professors, the Rev. Richard H. Bell, S. J., and his pupil manipulated the switchboard and electric spot and flood lights, students were ushers, students were the scene-shifters, students were the actors—in fine, a student had the entire stage direction, his name—Martin V. Merle, '06—has already become well known throughout America on account of the wonderful success of his sacred play "The Light Eternal," which he wrote at the college during his Sophomore year.

Whatever proceeds were in excess of the enormous expenses of the production were this year handed over to the building fund of the new and greater Santa Clara College. Already six hundred acres of land have been purchased for this new site. This land extends from the suburbs of the town of Mountain View to the summit of the foothills bordering the western side of the Santa Clara valley.

The college itself, which will cost at least a million dollars, will be erected on a beautiful knoll covering half a square mile in area. A more ideal spot for such an institution could hardly be imagined. In the rear, rises a picturesque, well-wooded mountain range, abounding in shady walks and refreshing trout bearing streams. Here the students may take their daily ambula-

tions even during the rainy season. An hour's climb from the college will bring you to Permanente Peak from which a sublime view of the Pacific may be had. Stretching out before the future college lies the fertile Santa Clara valley. The stately buildings of the neighboring Stanford University will be easily viewed from the front portico; to the north may be seen Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield and Redwood City, suburban towns, among the live oaks, to the northeast stretches the bay of San Francisco, while Mount Diablo and the observatory-crested Hamilton frame a gorgeous panorama that will constantly delight the eye of all students and visitors to the famous college.

A natural basin has been recently discovered in the neighborhood of this superb site, where it is the dream of the Jesuit Fathers to build an open amphitheater for the future home of the Passion Play which periodically, even as at Oberammergau, may attract thousands to the edifying spectacle.

The play, with its four epochs and nine chapters, is highly original in construction. It is written with singular reverence and the delicate treatment of the theme is unlike that of any other Passion Play familiar to the stage. Though much of the action of the play takes place in the very presence of the Divine central figure, He is never for a moment visible, but His presence is made manifest by a nebulous light that seems to emanate from a spiritual body too exquisitely refined to be visible to a worldly eye. The effect is startlingly

impressive and so dramatically effective as to inspire in the beholder bewilderment and awe. It is a triumph of dramatic ingenuity little short of pure inspiration.

How can I better conclude these notes than by quoting the author's dedication of his play—a play that is surely destined to be reproduced at intervals for many and many a year to come and to leave after it an aroma of incense as delicious to heart and soul as a memory of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at Christmas or Easter Day:

DEDICATION

To the Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., gentle playmate of my boyhood, cherished memory of my youth, and revered friend of my riper years, this work is affectionately inscribed, in tender recollection of the sweet long ago in Santa Clara College, and to reverently assist, in my humble way, the celebration of its golden jubilee. Clay M. Greene, 1868-69.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD,
Ph. D. '03.

TO A SONG-BIRD

Happy and gay,
 Happy and gay,
 Ever merry this long life-day:
 And thy cheery song
 Bears me along
 To a land far away—
 To a land that is dear—
 Sweet yesteryear.

A. B. DIEPENBROCK, '08.

MUST ALL OUR TREASURES PERISH?

*The flush of evening darkens into night
Almost before the splendor of the sky—
Its magic light
Has fallen on the charmed watcher's eye
And filled him with delight.
The matin carol of the singing bird
Poured forth in glorious welcome to the dawn
Has scarce been heard
Echoing over meadow, grove and hill
When on a sudden impulse he is gone
And all is still.
A fleeting hour
Measures the span of life
Of the most fragrant flower.
And in the cruel strife,
Waged by grim Time so ceaselessly on all
Even the best must fall.
Friendships and loves must some day cease to be.
But shall they wholly perish?
Not while the heart can cherish
A tender memory.*

M. T. Dooling, Fr., '09.

“AN EYE FOR AN EYE”

The short December day waned into evening. A cold wind blew steadily from the north causing the army bivouacked and entrenched to creep near to its camp fires and wrap itself in its blankets. From a fire far to the left came the sound of voices singing. The officers were making merry. Then after a time the singing ceased and from the midst of the group a young Captain arose and shook the ashes from his pipe.

“It’s mighty cold tonight” he said and yawned. “Well, good night, boys, I’m off to see to the pickets. He buttoned his coat about him and walked out into the moonlight.

Captain Allen was a young man and well liked by all. Every night, no matter how mean and disagreeable, he would visit his pickets and see that they were as comfortable as possible. Tonight he walked along thinking of the northern home where soon the Yule log would make bright his hearth and shine upon the faces of his loving family. He pictured it all, as he cautiously moved along, and with all the affection of his loving heart, yearned to be there. Suddenly he stopped and listened, then crept forward and stood erect behind a tree. What he saw there made him crouch back and draw his revolver. Then he stealthily looked again.

There in the sand of a small creek knelt a man; before him on a

flat board was stretched a piece of paper and beside him lay a revolver. He was rapidly tracing lines on the paper. Now and then he stopped and listened, then again he bent to his work and the pencil moved with rapid precision.

Captain Allen watched a moment, fascinated by the man’s movements. No hesitation, no pause except to listen. Certainly the man was an expert and knew well his mission. And his bravery! There he knelt alone, a spy, almost within the entrenchment of his enemies, making a chart of their works.

He finished and he stopped to survey his work. It satisfied him and a smile slight but noticeable spread over his features; the smile of a man well pleased with a deed. He picked up his revolver and put it in his holster, gathered the paper, folded it and placed it safely in the bosom of his shirt. As he arose to go, Captain Allen spoke.

“All through” he asked politely.

The spy started, turned and unflinchingly gazed into the barrel of the Captain’s gun. After a moment he answered.

“Yes all through,—Bob!”

“Jack!”

Allen’s arm lowered. He stood motionless, paralyzed. As he gazed, seeing nothing but the face of his enemy, there rushed before his mind the memory of this man, who wore a

uniform which made them foes, and who had crept into his lines, a spy.

Long ago in boyhood they had been chums and their friendship remained all through youth and manhood. They had been more than chums, they had been brothers. All the sweet memories of the past were sweet to Allen, because they had been shared by this friend. All those that caused him grief lost bitterness when this friend shared the sorrow. He had known no love except his mother's, equal to that which he bore this boy. Then they had grown up and his sister had given her hand in marriage to his chum, strengthening the bond that held them together.

Now he stood there with a duty before him which would cost the life of his friend and brother. He hesitated. Vaguely he realized the sorrow and grief that would besiege the hearts of his sister and all those who loved that man standing before him. He saw the dear ones at home with bowed heads and broken hearts and tear-stained eyes unwilling to be comforted. And last of all he thought of his own great love and weighted with duty it now seemed boundless. "I can't! I can't!" he murmured.

The spy stood still. No sign of fear presented itself. His face was slightly pale, but his eye was bright and his head erect. Each moment he expected Allen to shoot but no bullet came. Then as to a dying man comes a panorama of his past, so now to this man facing death there came a vivid picture of all that had gone before. His youth, the happy days he had spent when in

company of the man who now stood before him. All his life appeared to him clear and entire. More vivid than all came the picture of his young wife at home waiting for the war to end and praying always that no harm would come to him she loved best in all the world. He was a brave man and did not fear to die, but some thoughts make cowards of us all. Why shouldn't he try to escape?

Captain Allen seemed dazed. He did not move nor speak. He stared, motionless.

The spy knew that the Captain's duty was to shoot or take him prisoner to be shot in camp. He also knew his friend's thoughts. He reasoned that if he dashed for liberty he might get away and Allen would not be blamed. If he did not escape he could make his friend's duty easier.

He acted quickly. He jumped and ran for the trees. Captain Allen saw him go and for a moment his sense of duty came uppermost and love was forgotten. He fired once—twice. The spy lurched, fell, half rose and then fell back limp and lifeless.

The gun fell from Allen's hand and with the cry of "Jack!" he staggered forward and knelt beside his friend.

"Jack, I couldn't help it," he muttered hoarsely, "I couldn't, good God, Jack, I——"

A rifle shot rang out clear and sharp. Captain Allen's hand sought his head, he reeled and fell forward upon the bosom of his friend and brother—dead.

"An eye for an eye," muttered a southern sharp-shooter, as he noiselessly stole away reloading his rifle.

IVO G. BOGAN, '08.

MY CLOCK

I have a clock that never stops;
'Twas God who gave it motion:
Nothing that's made may purchase it,
Not earth, nor sky, nor ocean.

It's form is the form of the human heart,
I know it's every feature;
It's movements God and I control,
Unseen by mortal creature.

As dear as life this clock to me;
My days of life it numbers;
E'en when fatigue has closed my eyes,
It never, never slumbers.

Yet when the final struggle comes
My life from time to sever;
Alas! I know this clock shall stop;
But not, oh not forever.

WILLIAM J. BARRY, '10.

THE ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS

[WINNING SPEECH IN THE ANNUAL RYLAND DEBATE]

Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people. First Negative.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

The subject under consideration tonight is remarkable for its direct simplicity. It is a question which must be fought out on straight lines; one which, happily for judges and debaters alike, affords no speaker an opportunity to infuse into it adroit and subtle quibbles without dodging the issue. Conforming, therefore, to so univocal and uncomplicated a subject, I will endeavor to make my discussion of it direct and to the point.

Briefly then my argumentation is trisected. First—If after recalling to your minds the sacredness of our constitution, and the remarkable circumstances of its birth and adoption, I can show cogent reasons why this same constitution must be regarded with respect and reverence, and can demonstrate to your satisfaction that it is a real and positive duty for each and every citizen of this country to jealously guard this heritage, and to regard every constitutional change as an evil, even though it be a necessary evil, I prove my point. However, allow me here to remark that I do not for a moment hold that the constitution is immutable. I merely derive, from the nature of any constitution, and the re-

markable and sacred associations of ours, the truth that light inconsequential tampering with it is to be strenuously decried. The consideration of which truth brings us to the second point. If in this second place, I can prove that the proposed amendment possesses grave intrinsic evils, that it is unwise, pernicious and a menacé to our national virtue and prosperity, I again prove my point. Finally assuming as proved premises these first two points, namely, that constitutional alteration is an evil, and that the proposed innovation possesses serious intrinsic evils, I ground my third point upon the self evident truth that to counterbalance these evils, the reasons for such a change to such a constitution must be grave, apparent and convincing. If in my third point I can show that the reasons for this amendment are not grave, apparent and convincing, and therefore do not counterbalance or justify the two necessary evils to the change, I am willing in all confidence to leave the fate of this bill in the hands of the judges.

We first proceed therefore to a consideration of the constitution—its sacredness, the respect due it from every one, and the necessity for deliberation before tampering with any of its clauses. Undoubtedly the best form of government for a country made up of so many heterogeneous elements as is ours, is a repub-

lic. The plan of government of a republic seems to be best adapted to the principles of the equality of men and the rights of persons which God has written on the human heart. But for this very reason the evolving of such a system is extremely difficult, and the attainment of the lofty end of government is well nigh impossible. The problem of government is for a nation to preserve itself, to keep its forces united, and to direct all to the national good and common end. The common end of government is national prosperity subordinated to public honesty and virtue. A difficult problem truly, an end hard indeed of attainment, as the history of nations too eloquently testifies. Consider Greece, that earliest of mighty republics, what is left of Greece save only her own footprints on the sands of history marking the path she trod into oblivion? And Rome, that city of destiny that sat upon her seven hills and ruled the world? Naught of Rome is left but the poor broken fragments of a once powerful republic. And to come down to our own times what are we to think of the pitiful South American republics that spring into life in a night like a mushroom and have no more stability than a leaf in a cyclone? And France, poor, failing, tempest-tossed, decaying France, what are we to say of her? She who once sat among the rulers of the continent, now caught up in a whirlpool of religious strife, fast becoming a national suicide, an apostate to the faith of her fathers? Where is the strength of republics? The paths of time are

strewn with the wreckage of the world's republics, and out of the desolation comes that cry, "Where is the stability of nations? And yet the United States stands today and has stood for 115 years a power among her peers in the galaxy of nations. History tells her the story of the decay of others, around her she sees governments like herself slipping from their foundations of sand into the sea; while she grounded on a rock remains unshaken. Whence the difference? Simply because our forefathers under divine inspiration have given us a constitution unique, rock-ribbed, on which to rear the bulwarks of a nation. Our government is builded upon our constitution and our constitution was moulded and hammered on the anvil of affliction. In the words of our own Stephen M. White: "Every scheme of government for every other nation in the world has failed and been changed in the last century. Our constitution alone has stood the test of time and has proved the most perfect system ever devised for a self governing people." The constitution was planned in troubled times; it bears about it the odor of honorable battle smoke; it is a wonderful instrument on which the success unparalleled of our first century's existence rests as a solemn seal of God's approval. When we consider this we must realize the sacredness of our constitution and how to tamper with it is betraying the confidence of the men who framed it. Our fathers purchased it with their lives; its clauses are written in their heart's blood. Which of our

nature's does not cry out against the defiling hand that would dare tamper with its pages. Listen to the prophetic words of Geo. Washington in his last public message to his countrymen: "Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon the principles of our government. In all the changes to which you may be invited remember that facilities in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis or popular passion exposes to perpetual change." Those empiricists who attempt to alter the constitution are clipping off pieces from our foundation with every stroke. Let them beware lest like Sampson of old they bring the whole structure down and they and all of us perish in the collapse. From this we see that a radical constitutional change like the one proposed is an evil in any government, and particularly in ours.

Let us proceed then to the second point. If I can show that the proposed change of system is unwise, dangerous and pernicious I prove my point.

Whatever the faults of the present system, the most rabid agitator for this amendment must acknowledge that the system has given to us consistently for a century a great deliberative body, the best and most successful second body in the world. At best the innovation is an experiment. Moreover it is changing the spirit and letter of the constitution. Therefore if we pass this bill we forsake the certain for the uncertain, the tried for the hypothetical, which is rash and unwise. If the people demand this change they do so because

they do not grasp the wisdom, the philosophy of the constitution. They are acting like the man who loosens a small stone on the mountain side. The amendment may appear small in itself but it is likely to precipitate a landslide. "If we affect this change, says Senator Geo. F. Hoar, we encourage and open the door to revolution."

The two components of our national government are the will of the people and the federal union of states sovereign. To represent the people directly the House of Representatives was formed which would spring directly from the people's hands. To represent the sovereign states in their corporate capacity the senate was devised and the election of this body must naturally spring from the legislatures which represent the states in their corporate capacity. Again it further entered into the original plan of government that one House should act as a check on the other. The necessity for two legislative bodies is proven by experience and intelligence. That one house should check the other, preventing hasty and injudicious action, is, too, an accepted and experience-tested fact. One body must of necessity be independent of the other. And the more the composite elements differ from each other in the mode of choice and qualifications the more is this necessary independence of bodies enhanced and strengthened. If this amendment is passed it will lead directly to three serious evils. First. It will cause a popular demand for proportionate suffragism and thereby sound the death knell of

state sovereignty which rests on the theory of equal representation. For it is patent that the millions of New York will not allow their senatorial power to be limited to that, for instance, of Rhode Island.

As surely as this amendment is passed it will lead eventually to proportionate suffragism and that one stroke will destroy our whole system of government. Second. The measure will violently remove the very keystone of our legislative system, that the Senate should act as a counter check on the Popular House.

Few positions are more demonstrable than that there should be in every republic some permanent independent body to correct the prejudices, the intemperate passions, and fitful fluctuations of a popular assembly. But if the Senate too, is put into the hands of the people it too will become a popular house. The very differentiating distinction between the two branches, their mode of election, will be annihilated and our Senate will lose its conservatism and independence of popular passion, our Congress will be merged into one house, separated only by a name and a wall. But, our opponents urge, do what you will popular prejudice will creep into the Senate. What? Are we then to alter our constitution to pander to these prejudices? Shall we confirm the distemper, allowing it full rein, or do what we can to remedy it by restriction? Third. By making our Legislature a direct unchecked popular body we are running into the gravest

danger which can beset a republic—the tyranny of the majority. Tyranny is defined the placing of the powers of government into the same hands whether of one, or few, or many. To avoid that evil our fathers split the legislative body, giving the electoral power of one house to the people, of the other to the states as corporate bodies. We are directly incurring that danger by integrating our houses of legislature. The effects of the tyranny of one are shown in the guillotine and the axe, but the effects of the tyranny of the majority are shown in the chaos of revolution and socialism, twin children of ignorance. But by deputing all legislative power directly to the people we are placing in their hands the control of our executive and legislature. This is tearing down the barriers to socialism which our fathers erected; it is one step nearer to tyranny pure and simple. Therefore this move would propel us straight towards the rock against which the history of nations and the earnest pleadings of the masters who built our ship of state do so persistently warn us. This amendment must be defeated if we would avoid the risk of perishing miserably on the shoals of democracy. Thus we see that the change would precipitate on us great national misery. First, by leading to proportionate suffragism and thereby destroying state sovereignty. Second, by annihilating the theory of check and counter check on which our government is grounded. Third, by attracting the insidious danger of the tyranny of the majority.

All these events are but a natural sequence of such an organic change. And even if they were merely probable that probability alone would forbid us from deserting a tried and theoretically true system for a hypothetical.

Now for the third point. If I can prove that the virtues of the amendment are not sufficient to counterbalance and justify the two great evils of it, I will have thrown around the constitution a breastworks which render it invulnerable to this amendment. For such a radical and such a serious constitutional change the opposing arguments must necessarily be superlatively grave and convincing. They are not. Our opponents cry, First—It is the will of the people. If you do not ratify their will, you evidently mistrust them. To this we reply that the will of the people is not always justifiable or authoritative. Look at the great popular errors with which history is sullied. Lincoln was abused, reviled, calumniated by the people. Washington, even Washington, was bitterly opposed by certain classes in his day and at one time we know his command of the army was almost repealed. Socrates, a model to his countrymen, was driven to death by the will of the mistaken populace. Aye, and it was the insistent voice of the people that sent the Innocent Victim of Nazareth up to the heights of Calvary. The voice of the people is no argument. In this case the cry of the people will subside. Demagogues never yet floated a lasting enterprise. It is said that the defeat of this amendment would show

that the people are distrusted. By no means. Not from distrust of the people is this amendment to be defeated but in order to maintain that system which can give us an independent dignified body, which may always act with a restraining influence on the Pòpular House. The next plea of our opponents is that the Senate has degenerated. I flatly and emphatically deny that the Senate is a degenerated society. The United States Senate has embraced for 120 years and embraces today the most brilliant public men of the nation.

I repeat with all the earnestness of which I am capable that the Senate is not a degenerated society. There is one millionaire and Senator who was widely accused of buying his seat in the Senate. But whether he did or not it is an argument incontrovertible for the intrinsic incorruption of the Senate, that that very man with all his money and influence was a nonentity, a recluse, a Robinson Crusoe in our great House. For this, the greatest deliberative body in the world, (even tho' by occasional cases of corruption a man is foisted on into its number) accepts no passport except that which every American is bound to respect and accept—ability. There may be and probably are individual exceptions, where men have abused their trust, but who will dare accuse the twelve of perversion, because the unfortunate Judas was corrupted. The third reason offered by the innovators is that under the present system abuse has crept in. Waiving any discussion as to whether these abuses are exag-

gerated or not, we will simply affirm that concrete cases of abuse, do not spoil the excellence of the system. Over and above the fact that the evils of the proposed amendment are immeasurably greater than the present system, two facts remain which effectually show the impotence of this argument. These are, first that theoretically the philosophy of the present system is superb; and second that practically this system has given us a wonderful Senate for a century. But that system which is in theory consistent and effective, and in practice immensely successful, is possessed of intrinsic usefulness.

Therefore the argument of abuse is a boomerang unless our opponents dare to advance such an absurd, illogical, and pernicious theory as the sophism that the abuse of a thing destroys its use. And now allow me to recall briefly to your minds the three points which I have tried to portray. First, I showed how the constitution by its nature and associations imposes on every citizen the solemn duty to resist perversion of its clauses or spirit. I tried to show you how our government has escaped the fate of all other republics simply because of the excellence of this constitution. I told how it was the instrument which welded a few scattered colonies into a great government, and fanned a feeble spark into a beacon light among the nations of the earth. And I showed how the change proposed would be the first departure from both the letter and the spirit of this consti-

tution. My second point proved the evils of the system. Firstly I showed that inasmuch as the Senate had been successful and supereminently so for one hundred years, and the new method was based merely on hypothesis, in deserting the present mode, we are forsaking the certain for the uncertain, which is wrong. I showed that the change would lead to and precipitate three grave evils. First, a demand for proportionate suffragism and thereby destroy state sovereignty. Second, I demonstrated the philosophy, the indispensibility of the idea of check and countercheck in a government and how by the amendment the Senate would no longer be in a position to act as a check on the popular house, as it would be a popular house itself. Third, I proved the natural conclusion that the reasons for so radical a change in order to offset and balance the inviolability of the constitution and the dangerous evils of the proposed system should be very grave, apparent and weighty. And I showed that the principal reasons for such a change are absolutely insufficient and nebular. In fine, I have proved this thesis: In order to be justifiable, that change which is possessed of intrinsic evils and which works evil by its act, from the nature of the thing changed, must be actuated by grave reasons which make it expedient and necessary; but the constitutional amendment proposed, which is possessed of intrinsic evils and which works evil by its act, from the nature of the constitution, is *not* actuated by sufficiently grave

reasons to make it expedient and necessary; therefore the constitutional amendment proposed is not justifiable.

This great government of ours is represented by our constitution. She has conquered all the difficulties that obstruct, all the temptations that assail the rise of nations as Caesar conquered the provinces and tribes of Gaul. And like Caesar in Rome, she stands today preeminent among the nations of the earth. But a trial has come. We see

her attacked by the destructive sword of innovation, in the hands of the very men to whom she gave their sacred liberty. I know not how others may feel. But for myself, when I see our constitution surrounded, like Cæsar in the Senate House, by those who reiterate the stabs of treachery, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say, "Et tu quoque, fili mi," — "And thou too, my son!"

JAMES FRANCIS TWOHY, '07.

A THOUGHT OF DEATH!

*O! vain, vain,
 Is hope when pain
 Has made me slave!
 Despair, despair,
 Is ever there,
 It is the child of woe—
 I cannot brave
 An agony
 Which cannot but be so!*

Anthony B. Diepenbrock, '08.

A MONUMENT MISPLACED

Rendered sullen by despair, his heart bursting with grief, spirits galled and sore at the ignominy of his crime, young Raymond Bernard was indeed a picture of utter dejection as he entered his father's house and sought his own room. The lamp was burning low, having been lit by a servant earlier in the evening. He threw his hat on a chair and flung himself on the bed. Then as he tossed and turned, he thought it out with himself. "Face it like a man," the good angel whispered to him again and again. "It's awful, but don't make it worse. Live it down. That's the most heroic thing."

"No—I can't do that. It is too late. Oh, I can't bear my disgrace. I have lost, lost all—the cursed horses, my name, my honor, all! The track—my Heaven, what tempted me? Why did I take the filthy money? Oh, yes, the horses, the track, the throng, the excitement!"

And then it all flashed back before him into vacancy. "There they are in the paddock. They're warming up. The crowd lustily cheer as Claude, shapes up to the wire. Gee, she is a beauty! I'll risk it. Claude with Miller up can't lose. One thousand, I'll put it back—my employers will never know."

"They're off. A mighty cheer. Miller, with white cap, yellow sleeves! Miller, Miller, O you Claude, come on, come on, go, go, go, you Claude. That's it, Mill old boy, lay it on. They are in

the stretch. Now, Walter, talk to her, give her the whip; come on, come on, the wire! the wire! My God, what's that? The caller shrilly bellowed, "Modicum wins." What I—I, Raymond Bernard has lost? Impossible. No, no. Yes, I am disgraced, oh God! God! I can't bear it. Oh death rather a thousand times than such a disgrace."

A wild stare in his eyes, his face livid, then white, his muscles writhing, Bernard rose unsteadily, 'mid the dismal glare of the oil lamp fearful shapes and shadows beset his path as he paced the room.

"What shall I do," he muttered, and the spirit of evil whispered, "You are disgraced, no hope, suicide and death. Put an end to it. What will your friends think of you?" A loud hysterical laugh, an incoherent utterance like that of a crazy man. "I give it up, I'll die. But my father? Yes, yes, I suppose he will get over it. I'll write—No, I will leave—nothing. Tomorrow at noon all will be over. Death anywhere, anyway."

The loud clanking of fire bells, a dull roar, from without brought the half crazed man to his senses. For the first time he became aware of the odor of burning. He opened the door—a torrent of smoke flooded the room—a whirl of flame forced him back, back to the wall. Escape was cut off. He gazed for a moment at the ravenous flame eating its way through the opposite

wall. As he started forward toward the door, the only means of escape, he muttered, "Death, suicide, this is my opportunity."

* * * * *

This is how the newspapers had it the next morning:

RAYMOND H. BERNARD

GOES TO A HEROIC END

IN ATTEMPTED RESCUE

Father and Son Meet Terrible Death in
Brooklyn Street Fire.

Another theme for those that chronicle the deeds of valor, who write of noble brain and brawn was brought to light in yesterday's conflagration on Brooklyn street when Raymond H. Bernard, the only son of Wm. H. Bernard, the civil war veteran went to a terrible end, in attempting to carry the unconscious form of his aged father through a seething mass of flame and smoke.

After a fierce struggle, his garments torn in shreds, his hands and face bleeding and black he managed to fight his way out of his room through the suffocating gas and flame to a place of safety. When of a sudden he uttered a few incoherent sentences to a crowd of morbid calamity hunters on the sidewalks, threw his hands frantically above his head and rushed headlong into the basement which was even at that time enveloped in smoke. "Father, father," he shrieked.

The love of this son for the father

transcended all other affections of the heart, was not dulled by selfishness, nor daunted by dangers. He did not shrink with curdling awe at the sound of the death knell. His hair brained prowess carried him on. The curious fickle crowd gazed blankly after him and awaited with feverish excitement his return. Hearts and pulses stirred to the bursting point, breathlessly, anxiously, hopefully, but impatiently these morbid sight-seers waited.

A loud explosion rent the air, angry flames shot skyward, the walls swayed to and fro. A splitting, crackling, ominous sound reached their ears. Even as they fled the roof came crashing through to the basement—a roaring mass of burning timber. Below this wicked monument lay the prostrate forms of young Bernard and his aged father.

Too bad, isn't it? that a young man with such heroic qualities, such impulses could not have lived to accomplish the one act which his magnanimous heart prompted him to. The true hero is not the one who faces no danger but the man whose mind subdues the fear and braves the danger that nature shrinks from.

* * * * *

Thus spoke the morning paper, and thus thought the friends as they buried father and son side by side in the beautiful graveyard outside of San Francisco and spoke of rearing a monument to the hero.

H. A. J. MCKENZIE. '08

HELP HIM OUT

*If your classmate's in despair,
Pulling, tugging at his hair,
Just one little moment spare,
Help him out.*

*When at Greek he's plodding long,
Or in Latin, something's wrong,
Then with kindly feelings strong,
Help him out.*

*If he's sick or deep in debt,
In the blues and prone to fret,
Cares of self, my friend, forget,
Help him out.*

*Should he go at studies' close
To your room and spoil your doze,
While you then the door propose,
Help him out.*

*Though his faults are none too few,
Yet he has his virtues too,
Give him praise,—his modest due,
Help him out.*

C. A. Degnan, '11

VALEDICTORY

[DELIVERED AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES IN CONNECTION WITH JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF PHILALETIC SENATE, JUNE 25, 1907.]

The class of 1907 has finally reached the end of the rainbow within the sacred walls of our beloved Alma Mater.

Tomorrow's Sun will find us a part of the past history of Santa Clara, a mere memory in the annals of her career. Now just what that means to us is far beyond my humble efforts to express, in fact I might even venture so far as to declare that there are no words for the expression of what we members of the graduating class feel tonight.

Mingled with the joy that there is upon us in the realization that the fondest hope of our College career has been attained, is the pang of sorrow that is borne to us on the wings of that one word, FAREWELL.

Our battles have been fought and our victories won; our ambitions have been secured, and the glory of our College days completed, but time which cannot be divided into seasons, and keeps on revolving and revolving, is now pointing its finger at the last hours of our College career.

Books are closed, games discarded, and tomorrow we will look upon the world with other eyes. But before the cloud of golden memory closes in upon us, let me attempt to fulfill the honor which has been placed upon me to say the few words which mark the end of the class of 1907.

There are gathered with us tonight, many who have stood at this same parting of the ways as we are standing now.

Santa Clara in the fifty-seven years of her existence, has crowned the brows of hundreds of her sons with the laurels of graduation, and it is the presence of many of those successful sons here tonight that forces upon us the realization of the fullness of this occasion. I seek to be brief in this valedictory. I wish but to get to the point, and say quite simply and without affectation, that the two great turning points in the lives of the men of the class of 1907 were, when we were received by Santa Clara, and now, when she is about so honorably to dismiss us.

I want to say to him who has been our father and our friend, our guide and our advisor, that the seeds of his past interest in us have not fallen on barren ground, nor that we have ever doubted that all he has done for us, has been always for the best.

Therefore, dear Father President, let me offer to you the most sincere and affectionate gratitude of the class of 1907, and with it go our love, our honor and our devotion.

May God bless you for what you have done for us, and if it be his will, may He keep you and your sweet influence for many many years for those who come after us.

I am not so sure as to whether or not our first Prefect, and our Prefect of studies should be dealt with by us so gently. About them both there will of course always rest in our eyes, a golden halo of love and admiration, but I am afraid that there will loom above the halo brighter and more vividly, the outline of that unfortunately necessary evil "Letter A."

Of course we rejoice in what punishment we may have received, for if one is ashamed of having been punished, one might just as well not have been punished at all. I will not deny though, that we have often felt that we were convicted of many things that of course *we* felt we had never done, but then there were so many times that we did things for which we were never indicted, that I think we can compromise and accept the fact that one is often punished for the good as well as for the evil that one does.

To you, beloved teachers, our hearts are grateful, and our minds indebted. You have borne with us patiently, you have helped us faithfully. That all of the joys of your ambitions and hopes may be realized, as we trust ours will be, is the fondest and most sincere wish we can offer you.

For you, men of the yard, we have nothing but envy and regret. Envy at the remaining years which you have to remain within these sacred walls, under

the guidance of such helping hands; and regret that you are not yet able to share the great happiness, that has been linked to our lives tonight.

Work, and work hard that you too may attain to this happiness. Believe us when we tell you that the sorrow of parting from your College life is the bitter mingled with the sweet.

Strive for your degree, that you may enter the ranks that we will enter after tonight: the ranks of those whose loyalty to Santa Clara has done much to win for her her enviable reputation.

And lastly, to you Brothers of the 1907 class, what shall I say? Our work is done, our bonds of class-ship are breaking strand by strand, and before many hours our paths will lie far apart.

Day after day our motto has been, "One for all, and all for one," our comradeship has been staunch, it has been an inspiration. Let it be the inspiration for our future lives, let us strive to make those lives what our kind Fathers here have striven to make them during our College days, a testimony to our Alma Mater, a credit to ourselves, an honor to our country, and above all, a glory to our God.

Let us not soon forget the sweetness of those College days, rather let them be to us as a prayer; one that we can turn to every day of our lives, one that will be sweet to us always, even after the Master has said the last "Amen."

AUGUST M. AGUIRRE, '07.

STORIETTES

Another Chance

Jim sat under the trees on the campus puffing meditatively at his pipe. His forehead was wrinkled into a frown for he was thinking and thinking hard. One thing appeared certain to him. If he didn't get funds from some place pretty soon he would have to quit college. Where he could get them he didn't know. If he had only won the Burns scholarship now, or if his miserly old uncle in the west would only die and leave him a few of his millions or if—but, pshaw! What was the use of multiplying ifs? The sad fact remained the same. He was dead broke. If something didn't turn up soon he would have to quit school and go to work. If—but there was that if, again. What he needed was another chance. Anything so long as it would enable him to stay at school.

He knocked the ashes reflectively from his pipe and rose slowly to his feet. Yes, he decided, that was all he needed. Just another chance. He shrugged his shoulders carelessly as though to dismiss the whole troublesome affair and started slowly down the walk.

At the corner of the chemistry building he was stopped by a little old Irishman in rusty black.

"Young man," the stranger said, "I'd like to ask ye a favor. Would ye mind showin' me about the place a bit. I'm

a stranger here and more or less anxious to see the buildin's and I'd take it as a great favor if ye'd act as guide. That is," he added with the hint of a smile at the corners of his mouth, "if it wouldn't bore ye too much to spend half an hour with an old jay of a man like me."

Jim sized the little man up from his rusty plug hat to his well kept boots before replying. Evidently he was satisfied with his inspection for he answered affably, "why certainly, sir. It will be no trouble at all."

The little man laid his hand on the other's arm in a friendly fashion. "I thought ye was the man I wanted as soon as I clapped me two eyes on ye," he said and together they started down the walk.

When they arrived at the museum three quarters of an hour later they were chatting together like old friends. As they were going up the steps a big green auto whizzed by with a load of carefree students. The little man looked after it and scratched his head reflectively. Then he turned to his companion.

"Some of ye lead a pretty high life it seems to me," he said, "with your motorobiles whirrin' and scootin' about the country. Tell me, is the disease very prevalent, do you know?"

Jim laughed softly to himself as a sudden thought struck him. He would shine for a few moments in the eyes of this old man even as the brightest of fly-by-nights. He would paint a glowing picture of college life at its best—or worst, with himself as the central figure on the canvas. He would give his imagination free rein to soar as it might see fit and he would build a fairy palace in the air all for himself. He would taste the sweets of heroism before this one old man and then he would come back to earth and—God knows what. Not a very high resolve, you say. Perhaps not, my friend, but have you never bragged a bit yourself?

At the end of five minutes Jim stopped for lack of breath. He was flushed, excited, happy with the happiness of the wonderful dream he had conjured up for himself.

The old man looked at him curiously. "Ye're not the bye I took ye for," he said, shaking his head sadly. "Ye're not the bye I took ye for. Good day." and he was gone.

Jim stared after him in surprise. Then he shrugged his shoulders and

walked on. At the corner he met little Kerns, the Junior. Jim greeted him cheerily and linked arms with him affectionately; for he had always liked Kerns. When they had gone a little distance Jim told him about the short Irishman that he had met.

"What kind of a fellow was he?" asked Kerns. "Little, fidgety man with a frowzy plug hat and a rusty frock coat?"

Jim looked at him in astonishment. "You don't know him, do you?" he said. "Why, I understood he was a stranger here."

"Of course I know him," the other replied. "Didn't you ever hear of Clancy, Michael Clancy? 'Charity' Mike the fellows call him because he has a little wad and he's always hanging around the campus on the lookout for needy students to give them a lift. You don't know of any one who needs his help, do you?"

The other laughed harshly. "There was a fellow this morning," he said in a strange voice, "but he's just thrown away his last chance, I guess."

What Doth It Profit?

During his first two years at college Grimsby spent sixteen hours a day in study and the rest in bed. He was never late for a class or lecture and never absent from one. His professors praised him and called him a wonder-

ful student while his classmates referred to him pityingly as "Grimsby, poor fellow" or shrugged their shoulders and smiled at the mention of his name. In short he was the college grind.

Then one day in his Junior year

somebody showed him a foot-ball. From that time on his studies were forgotten. In four months he was playing half back on the college team. In six he was a member of one of the most exclusive frats. At the end of the term he was unanimously chosen foot-ball captain for the coming year. Grimsby's triumph in the eyes of his companions was complete. They no longer spoke pityingly of him to each other but hailed him enthusiastically everywhere as a good fellow. What matter if his professors did shake their heads sadly and speak together whisperingly of his failures in class?

Grimsby's Senior year was a remarkable series of successes. Under his leadership the college team played as never before. He became the most popular man on the campus and his friendship was fought for by Senior and Freshman alike. An appreciative class elected him their president. He served on numberless student body committees and never a question of importance arose on which he was not consulted. The college grind had become in a little over a year the college idol. Do you doubt it? Well, stranger things than that have taken place.

An enthusiastic mob of students, dancing, singing, shouting, waving hats and canes and banners wildly in the air, surged out upon the gridiron from the swaying stands and fought their way excitedly towards Grimsby. The most important game of the season was just over and Grimsby, by his good work, had won it for his team. They

crowded about him cheering madly all the while and bore him triumphantly on their shoulders to his dressing room. Then they massed themselves about the door and awaited his reappearance impatiently, but Grimsby escaped their over fervent attentions by way of a back window and took himself quietly to his rooms.

There he found two letters waiting for him. One was from his mother and he smiled happily to himself as he broke the seal. He knew how pleased she would be to hear of his success. But before he had finished reading the smile was gone. He folded the letter carefully and placed it in his pocket. Then he sat idly tapping his fingers on the desk and stared at the opposite wall. One sentence of his mother's letter kept recurring to his mind.

"We have had to work and scrimp and save, your father and I, to send you to school, and the strain has told upon your father's health, but we do not begrudge you either the time or the money; for we are perfectly sure you have made good use of both, and we are both of us proud of you for it."

"We do not begrudge you either the time or money," he repeated softly to himself," for we are perfectly sure you have made good use of both"—but had he? What could he show for his last year and a half? Where had he spent the money earned at the expense of a mother's comforts and a father's health, he asked himself. But, pshaw! he was arguing like an idiot. There were his

friends and his popularity to show. Surely that was enough.

He pulled himself together with a start and opened the other letter. His face went chalk white and the paper rattled in his hands. He had not thought it was as bad as that.

The faculty deeply regretted the necessity of such a step but he had failed in his Christmas examinations and his work during the year did not warrant them in allowing him to continue with his class.

From the street came a sound of tramping feet and then a cheer arose. The mob of students had grown tired of waiting for Grimsby and had followed him to his rooms. Grimsby crushed the paper in his hand and threw his head upon his outstretched arms.

Outside they were cheering again and then somebody shouted his name but the man in the room only buried his face deeper in his arms and sobbed aloud.

M. T. DOOLING, JR., '09.

TO DIANA

*Fairest of mortal mold,
Wielder of bow of gold,
Diana, famed of old,
To thee I sing.*

*Fair Lady of the Night,
Cheerer of human sight,
Giver of Luna's light
To thee I sing.*

*Great Mistress of the Tide,
Ruler of Ocean wide,
Diana, Greece's pride,
To thee I sing.*

R. F. Ryland, '09

THE CHASE

'Tis morn. Adown the glen
The echoing horn;
And through the glade
Huntsmen and hounds
All eager bent
To bring to bay
Ere heat of day
The pride of the woodland wild.

O now lie still, thou timid fawn,
Low in the deepest dell,
For Death is in the blowing breeze
And Death lurks 'neath the shadowy trees,
Lie low, thou timid fawn.

But alas for the pride of the woodland wild !
For the flash of death
Was in the rifle's breath
And stilled the heart of the timid fawn.

Eugene F. Morris, '10.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

[SPEECH DELIVERED ON THE NIGHT OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF PHILALETHIC SENATE, JUNE 25, 1907.]

Today brings to the old college of Santa Clara, its students of the past. Memories which fifty years and more have gathered about this Institution, scenes and incidents almost forgotten, or laid away in the repositories of memory, are by the touch of loving hands awakened within these walls and around these buildings so dear to us who years ago passed through them.

It is appropriate that on this occasion high ecclesiastics of the church should be here. It is proper that members of the alumni should leave their avocations for awhile and join in this celebration which marks the fiftieth year of the existence of the "Philalethic Senate," of glorious memories. It is eminently proper that the graduates of earlier years should return to their Alma Mater and with the knowledge which years and experience alone can give, answer for the graduate of nineteen hundred and seven, some of the practical questions that soon will press him for solution; decide for the graduate of nineteen hundred and seven the question whether or not the knowledge and principles inculcated here in student days stand the test of experience in the fierce light that beats upon the commercial and professional walks in life. To answer this question in the negative would be in opposition to that honorable and

glorious record made in the cause of christian higher education by the devoted sons of Loyola, and I dare say would make less sacred the site of this old mission consecrated a century ago to the uplifting of humanity and through the intervening years under the fostering care of the Jesuit Fathers to the noble cause of education. The old padres who established the mission of Santa Clara have long since made their payment of nature's debt and are gone. Upon their works have been builded this famous educational institution of which we are all so justly proud.

The names of the old padres have been carved for many a year on the tomb, but those who have come after can see through the draperies of time those men of generous sentiments and noble performances, who manifested a love and charity that went beyond self into the very children of the forest, men who planted among the people of an old civilization seeds that still live and work, men patient and laborious whom neither misfortune nor failure nor neglect nor the attritions and inconveniences of a life anchored among the humblest of God's creatures could shake the settled purposes of their souls or turn from inspired channels their loyalty to principle.

The history of Santa Clara College runs parallel with the history of the

State of California. When this commonwealth was ushered as a state into the American Union, Santa Clara College was girding itself for the strenuous labors of its future. We are told that the State of California is founded on sacrifice. We are told that the pioneers of the great west in quest for gold, traveled across untrodden wilds, through desolate places suffering hardships until they reached this promised land, the goal of their ambition where they laid the foundations of the imperial State of California, which gratefully acknowledges the pioneers as its founders and whose posterity in each recurring year with much parade and circumstance assemble to honor their memories.

The history of Santa Clara College recalls sacrifice. It is a recital of earnest, persistent and intelligent devotion to duty, tremendous labors successfully performed, all resulting in unqualified recognition as superior instructors of youth, the men who made Santa Clara College in the past and the men who are today bearing its burdens and maintaining its high standards of efficiency.

Education by reason of its importance is under our system of government a special ward of the State. Magnificent buildings are erected at public expense, a large corps of teachers is provided and every facility afforded in the encouragement of youth to partake of the benefits of an education.

But no grant of public funds can be applied under the law to institutions of learning which are not managed and

controlled immediately by the State, A system of instruction which provides, or emphatically or with distinctiveness impresses upon the pupil his duty to God, as well as his duty to man, and which calls upon him to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsars, and to God the things that are God's cannot under the present status of things receive material or substantial recognition from the State.

Institutions of the kind mentioned must succeed, if at all, by reason of merit and not from any considerations created by favoritism, and if such an institution grows and prospers and passes from humble building to a completely equipped university, the private generosity and tremendous labors that made success possible are richly deserving of the profound gratitude of the whole people.

The State of California owes much to Santa Clara College. Under the watchful care of these Jesuit Fathers, thousands of the youth of California have been prepared for the duties of citizenship. They have received here the equipment of mind and soul best calculated to promote and perpetuate the institutions of the nation, and that upon a basis founded upon a correct knowledge of truth.

So it is with pleasure that we who have been the recipients of the benefits of this institution, come to rejoice with teachers, new graduates and students, to meet old friends and renew the associations which the activities of life but seldom permit, To look back upon the

few years that were spent within this enclosure under college influences, is to live again the sweetest portion of our lives. There is no triumph of later years, no reward though it result from public or private service, that can conjure up the feelings which moved us when on the day of graduation in the presence of relations and friends we received the diploma of honor and passed from the care of devoted teachers to uncertain or unknown fields of labor. And while we never can repay the debt which sacrifice made it possible for us to incur, still by adherence to the principles which form the keystone of the arch of this institution; by the cultivation of qualities that here we were earnestly taught to acquire, we may

merit the benedictions, which I am sure are continually invoked for the absent sons of the old college.

With a solid and glorious past, an active and appreciated present, the fathers of Santa Clara College can look on the future unafraid and feel with a sense of security born of a record in the cause of education unparalled in the history of this State that even greater triumphs and larger opportunities for good are yet to come; and as the late lamented and sainted Father Shallo said to his class on the eve of our departure "serus in caelum redeas", we say tonight to you "late may you return to heaven."

HON. J. E. MCELROY, A. B., '91.

*What care I for the cold,
Wealth-mad world's greediness?
What care I to be told
That money is success?
The while I know
That it is so
That Heaven's graces bless
Not him who coins his days for gold
But for true happiness.*

M. T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

THE RUSTLING OF -77

"Burah—aaa—ah—crraaa!" bawled the calf as Commodore stuck the sizzling iron on his flanks, neatly imprinting -77.

"Them's the kind that stick," said Commodore with proper pride, "Lordy" he chuckled as he stuck the iron into the fire again, "I wonder if Woolly would call them hair-brands."

"Woolly'd say almost a nuthin' Comm." mumbled Scotty who had been out a month's pay over stud-poker the night before, and as a result felt the keenest desire to let loose on some one, "Yuh know that bald face steer, that Woolly got up in Hot Spring Flat?"

"Yeh."

"Well, Woolly says its one of hisin that he hair -branded. Well that's—,"

"Yeh!"

"An' its got a -77 brand on it that's been changed to a -▽▽. What do yuh call that?"

"Aw nothing," said Commodore with sarcasm, "just an accident. Calf came into corral, fell on brandin' iron and got marked wrong, that's all."

"Aw come off. Yuh know no fellow with ez much sence ez an allsalsi bug would keep another fellow's steer, even if he bought it without ventin' the brand. That brand aint been vented, they aint the sign of a mark on that steer. The brand's been changed and that's what I call rustlin'.

"Woolly's only a tenderfoot anyway.

He don't know nothing 'bout ventin' er rustlin' er mervericks; his own foreman says he can't tell his own brand on the range, and he says he has ter rope everythin' in sight before he's sure he owns his own cattle."

"That's all right he's got enough sense to make a pile of trouble fer himself and his whole outfit. But if he sticks his paw into our grab bag he'll find he's corralled the cussedest bunch of trouble this side of the Cold Divide. The cattle country can't hold a rustler and a rancher in the same range. One er the other is bound to win and it's goin' to be the feller that has the best grip on his own bunch grass. It's up to little Woolly to deliver the goods and say what's what or own he can't and hit the pike."

"That's horse sense Scotty," said the college man, "and no one will say nay."

The branding went on, and gradually the bunch lessened until the last one was marked and driven off with loud "hf-yahs!" and the fires put out, and the dust settled; then did the boys repair to the bunk-house to prepare for a thirteen mile trip to Elkhorn, where they would play stud poker and play the wheel, and when they lost they would say hard things and finally end up by drinking at Corcloy's and then ride home talking thickly and wasting ammunition. Truly the ways of cow-boys are wonderful.

Town was dull that evening, and

there seemed to be a gloom over Elkhorn. The roulette wheel failed to satisfy and stud poker grew tiresome. Billy fell asleep and the boys grew loggy. Scotty bet five dollars on three aces high over Commodore's double deuce, and was bluffed out on a raise of 25 cents. He was sleepy and did not see his play, but when he finally awoke to his mistake he said something unprintable and departed ostensibly for the ranch, but really to fall asleep on a bench near the door, where he snored like a "rip-saw." It was finally decided to forsake poker and seek the open air, and see the stage come in.

In an arroyo by the ranch, however, something else was happening. Down at the bottom in among the rocks, and white-thorns somebody was bending over a fire, and in the shadowy background dark, bulky objects moved restlessly. The man stirred the fire with a rod, and then withdrew it. One of the shadows dissolved itself from the gloom; there was a whirr, and one of the bulky objects snorted as the rope circled over its head, and then as it tightened around its neck it crashed to the ground. The man with the iron knelt on its side; there was a sizz, and an agonized snort, and the steer rose with a neatly executed $\nabla\nabla$ on his flank. The man laughed "One more Mart and then we'er done. Then town and—"

"Mexico for mine" said the shadow.

The performance was repeated, and then the fire was neatly covered and all traces of the doings of the night obliterated.

Another couple of -77 steers were missing.

When the stage arrived at Elkhorn that night, the excitement was centered entirely on the landing. It was rumored about that the buyer for an Eastern syndicate was coming to Elkhorn to invest in mines.

Now "soft-soles" as the boys called Easterners were considered from time immemorial, to be a source of mirth and the butts of many a practical joke. The Western idea of the "tenderfoot" was a man bedecked in a high collar, etc. Therefore we can hardly blame the citizens of Elkhorn when they were surprised to see the stranger alight from the stage not attired in a high-collar and spotless linen, but clad in the most approved Western style.

"Pipe the soft-sole Bill," said "Mazuk."

"Aw look at the mush!" muttered Scotty to Mazuk, "that mule's dressed like a bandit."

"Pipe the artillery" returned the "College man," he's got a mustache like a Norwegian's misplaced eyebrow, and the lid. Ahoo! if muzzer could only see me now. Come all in, boys, an' has anuzzer on me."

"He's my meat, boys" said Mazuk, "he's gettin' on my nerves an' I'll have to take charge of his carcass till called for. Come on."

They all followed in expectancy of the fun. Mazuk duly procured an introduction to the buyer. Then with great aptness he fed the unsuspecting

stranger the thrilling tales of what they did in the glorious West.

The Easterner grew talkative. He expressed his curiosity concerning the West, and in other ways showed himself to be "verdant." He next enquired for the different hotels in town; all about the different ranches, and finally ended up by asking to meet the boys. This played to Mazuk's hand, and he chuckled inwardly at the stranger's greenness. He was introduced. He was charmed. They moved toward the Palace saloon. The Easterner remained passive. He glanced from side to side as if looking for some one. They noticed it and smiled.

"Hello Mart," said Scotty, stepping up to a card table, "how's doin's?"

Mart nodded, and shifted uneasily on his feet, as he noticed the stranger looking uneasily around the room.

"Whose that feller Scotty?" enquired the man next to Mart who was a stranger.

"Just a short-horn from the East" answered Scotty.

"Don't yuh believe it," said Mart, then as if regretting that he had spoken, he bit his lip, and began to shuffle the cards.

"We're going to fix him up dandy allright. He'll do some stunts. Stay and see the fun."

Mart got up, "I guess I'll go," he said.

At that moment the Easterner left the bar and came toward them.

"Gentlemen," said he, as he stepped up to the table, "or rather I should say

Mr. Brown and Silva, let's have a toss," he said as he reached for the dice box. "What'll it be Silva, the pen or are you going to come quiet? No, no, don't put your hand there," he said, as Silva reached for his gun, "That's a bad thing to fool with, with me. Throw," he said, pushing the box and dice over to Silva. He took it and rolled out the cubes on the table. The stranger smiled genially. "Fifteen. Not so bad considering the stakes, but I can beat it."

By this time a considerable crowd had gathered around the table, but as the Easterner took the box they backed away. They knew trouble was coming. They did not understand the difference under which the actors (in this particular side-show) were laboring but with an instinct natural to them they foresaw that it was a case of a dead man, and acting on that they proposed to leave them a clear space in which to use the final argument. "Artillery," blubbered the college man. "Shootin iron-ish-goin-be-hic-used boy-sh," he reeled drunkenly against the wall where he stood smiling inanely.

Then came the crash. The Easterner threw two sixes. As they rolled out Silva leaped back, kicking his chair from him, his dark face purple with rage, his gun flew up, there was a flash from it, and then came two others almost simultaneous, so closely were they fired. With a wail like a child Silva relaxed and fell in a heap upon the floor. The stranger with the gun still smoking in his hand stood at the table. Silence reigned. He quietly took from

his pocket two papers and silently passed them to the bartender who stood goggle-eyed looking at him. "Read it," he said. The bartender read it with loud "ahems."

\$5,000 reward to any one supplying the necessary evidence for the location and conviction of Mexican Pete, alias Elvarado Silva wanted for cattle rustling. He is about five feet and ten inches, dark, with small mustache, and walks with a limp. He has a bullet hole in his arm near the elbow. This has been duly signed, and issued by the sheriff of Needles, Arizona.

And signed,
J. L. JACKS,
Sheriff of Needles.

"Read the other," said the stranger again. The bartender took the other paper.

"This is to certify that the bearer Deputy Sheriff Long, Needles, Arizona, is duly authorized to take Mexican Pete, alias Alvarado Silva, cattle thief, dead or alive.

Signed,
J. L. JACKS,
Sheriff of Needles.

When he was finished there was silence. Then the College man laughed foolishly and asked, "Whatsh you got ter do-hic-wish-him?" The Easterner smiled. "That's for me to know and for you to find out." The College man

subsided, "Does anyone know where Peters holds out", said the stranger, "Woolly Peters." There was a silence, Scotty shifted on his feet. Then he said, "There's a fellow by that name that owns the -▽▽." "That's the one. Where is he?" "Why," asked Scotty eagerly, "is he wanted for rustlin' too?" "Nope. Just a matter of \$5000 or so that's coming to him." "What for?" asked Scotty. "He was the fellow that supplied the evidence for the location and conviction of Silva. I got Silva and now I want to see Woolly." "Woolly's out in town," Billy broke in. "But if you want him I'll get him. Who'll I say wants him?" "Long from Needles and he'll come."

That night when the boys went home they were twice as hilarious as any other bunch that ever went over the same road before. The College man had muttered all the way home about the "darnfoolishness" of calling Woolly a rustler, and challenged Scotty to a gun fight then, because he laughed at him.

When Woolly rode over the next morning to the -77 outfit, he and the foreman had a long talk, and at the end the baldfaced steer went out on the range with a vented -▽▽.

C. J. SMITH, '09.

THE MONARCH OF THE MOUNTAIN FOREST

A regal oak, its branches mossed with age,
Surrounded by the tangled fern and sage,
Unharm'd by woodman's axe or slow decay,
As green in winter as it is in May,—
Stands forth alone in proud majestic state,
Calmly defying the wrath of Age and Fate.
Its massive branches to the winds outflung
Speak countless victories from the storm-god wrung
The mountain air that filters through its leaves
And murmurs, as its billowing foliage heaves,
Seems to be singing dreamily of time—
Of the dim far-distant past, when in its prime
And princely youth, it lent its grateful shade
To ancient courtiers of the forest glade
The graceful panther would climb its arm each day
From thence to spring upon his passing prey;
The twittering sparrow would in its branches nest
While 'neath their shade the shaggy bear would rest.
The moping owl would there his vigil keep
And spotted lynx would there lie down to sleep.

O grand old oak, thou monarch from out the past,
'Tis thus I love, with Fancy's aid, to cast
The robe of life about thy stalwart form
Till every vein's aglow with heart-blood warm,

Long, then, be King—throughout this woodland way
O'er beast and bird stretch forth thy lordly sway.

B. R. HUBBARD, '10.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

RUGBY

This semester college athletics have taken a decided turn for the better. We find that the management of student affairs has, with full consent of the faculty, introduced the game of

Rugby Football. By so doing we are following in footsteps of Stanford University and the University of California in establishing in the place of American Intercollegiate Foot-ball, a game which is more open, in which there is of necessity no chance for foul play, and

in which the danger to life and limb is considerably lessened, if not almost totally done away with. But it is not my intention to calumniate as it would seem, the game, which is so effectively dead here at Santa Clara, I do not care to brow-beat that which is now in the grave; far from it, for I love the old game, just as any true American would. But in the things one loves he must be prepared to sacrifice his own selfishness to the good of others. Therefore, let us without further remark allow the old game to rest peacefully in the grave, and though now and then we may place flowers over it, we may as well turn our whole and undivided attention to the newly-born-babe which—, we hope, will live a long and glorious life.

It seems to be the opinion of many that Rugby Foot-ball is almost though not quite as brutal as bean-bag, and tearing up the carpet for the ping-pong ball and other such murderous and injurious games. But this is the verdict of ignorant, non-intelligent and irrational people who never knew anything, who don't know anything, and who will never know anything about Rugby.

In closing my few remarks here let me say that those who come to see the game, even though they come to scoff, will without a doubt remain to pray, so here's to the lively little babe born, as some cranks say, of brutality, and may its life be one of pleasure and fun.

The REDWOOD has been exceedingly

fortunate in being able to present to its readers, as a last word concerning the recent production of the now world-famous Passion Play, an article which appeared in the Sunset Magazine lately, written by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Ph. D. '03, Santa Clara. Mr. Stoddard, whose kindness and courtesy are no less than his genius, permitted us in our own humble way, to publish "Santa Clara's Famous Passion play" with so great a generosity that we feel a debt, which we are at a loss to know how to repay.

But still we will do what we can and thank him graciously; and not less for his kindness, but more for his courtesy.

MR. R. D. CHISHOLM, S. J.

We found when we returned after our summer vacation that the REDWOOD would no longer be directed by Mr. Chisholm, S. J. This was indeed a blow to us, for Mr. Chisholm was not only an able writer, and an excellent critic, but also a director of no mean merit. In a word Mr. Chisholm was all that could be desired for the office. We understand that he has gone east to pursue with greater facility his theological studies. While there we feel justified in saying that he will be as successful as ever; but our hope is that he will not merely be as successful as ever but a thousand times more so.

Let us therefore, in the name of the present and the past REDWOOD staffs, take the first opportunity to thank him most sincerely for the self-sacrificing interest he displayed toward us, and for the great services he rendered the REDWOOD, not to speak of the kind help which he gave most of us individually.

ANTHONY B. DIEPENBROCK, '08.



Golden Jubilee of Phila- lethic Senate and Com- mencement Exercises

An event that will live long in the memory of Alumni, students and faculty, was the celebration of the Jubilee of the Philaletic Senate in union with the 56th annual Commencement Exercises of the college on Tuesday, June 25th.

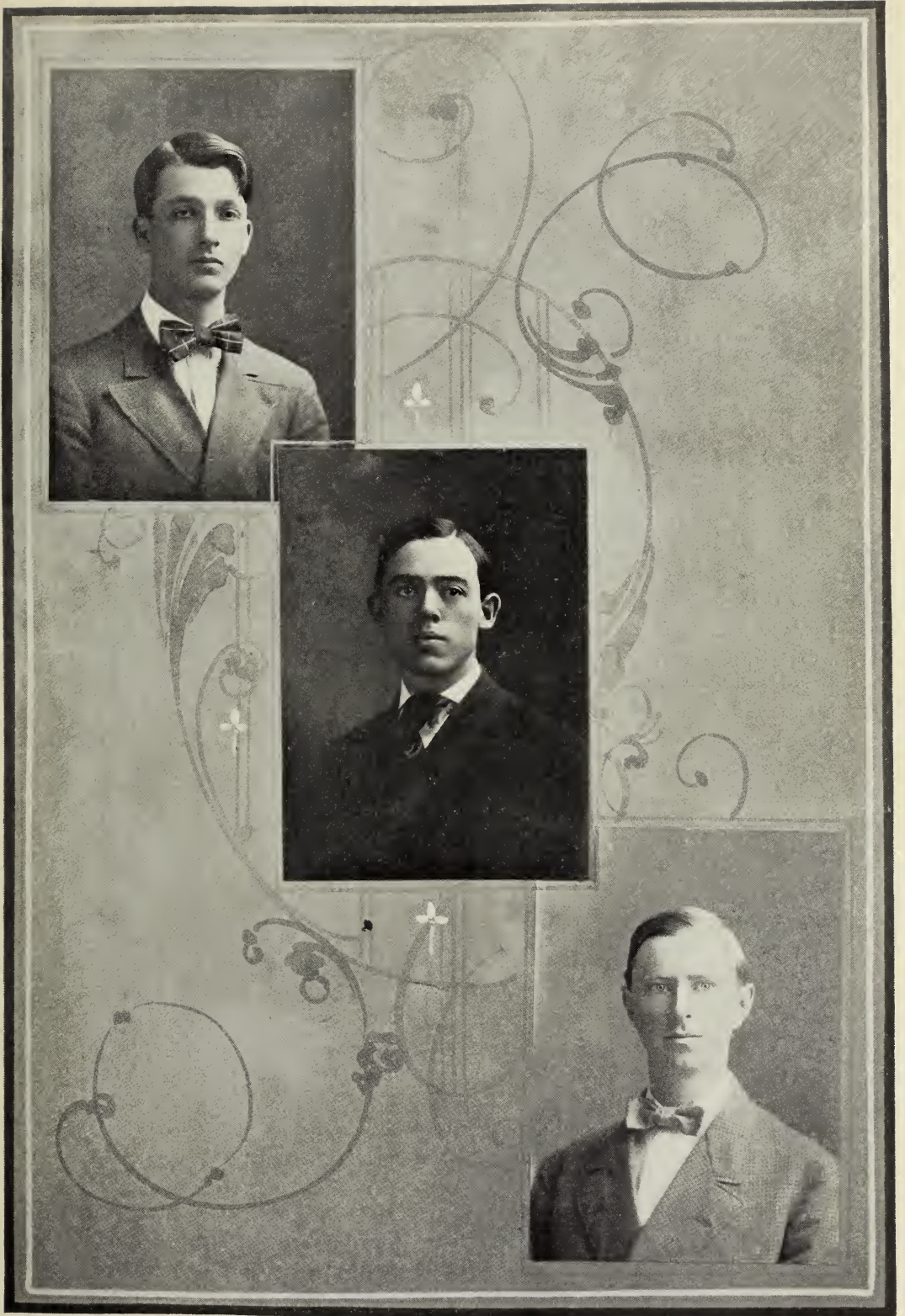
From early morning, the Alumni and Senators of former years, streamed into the college grounds. Bankers, judges, lawyers, newspaper men and merchants, men prominent in every walk of life, met again within the old college walls.

The thrill and buoyancy of their youthful days came back to them as they trod along the trellised walks of the garden out into the campus, and chatted and laughed over the joys and troubles that were long past. College chums met again and renewed the old memories and lived the old scenes over again. The white-haired Fathers were there to greet their pupils of long ago; and who would blame them if they felt

a thrill of pride at the noble results their labor had brought forth? Truly their souls must have been gladdened when they saw those whose minds and hearts they had trained in decades past now honored and revered by their fellow-citizens as models of intellect and integrity.

At 1:30 the Senators entered the refectory which they had known so well as boys and sat down to the Alumni banquet. The dining-room had been decorated with gracefully hanging festoons of smilax interwoven with the college colors. On the walls hung pictures of the Senate Presidents and members of by-gone years. And now they are really boys again! The refectory, their old chums by their sides,—the whole atmosphere carries them back to the good old days in college. And yet where are some? 'Tis always the way when men meet to celebrate the past. The angel of death has been before them and tender ties have been severed, now of a dear friend from boyhood, now of a beloved teacher and guide.

The Commencement exercises were



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS, '07-'08

C. P. KILBURN

J. C. LAPPIN

F. M. HEFFERNAN

held in the evening in the College theatre. We cannot do better than quote here the words of Mr. George Sedgeley, '68. "The decorations were gorgeous, the pillars being hidden in ferns and palms, with the symbolical college colors abounding in all conceivable places. The various Jack-o'-lanterns were illuminated with electricity, throwing over the place a spirit of ease and warmth, and simultaneously giving birth to the College motto, which was emblazoned significantly in the predominating colors, red and white—the red signifying the fire of love; the white as usual, symbolical of purity and truth, and the blending of the two standing boldly forth for "Love, Purity and Truth."

"The stage was appropriately decorated with a new setting, which was painted for the occasion by Michael O'Sullivan. The chairman sat in the middle of the stage, surrounded by his brother Senators and Santa Clara's most honored sons, seated in semi-circular tiers in true Senate style. Over all were hung two large banners, the stars and stripes and the triumphant red and white, resting serenely side by side. Peppers and palms, carnations and roses were artistically interwoven with myriads of greens, giving the whole scene a look of grandeur and beauty, and, with the statesmanlike faces toning it off, it resembled a bower of thought."

Seventy-five former Senators were seated on the stage, while the twelve Seniors who were about to receive their

degrees occupied a prominent position in front. The old and the new! The Senators who had toiled and succeeded and the Senators who were to begin the fight of life.

What a sight that was to stir up the memories of old times! How swiftly these sons of Santa Clara were carried back to the day when they, too, were about to receive their degrees and to go out into the world to fight for themselves. But those days are over—kept alive by the memories of twenty, forty and fifty years ago.

Hon. John N. Burnett, '58, son of California's first Governor, was Chairman of the evening, just as he had been first Chairman of the Senate fifty years before. After calling the meeting to order he spoke feelingly of the beginning of the Philaethic Senate which had grown to such large proportions. He declared it the most happy time of his life to look over the faces of the Senators who had employed so usefully the training and principles of the Senate.

John E. McElroy, '91, spoke on "The Past, Present and Future." This beautiful speech is given elsewhere in our columns.

"The Venerated Dead" was the subject of Rev. Joseph McQuaide, '88. In a beautiful eulogium the Reverend Father paid impressive tribute to the memories of Father Accolti, the splendid organizer; Father Varsi, of the executive mind; Father John Pinasco, for his gentle and kindly nature; Father Young, for his successful study of the tempera-

ment of boys; Father Michael Shallo, for his rare intellectuality; Father W. D. McKinnon, for patriotism; Hon. Stephen M. White, for eloquence; United States Senator Robert Keating, Nevada's favorite son; John T. Malone, an ornament of the profession of the stage; Dr. James Stanton, a public official without fear and without reproach; Dr. James McCone, a man of the highest professional ideals; and Hon. John J. Burke, who passed away just after his entry into public life, and when his virtues and abilities were being publicly applauded.

Hon. Delphin M. Delmas, A. M. '63, was greeted with tremendous applause as he rose to deliver his brilliant address, "Humble Beginnings." Mr. Sedgely, as historian shall be our guide. "The speaker in a most happy vein, sketched the birth and nursery of classic learning in Santa Clara, related numerous anecdotes of old College days, and drew graphic word pictures of pioneer times in the Philaethic Senate,

In tracing the humble beginnings, Mr. Delmas described the birth of the College in the old adobe, tile-covered buildings of the Mission, and pictured the ancient church with fresco on the outer walls and averred that of all the boys who were thus cradled in learning in that far time there remained only two—Chairman Burnett and the Speaker. They alone lived to tell how the infant institution had struggled against adversity, amid severe privations, but Father John Nobilli, the first President, seemed to have been ordained

by heaven and equipped by nature for the work, over the fruition of which Father Gleason now presides.

The speaker eulogized the names of Father Accolti and of "the reverend, revered, venerated and sanctified Father Edmund J. Young."

The celebrated orator advised the students of the incomparable value of debate as a means of fitting them for the battles of life and desired that the first rule of a debate should be to conform strictly with Cardinal Newman's matchless definition of a gentleman, in never doing violence to the feelings of others, and concluded with unqualified praise of the Jesuit system of education, which went hand in hand with the highest moral and intellectual progress of California and the world.

Then James F. Twohy delivered in an able manner the poem "Philaethica" written for the occasion by Charles D. South. The poem recounted stories of old times and the successes of Santa Clara's graduates.

The valedictory address was given by August M. Aguirre. His classmates well knew their man when they selected good warm-hearted August. The College spirit which distinguished August whether in the yard, or on the gridiron, or as actor and manager during the Passion Play, is evident in his farewell address. The REDWOOD reproduces his speech elsewhere. Would that it could reproduce the feeling and sincerity which prompted it, and the eloquence with which it was delivered!

The Faculty

On our return to College we were surprised to find that several changes had taken place in the personnel of the Faculty. True, Rev. Fr. Gleason, kind and amiable as ever, was there to greet us; but there was gone one whom we all regret, one whom we came most of all to know and love. We all, young as we were, felt the great worth and genius of the man, we felt that his big heart was large enough for every one of us, and we knew that we were his only care. There was magnetism in the man, how he held us by the chords of love and admiration! Oh! we all loved Father Foote, and it seems strange to see him no longer around. The Rev. Father has gone to St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, to teach higher mathematics. We are all acquainted with his successor, Rev. Fr. Lydon, from his position last year as Prefect of Studies. Besides combining the two offices of Prefect of Studies and Prefect of Discipline, Fr. Lydon will also teach Philosophy to the Juniors. It is needless to say that Fr. Lydon's energy, talent and administrative ability will infuse even more life into every department of the College.

The REDWOOD especially misses its former Director, Mr. R. D. Chisholm, S. J., who has gone to study Philosophy and Theology in Woodstock College, Maryland. It was owing to his good taste and ability that the REDWOOD has continued to hold its place and to be a fitting representative of Alma Mater.

His place is filled by Mr. C. F. Deeney, S. J.

Messrs. Morton, Shepherd and Biagini have also gone away. The first to sunny Italy to study Theology, and the two latter to Gonzaga College, Spokane. We miss them all and our kindest thoughts follow them.

Mr. Wm. J. Keany, S. J., late of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, has succeeded Mr. Morton as Director in athletics in Santa Clara College. Those who know Mr. Keany's prowess on the diamond and on the gridiron in the days of yore feel that the right man has been selected. Mr. Keany was, in college days, the chum and rival for baseball honors of our California pitcher and our own former coach, "Nick" Williams. Rev. Fr. Villa and Mr. Martin Maher are new acquisitions to the professorial staff to the perfect satisfaction, both of Faculty and students. Rev. Fr. Giacobbi left a few days ago for Spokane, where he will teach philosophy to the scholastics of the Society of Jesus. His place, as chaplain of the students, will be filled by Rev. Fr. Wm. J. Deeney, whose good influence has already been felt in the yard.

Rev. Fr. Gallagher is also to go north. This departure will be regretted by the College, especially by the students. For Fr. Gallagher is a genius or rather a champion in the financial line, and when a fellow won a victory over this opponent he had every reason to be proud. And really, what a financier! What other man could keep all our

accounts in his head without the aid of book or paper! Seldom, if ever, did his trusty memory fail him. Fr. Hugh is the peer of them all and nothing but kind wishes follow him.

In speaking of the changes in the Faculty, we must mention the unexpected death of Mr. Henry Kinch, S. J. As he had been ailing for the last two years, it was determined to send him East to a sanitarium where he would get the attention of the most skilled physicians. But hardly were we aware of his departure before the sad news of his death was telegraphed to us from Creighton University, Omaha. Mr. Kinch bore his ill health with the utmost patience and resignation and was a strong example and cause of edification to us all. As a student at College he was well liked by all, and such was his skill and strength in athletics that he played on the football team of '99. The students are requested to commend his soul to God in their prayers. May he rest in peace.

The Senate

The Senate convened this year on the 17th of last month with Rev. Father Wm. J. Deeney S. J., as President. Senators Kilburn, McKenzie, Murphy, Heffernan and Allen answered the roll call.

The first business of the evening was the election of officers for the ensuing term. Senator McKenzie was selected to fill the chair of the Recording Secre-

tary and Senator Allen, that of the Corresponding Secretary. Senator Kilburn was assigned to the financial end as Treasurer, while Senator Heffernan, on account of his reputation as a bibliomaniac, was chosen as Librarian. The observance of peace and order was entrusted to stalwart Senator Murphy of San Jose.

As Senators Casey, Fisher, Aguirre, Schmitz, Doulon, J. Twohy, and McKay had graduated and were no longer with us, it was our duty to elect new members from the House. We were fortunate enough to secure as future Senators such able orators as Representatives Broderick, Lappin, Hall, Woods, Peters, Bogan, Diepenbrock, R. Twohy and O'Connor. We expect to hear much in the near future from these already eloquent speakers.

On account of the lateness of the hour, the election of the various committees for the handling of the business of the Senate was deferred until the next meeting.

The House of Philistorians

The first meeting of the House this semester, was held on the 17th of last month. Father Foote's place as Speaker was occupied by Mr. Wm. J. Keany, S. J. Our new Speaker called the assembly to order and spoke gracefully and eloquently of the purpose of this branch of the Literary Congress and encouraged its members to do their best to realize from it all the good they could.

We then proceeded to the election of officers. Representative Dooling was unanimously chosen to fill the responsible office of Clerk. Representative Birmingham will have charge of the large number of books that are for the use of the members. Four contestants for the office of Corresponding Secretary were supported by their respective friends, Representative Donovan winning out. Representative Carlos McClatchy was chosen to handle the money of the House, as Treasurer. The office of Sergeant-at-Arms will be most admirably filled by Representative McLane who, we hope, will preserve order, not so much by his wand of authority as by his good example.

As the ranks of the veterans have been rather sadly depleted, Representatives Collins, Farrell, Atteridge, Mullin, Carroll, Ralph McClatchy not being with us at college this year, and others having been elected to the Senate, our next duty will be to recruit fit members. This will not be so difficult, as we already see much good material lying about. So then, members of the House, heads up! Everybody to work! Get busy, so that we shall vanquish our hereditary foe in the next Ryland Debate.

Junior Dramatic Society

The first weekly meeting of the Junior Dramatic Society was held last Wednesday with the Rev. Father Brainard once more guiding the destinies of the society. When the roll

was called a baker's dozen (a record for opening night) answered to their names.

The President made the opening address in which he felicitated the members upon their number and prophesied a phenomenal year for the society.

After the reading of the laws of the society we proceeded to the election of officers. Mr. Ford, whose tongue drops the proverbial milk and honey, was elected Vice-President, that office being made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Heney. Mr. Flood, whose penmanship has been the admiration and envy of everyone, was elected Secretary. Father Gallagher has a rival at last,—Alec Oyarzo has taken a special correspondence course in physical culture, jui-jitsu, polemics, frenzied finance, etc., and is now fully qualified to separate the members from their tainted money. Marcel Lohse, who was first brought into prominence by his skillful manipulations of a broom, was elected to the office of Censor, in which may he make as clean a sweep as he did of the ballot box. The office of Librarian was imposed upon Tommy Lannan whose duty will be to feed the hungry bookworms with a diet ranging from Encyclopedia Britannica to Alice in Wonderland.

Finally an appointment was made in the person of Mr. Wm. Hirst. He, as recording angel, shall transcribe in characters of ebony the golden deeds of the youthful Toga.

With such a galaxy of officers is the Junior Dramatic Society entering upon

a year which may well eclipse any preceding one, and already the calendar for weeks ahead is being crowded with events which are to make this semester memorable in the history of the society.

By the way, the old adage, "All's well that ends well," certainly obtained with us before the close of last term. About the flowers and fruits of the earth were gathered the round number of twenty. Pleasantries and speeches made the evening a most enjoyable one. Special mention must be made of our Chefs, Messrs. McCabe and Brazell—where the oysters were there they were. The menu card owed its beauty and finish to the artistic touch of Messrs. L. Ford and A. Oyarzo. *Prosit!*

The Visit of the Very Rev. Fr. Geo. de la Motte, S. J.

Rev. Fr. de la Motte, S. J., paid us a visit last month and remained with us several days. He is the first Superior of the lately combined missions of California and the Rocky Mountains.

That our readers may understand what this means we must explain a little. The Society of Jesus scattered all over the world is divided into Provinces and Missions, somewhat in the same way as the United States is divided into States and Territories. Up to last August 15, the members of the Society of Jesus in California formed what was called the Oregon Mission, while those in California, Washington, Idaho and Montana formed "The Rocky Mountain Mission." On August 15 a union

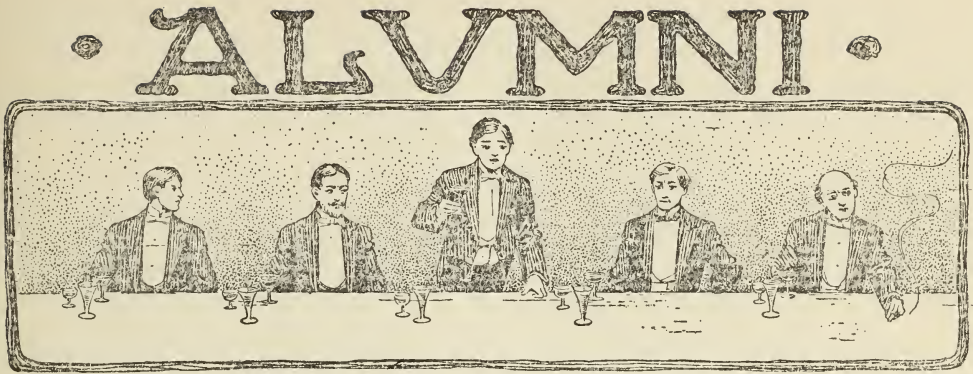
was formed uniting under one Superior and into one Province the Jesuits of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, the two Dakotas and Southern Alaska.

Our new Superior is a man to be loved and admired. Easy of approach, affable, kind, he conceals his vast intellectual gifts beneath a genial, unassuming exterior. We all felt perfectly at home in his presence, though we knew we were dealing with a man whom the nation admires and respects as one of the foremost theologians of the day. Many remember him as the victor in that great combat of intellectual giants held at Woodstock College some years ago and familiarly known as the "Grand Act." We students of Santa Clara shall always be glad to see Rev. Fr. de la Motte, and we hope that his visits will be as frequent and his stay as long as his many and arduous duties will permit.

Another visitor of note last month was Rev. Herman J. Goller, S. J., President of Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington. Gonzaga College is not by any means a stranger to us, much less is its President. Many of our Professors now at Santa Clara College studied Philosophy under his skilled direction, and while esteeming him and loving him as a dear friend pay the highest tribute to his perfect knowledge of the matter, and his wonderful facility in imparting it.

Gonzaga College has sent some of its brightest students to Santa Clara. We may mention James Twohy, '07, Robert Twohy, '08, and Herman Budde, A. M., '07.

CARLOS McCLATCHY, '10.



The Alumni Banquet held the last day of the school year was a most successful event, Among those present were Dr. W. S. Thorne, A. M., '01, Dr. George W. Seifert, S. B. '79, Hon. Wm. P. Veuve, A. B. '74, Edw. Kelly, A. B. '97, Jos. F. Cavagnaro, S. B. '78, S. M. '79, John M. Burnett, A. B. '58, A. M. '59, Dr. T. F. Casey, A. B., 1900, Rev. Donald J. McKinnon, A. B. '92, A. M. '93, C. A. Fitzgerald, A. B. '01, O. D. Stoesser, S. B. '87, R. E. Fitzgerald, A. B. '06, Hon. Phillip G. Sheehy, A. M. '01, M. G. Carter, A. B. '06, J. T. Curley, A. B. '05, J. A. Kennedy, Hon. '97, E. J. Kelly, A. B. '97, Hon. W. G. Lorigan, Ph. D. '03, Luis L. Arguello, S. B. '80, J. R. Somavia, Sc. D. '04, Dr. Alex. S. Keenan, Hon. '98, A. A. Sylvia, A. B. 1900, Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, Hon. '86, Rev. J. W. Galvin, A. B. '98, J. R. Ryland, S. B. '84, J. H. Riordan, A. B. '05, A. M. '06, L. M. Pinard, S. B. '74, E. J. Leake, A. B. 1900, J. L. Hudner, S. B. '76, H. L. Guglielmetti, A. B. '98, J. T. McDevitt, S. B. '86, J. J. Montgomery, Ph. D. '01, Dr. F. R. Orella, S.

B. '89, J. A. Waddell, A. M. '01, C. A. Thompson, A. B. 1900, Rey. W. A. Flemming, A. B. '97, Hon. F. W. Sargent, A. B. '95, W. E. Johnson, A. B. '01, J. H. Yoell, S. B. '81, A. B. '82, M. E. Griffith, A. B. '98, J. E. Auzeais, S. S. '79, S. M. '80, W. C. Kennedy, A. B. '64, J. O'Gara, A. B. '91, A. M. '93, C. D. South, A. M. '01, J. A. Clark, A. B. '01, W. J. McCormick, A. B. '01, J. W. Byrnes, A. B. '06, J. Farry, A. B. '97, Rev. B. J. McKinnon, A. B. '88, J. W. Ryland, S. B. '77, Hon. V. A. Scheller, S. B. '86, M. V. Merle, A. M. '01, F. A. Belz, A. B. '06, J. J. O'Toole, S. B. '90, C. M. Cassin, S. B. '88, C. A. Graham, A. B. '98, L. F. Byington, S. B. '84, Dr. J. L. Zabala, S. B. '91, Dr. C. E. Jones, S. B. '88, A. B. '89, Hon. J. H. Campbell, A. B. '71, A. M. '82, Ph. D. '03, Rev. J. P. McQuaide, S. B. '87, J. E. McElroy, S. B. '90, A. B. '91, T. F. Feeny, A. B. '04, Rev. J. F. Byrne, A. B. '88, H. E. Wilcox, A. B. '80, C. M. Lorigan, S. B. '82, S. Has-kins, A. B. '82, A. M. '83, C. D. Per-rine, Sc. D. '05, P. J. Dunne, S. B. '84.

News comes from the east that Mr. D. J. Kavanagh, S. J. has improved very much in health. His friends out this way who were much alarmed at his serious illness of some months ago, are glad that he is picking up again. By the way it is to Mr. Kavanagh that the REDWOOD staff takes the liberty of dedicating its sixth volume. He it was who guided the destinies of the REDWOOD in its first years and gave it its high place among college magazines.

Although but a short time has elapsed since the class of 1907 wended its way from within Santa Clara's walls, we find that it has already scattered far and wide. James F. Twohy and Joseph R. Brown have entered Georgetown University, the former in the law course and the latter in the medical department. Daniel J. McKay has matriculated in the law school at Yale University. Walter J. Schmitz and Fred Sigwart have registered at the University of California, Walter in the Agricultural and Fred in the Medical School. On the list of students at Stanford University we find the name of George Fisher in the civil engineering house, Francisco Buch, Special '07, is also at Stanford in the same department. Herman Budde is at present taking a much needed rest. George Casey is engaged in a mercantile career at Sacramento. Thomas Donlan is in a bank at Ventura, while August Aguirre has started out and gone into business for himself with the sign "Columbo Seed Co." gracing his store. Robert E. Fitzgerald, A. M.

is recuperating from an affection of the throat, and Jose Gaston, A. M. has entered the Ohio Agricultural college.

A very pleasant visit was that of Messrs. Albert Van Houtte, S. J. and Alphonsus Quevedo, S. J., both former students of Santa Clara College, and of Mr. Thomas Flaherty, S. J., A. B. '05, of St. Ignatius. They had just completed a course in higher rhetoric and oratory at the S. H. Novitiate, Los Gatos and were on their way to Gonzaga College, Spokane to take up a three years course in Philosophy. We remember their visit with pleasure and wish them success in their studies.

Hon. Philip Sheehy, '01, for four years City Attorney of Watsonville, has been reelected for another term.

Hon. Joseph J. Trabucco, S. B. 1890, four years Assessor of Mariposa County, then District Attorney for eight years, is now Superior Judge.

Two of Santa Clara's bright students, Wm. Gianera and C. Mullen entered the Novitiate at Los Gatos. Both were much esteemed and respected by their companions in class and in the yard. We wish them success.

A rare visitor to Santa Clara is Hon. Bradley V. Sargent, S. M. '85, Justice Superior Court, Salinas, Cal. We appreciated his visit very much; may he soon favor us again.

HENRY P. BRODERICK, '08.



THE HUMANIZING OF THE BRUTE

MUCKERMAN, S. J.—B. HERDER

This book of Father Muckerman is decidedly interesting. The topic of its pages is one which scientists and sentimentalists of the present day discuss much, viz., whether the higher and lower animals manifest any sign of intelligence. Both sides of the question have numerous upholders, more or less logical and scientific. Father Muckerman takes the task upon himself of invading the domain of science and of vindicating by its arguments the belief of common sense and of all times.

The book proper is divided into two parts: in the first the author proves the thesis that instinct and intelligence differ essentially, in the second, that animals have no intelligence at all. The criterion the author lays down in his investigations to discriminate instinctive and intelligent action, is "whether or not the animal evinces

consciousness of the finality guiding its actions."

To prove that lower animals do not possess intelligence Father Muckerman "enters upon a most remarkable phisic contrast observed in the life history of two ant-species, *Polyergus* and *Formica Sanguinea*." This contrast is exceedingly interesting and we wish we had more space to devote to it.

The book is very opportune, we needed such a work. It will be welcomed by true scientists; but to the shallow-brained who use their own wee bit of intelligence in admiring that of the educated horse we fear it will not appeal,—and small loss.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MODERN CHRISTIANITY

REV. BERNARD J. OTTER, S. J., PROF. OF
PHILOSOPHY IN ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY—B.
HERDER

A very instructive and interesting little work, not only for the Catholic

but for every citizen of the country who is in ignorance or doubt, or, what is worse, bigoted concerning the affairs of the Catholic Church. The book is not combative; it explains kindly, clearly, yet forcibly the position of Catholics, especially in these days. It is divided into two sections. The first treats of the naturalizing tendency of the times; the other explains some doctrines of the Catholic Church that are misunderstood by our non-Catholic fellow citizens. It is the kind of book we like: the thoughts clear and logically expressed, the manner throughout kind and sympathetic. Catholics would do well to read it and to propose it to their Protestant friends.

WESTMINSTER LECTURES

We have received some more of these valuable lectures, dealing with fundamental doctrines of our Faith. Every one is a little gem. The latest received are "Revelation and Creeds," by Very Rev. J. McIntyre D. D., "The Church versus Science" by Rev. J. Gerard, S. J., "Mysticism," by Rev. R. H. Benson, M. A., "Authority in Belief" by A. P. Sharpe, M. A., "Theories of the Transmigration of Souls" by the Rev. J. Gibbons, Ph. D., and "Socialism and Individualism" by the Very Rev. A. Pollock, D. D. Every lecture is clear, orderly, and very readable, the strength of philosophy and the beauty of literature being called upon to pay their tribute.

MELOR OF THE SILVER HAND

REV. DAVID BEARNE, S. J.—BENZIGER BROS.

This is a collection of nineteen short stories, the first of which gives its title to the volume. They are stories taken from the lives of the heroes, not of "the Dark Ages," but of "the Bright Ages", and these heroes are not men of physical courage but of moral backbone and moral prowess. The narratives are very pleasing yet instructive. Who would think that under the title of "Sheer Pluck", there lay concealed the story of Simon Stylites. They are intended for the young and will certainly please them much. We should have liked to see a few good illustrations in a book of such a nature.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION

REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.—B. HERDER.

A precious little work containing within small compass the history of how the Reformation was brought about in the different countries of Europe. Notice this little work answers the question *how* the Reformation was brought about; and we are told and the facts of history are called to bear witness, that it was by terrorism, the rack, the scaffold; by slanders, misunderstandings and all manner of deplorable deceptions. The author reviews each country of Europe in turn. The intention of Father Coppens is not to arouse any ill feeling but to promote the temporal and eternal happiness of all who read the little work. "Truth," he says, "is ever a precious acquisition; it is especially so in matters so far reaching in their consequences on the welfare of mankind for time and for eternity, as the subject here presented."

J. DEVEREAUX PETERS, '08.



Well, here we are once more at our desk with the old familiar pile of magazines before us, a little dusty on the outside perhaps, for they have been waiting for us here since June, but the same old friends once we have looked inside their covers. We are glad to see them of course, yet we cannot help feeling a little sad when we read their light summer stories and joyous summer verse with the air about us already beginning to turn a little chill, and frosty winter drawing on apace.

Perhaps this is why we so much enjoyed "The Trapper" in the *Yale Lit.* No balmy summer evening under a smiling moon in this poem to be sure, but the cold, dark night of the frozen North, under a "moonless sky." But apart from the fact that it is suited to our present mood we consider this poem to be much above the average of college verse and so, despite its length, we have copied it in full. "The Silence of Twilight" is also a bit of well-written and musical verse.

In its prose also the June *Lit.* is exceptionally strong. The magazine opens with a lengthy and convincingly

written essay, "The Need of Art at Yale." There are, besides, two other essays. "A Distressed Damsel" is an attempted defense of Marie Corelli, her methods and her works. It is an interesting essay, but the arguments although apparently sound enough to the casual reader are not convincing and we cannot but disagree with the writer's conclusion that "Miss Corelli can bring life and color into thousands of humdrum lives without harming them or injuring others." Miss Corelli's novels are intrinsically bad and therefore harmful and no amount of feeble defense can excuse those who read them. "The Poet of the Plants" is a sympathetic sketch of our own Luther Burbank and his marvelous work. As for the fiction "Donovan and the Prophet" and "The Far Off Interest of Tears" are both good. The latter is a little sketch of child life, and especially appealing.

As a rule we do not like the comparative essay because it is too apt to degenerate into a dry comparison of long and tedious passages from the two authors, but there are exceptions to every rule and the "Comparison of Poe

and Maupassant as short story writers" in the *Mount Holyoke* proved to be a most pleasant surprise. Who would think to look at that dry and unappealing title that one of the most attractive essays of the month lay beneath? And yet there is in it a freshness of style and treatment as charming as it is unexpected. "Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott'" contains several good thoughts on that poem but it is altogether too short and sketchy to adequately treat the subject. The verse in the *Mount Holyoke* is hardly as good as usual. "After the Shower" is the only poem that really shows any great ability.

Our old friend the *Georgetown College Journal* comes to us for July with not a single line of fiction between its covers. This is disappointing for we have learned to expect just a little good fiction from the *Journal* each month, sometimes only a single story but always interesting and worth while. Neither does the *Journal* contain a single poem in all its fifty pages. What does it contain then? Essays and departments. Essays on "Denominational Schools," "Denominational Academies," "Denominational Colleges," "High Ideals in the Medical Profession," and "Captain John-Smith of Virginia." The essays are as a whole very well written and instructive, especially those on the denominational schools, but who cares to read half a dozen essays without the sauce of a poem or a story? There is room for something more than essays on

your pages, *Journal*. Next month give us some fiction and a little verse.

A new visitor to our sanctum and a very welcome one is *The Vassar Miscellany*.

This magazine is neatly and tastefully bound, well balanced and well filled and the only fault which we can find with it is the fact that its pages are uncut. This however is only a slight defect and of course does not in the least detract from the high literary merit of the magazine.

The Miscellany contains only one essay and that a short one—a grateful relief to us after the *Georgetown Journal*—entitled "A Meredithian Standard for Comedy." This briefly puts forth the claims of woman to the highest consideration on the comic stage. Who shall deny it to her? Surely not we.

The fiction of *The Miscellany* is remarkable both for its abundance and excellence—a rare combination indeed. Probably the strongest story is, "Little Girl," which tells of a man's sacrifice of success and happiness for the sake of duty. It is truly and compellingly told and holds the reader's attention and sympathies to the end. "Fresh-water Pearls" and "His Other Elizabeth", stories of child life under widely different phases are also extremely good. In its verse too *The Miscellany* ranks very high. "The Player's Song," which we copy below will serve to show its quality.

THE PLAYER'S SONG

A player of parts am I
 And a hundred lives I live.
 I am young, young, young, and the world's all
 gold,
 With all joy and love to give.

I am old, old, old, and my cup is full;
 'Tis a weary world, a restless dream.
 My passion is ashes, the zest is gone;
 With knaves and fools all life's a-teem.

Oh, a player of parts am I
 And a hundred lives I live
 But a hundred deaths are mine to die,
 And fleeting the life I give.

MARJORIE LANE, 1908,
 in the Vassar Miscellany.

THE TRAPPER

The dreaming earth lies hushed as death,
 Draped in its shroud of snow.
 The moonless sky sheds a glint of steel
 On the frozen swamps below.

All things are still save the Northern Lights,
 For now is their festal time;
 And anon they tread their ghostly dance
 In eerie pantomime.

Yet someone moves mid the laden firs,
 Upborne by the groaning crust;
 While the steady crunch of his broad raquette
 Is muffled in winter's dust.

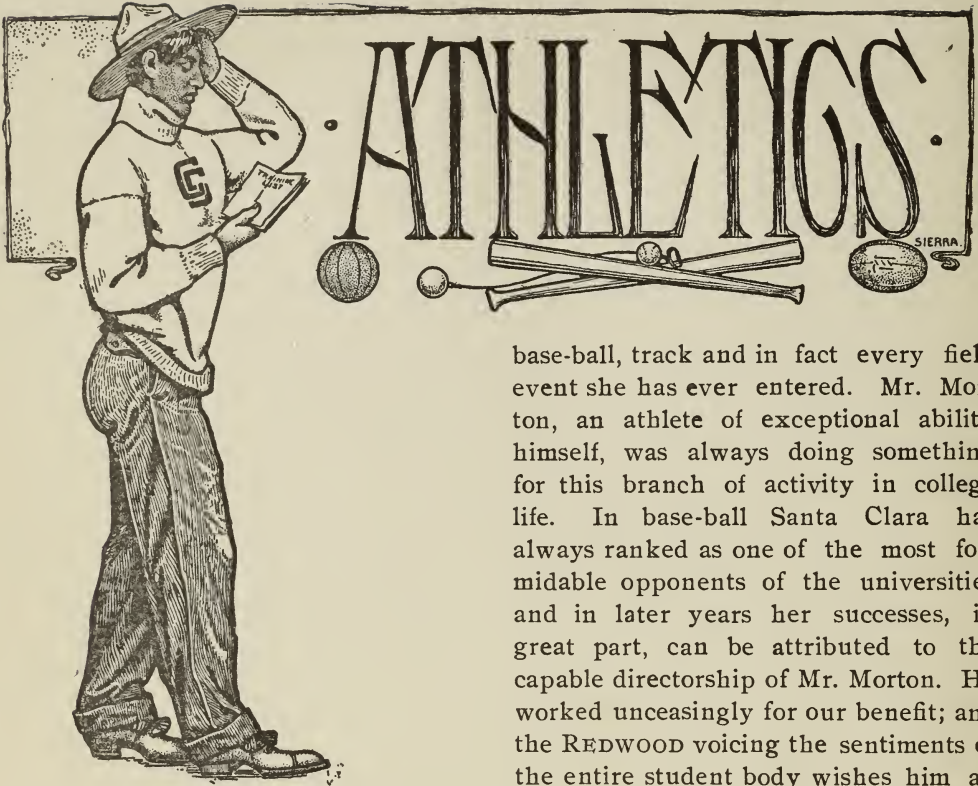
The trading post he has left behind,
 Where fiercely the birch-logs roar,
 And the pattering tread of moccasins'd feet
 Beats time on the quaking floor.

His feet to another measure stride;
 His floor is the ice of streams,
 Which wind away from the homes of men
 Through an elfin land of dreams.

Untiring, dauntless, he travels on,
 Lit by the cold starshine.
 Above him sweeps with outspread arms
 Orion, the Hunter's sign.

KARL W. KUCHWEY,
 in the Yale Lit.

M. T. DOOLING JR., '09,



It seems odd to desecrate the sacred title page of Athletics with a lament. Usually it opens and especially the first one of the year with a brilliant forecast of future glory on the field and a proud reference to the achievements of the past. But pardon me if I depart from the conventional—I feel sure you will forgive me when you know the reason for my lamentation. Mr. Morton, the genial Director of Athletics, is with us no more. He has gone to Italy to take up his theological studies and Santa Clara loses one of the best men she ever had as director of her foot-ball,

base-ball, track and in fact every field event she has ever entered. Mr. Morton, an athlete of exceptional ability himself, was always doing something for this branch of activity in college life. In base-ball Santa Clara has always ranked as one of the most formidable opponents of the universities and in later years her successes, in great part, can be attributed to the capable directorship of Mr. Morton. He worked unceasingly for our benefit; and the REDWOOD voicing the sentiments of the entire student body wishes him all success in his studies in far off Italy.

Mr. Morton has an able successor in Mr. Keany S. J., who has taken up the good work with the intention of keeping things moving. All things considered the season of '07, '08 should be a banner one—one that will further strengthen Santa Clara's prestige on diamond, track, and field.

Rugby

After a year of inactivity as regards Fall sports we have taken up the game of English Rugby. The Faculty has

decided on this game as being a good, clean, healthy sport which at the same time eliminates the undesirable features of the old game. When "Rugby" was the answer to the eager question of all "What are we going to play? the next question was "Where are we to get a coach—one who thoroughly understands the game?" This difficulty was soon overcome by Manager Broderick who secured the services of Mr. Howard. Mr. Howard was one of the best exponents of Rugby his native land, New Zeland, has ever produced. To followers of the game in that far off land his name is synonymous with knowledge of the game and playing ability. His first appearance on the field marked him as a man who knows his business. Already the squad has been infected with his ginger and vigorous efforts and there is every reason to believe that Santa Clara will be a likely candidate for honors in this branch of Athletics. True, there are many difficulties to overcome. It is an entirely new game, players have been schooled to the old system, and for a whole year we have done nothing in this line. Still we have a body of men out for the team who after a long period of "nothing doing" are crazy to play and who, fully realizing the difficulties to be overcome, are determined to conquer them. Over seventy candidates turned out the first night of practice and there was a dash and vim in the work totally foreign to the usual initiative appearance.

The management is well taken care

of by Harry Broderick '08. He is certainly working hard for the success of the new game and deserves the support and encouragement of all. Games have been scheduled with the Freshmen teams of both universities and there are others in prospect.

Rugby Notes

Harry McKenzie is captain of the team and he is a great help to Coach Howard in handling the several squads.

Many aspirants for the team could be heard several days ago dropping remarks like "parlor game," "edition de luxe of ping pong," "social tea" etc. But last Thursday a little informal "Rugby social" was held. It consisted in the main of a scrub game between two picked teams of the squad. Whenever the coach stopped the play for a moment to address some remark on what was being done the would-be inventors of Rugby phraseology could be seen lying on the ground in much exhausted attitudes and with hardly enough wind to start moving again.

What makes the play so continuous, as has been remarked by many, that is compared to the old game, is the total lack of time out for accidents, etc.

There has been a tendency to mix both games up during exciting moments.

Several times Mr. Howard has picked a ball up that happened to be near and the result has been some drop kicks that have made those present sit up

and take notice. He does it with either foot too.

Our beloved President, Rev. Father Gleeson expressed himself as much pleased with the game and pointed out several features that struck him favorably.

The close formation of the scrum is one of the many reasons why there are so few accidents. In the old game the velocity that a man gained in a line buck is what did the damage—with the men locked together as in Rugby these accidents are not so likely to occur.

Baseball

It is rather early to mention baseball but there is nothing like reaching down in the bottom of the locker and airing the present neglected horsehide.

Captain Kilburn and Manager McKenzie are seriously thinking of organizing a winter team just to keep the old men in practice and to pre-develop the new and likely candidates. Of last year's team Kilburn, Lappin, Broderick, Freine, Salberg, Watson, Peters and M. Shafer have returned. With these and several players of promise among the new men prospects look more than bright.

Second Division Athletics

(BY L. B. FORD, SECOND DIVISION
CORRESPONDENT)

In the second division much enthusiasm is being shown in the Athletic

branches. Especially is this true as regards baseball. Already two organized leagues, the Juniors and the Midgets, are in full sway. The games are exceptionally good. In one of the Junior League games, McGovern, the "New York" pitcher, twirled a no hit, no run game. The "New York" team leads the League with two games won out of two played. "Chicago" comes second with one game to its credit and one lost, "Boston" has had hard luck so far but as it has good material it should be heard from in future games. The Midget League is even more exciting than the Junior organization. Although the players are smaller physically they more than make up this deficiency by the spirit and rivalry displayed. The outlook for the Junior team this semester is especially bright. Although they have lost their premier shortstop in Captain Gianera his position will be ably filled by Rube Foster. Gianera is the only member of the team not to return to College, so our husky backstop Ray Brown promises to lead the Junior team to victory with as much ease as Gianera did in the past.

The Second Division gymnasium has reopened for the term. The membership has swelled to forty and new members are joining every day. The officers appointed were: L. Ford, President; G. Robinson, Vice-President; E. Shipsey, Treasurer; A. Oyarzo, Secretary; A. Di Fiore, E. Nolting, D. Forsyth and M. Leahy, Censors.

MERVYN S. SHAFER, '09.



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No. 2

FALLING LEAVES

*Merry, merry Autumn leaves
Trooping down
Gaily from the swaying trees
In the whispering, sighing breeze
Glad in scarlet, glad in brown,
Be as merry as you please;
For the term of life draws near,
For its end is well nigh here,
Merry leaves.*

*Merry, merry Autumn leaves,
Then be gay!
Dance about in joyous fun;
What if life be almost done?
Dance your pleasure, dance away
Till the course of life be run.
Hurry, scurry, flit and flurry
Life and death cause you no worry,
Merry leaves.
M. T. Dooling, Jr., '09.*

NEW LIGHTS FROM THE SUN

We have of late been engaged on a study of absorbing interest, trying to put together the results of our helio-meteorological observations during June, July and August of the present year. In publishing these results, it is not our intention to influence any one this way or that way, much less to descend into the arena of controversy. We are indulging in no theory, but solely looking for and stating facts when we have found them; and if any theorizing there be, it must be a necessary deduction from scientifically ascertained fact. In the sphere of the contingent where meteorology lies, the inductive process takes the lead, and the deductive follows.

When this observatory was established, we placed it at the service of the weather bureau authorities, under whose fostering care it has been ever since. Far from being opposed, it has always received from the same authorities not only valuable material help, but kind encouragement and wise direction. It was understood, at the very outset, that the great desideratum was not so much a further accumulation of weather records as a philosophical investigation into the origin of meteorological change.

A directive principle along that line of study was that in every system, the primary rules the secondary. The solar system was to be no exception until that exception was proved. The problem had to be faced, not in part, but in

whole. The meteorologist had so far been mostly concerned with the atmosphere, its temperature, its moisture, its weight, its movement, its electrical loads and discharges. The astronomer, on the other hand, was studying the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, direction, distance, position, interdependence through gravitational agency, physical changes and chemical composition. But the two sets of students kept, on the whole, entirely separate from each other and never thought earnestly of bringing their forces together; and so the link between system and system and, what is worse, the very links by which one system hangs together, were ignored and lost sight of.

HAIL, THE SUNSPOT

But now how changed is the scene! Astrophysics, including solar physics, has stepped to the front and the high fence between meteorology and astronomy is torn down. The work so happily initiated by Sir Norman Lockyer in 1871 is taken up today by such savants as form the nucleus of the International Society for Solar Research, of which Prof. Hale of Mt. Wilson is the President. The interdict so gratuitously put on the sun spot is lifted, and the suspected link between solar condition and weather is one of the fundamental subjects of study adopted by that society. Henceforth the air man and the star man can occupy the

same chair and their respective offices be combined.

In presence of this welcome change one should naturally expect that the masterly minds of our weather bureau would collect their forces and their lights and focus them where there is a hope of snatching her secret from nature—the cause behind the cause. There is a groan heard everywhere that our system of Isobars and Isotherms, as figured forth in that international institution called the Weather Map, is nearly exhausted and barren of ultimate progress. The perspicacity of the well drilled mind is not yet able, by an inspection of the map, to tell whether a low that has appeared over Alberta or Washington will travel southward and bring refreshment to a parched vegetation; and far less is the same mind able to foretell the appearance of that low, and far less again whether it shall be north or south, or centrally.

When beset with such difficulties, who is there who would not sigh after superior methods of forecasting? This is precisely what the representative men of our Weather Bureau are striving might and main to do. They have installed a great observatory on Mt. Weather, Virginia, where the study of solar change, as the cause of weather change, is the main study and the prime consideration.

At the Santa Clara College observatory, too, and at the suggestion of a prominent Weather Bureau authority similar work has been doing. The plan of the work and the method of ob-

servations were left entirely to our own choice. We naturally fell in line with the Astrophysicists. With recording instruments checked by non-recorders, we have these six years taken a continuous record of weather change, and, with an equatorially mounted nine-inch glass by the elder Clarke, a practically continuous record of solar change.

By juxtaposing and correlating these records, it becomes impossible not to notice certain coincidences that excited curiosity and formed the basis for further and more accurate observation. It was not, however, until the beginning of last Spring that we, hesitatively, formulated the following laws:

1. When a solar spot is within two, three, or at the most four days from the western limb, it produces a warm wave which expands the air somewhere over the Pacific slope or rather west of it over the Pacific ocean, thereby originating a low; and, by referring to the weather map, you will see the area of that low, generally over the northwest during the winter, generally over the valley of the Colorado during the summer. A central low is the exception, and that exception baffles the forecaster for tomorrow's weather. He said fair and behold it rains!

2. If, when a solar spot is thus nearing the western limb, other spots rise anywhere on the visible solar surface, the effect is to swell the actual pulse of temperature, and the swelling is proportional to the size and intensity of the disturbed solar area.

3. When a solar spot is passing or about to pass off the western limb, it produces a cool wave or fall of the temperature pulse. This wave contracts the expanded air somewhere over the Pacific slope, or rather west of it, over the Pacific ocean, thus originating a high that the next weather map will register in the proper place. Following the approach of the cool wave, there will be condensation and precipitation. It is plain, however, that the mere cold of a night or the mere cold of the air in the upper regions can do that, whenever the saturation point is reached. But as watery vapors abound especially over and about the area of the low, as the result of the warm pulse, hence, wherever and whenever it is cold enough, rains or other forms of precipitation accompany the passage of the low and vanish soon after the coming in of the high by a sheer process of exhaustion.

COOL WAVE NEUTRALIZED

4. The cool wave occasioned by the disappearance of a solar spot behind the western limb can be, and often is, tempered or neutralized by the near approach of another solar spot to the same limb. This is a mere corollary of laws one and three. Another corollary is that, contrary to a prevailing opinion, solar spots are an index of an excess of solar heat, whether it be that they are hotter in themselves or there is that about them which is intensely hotter than the rest of the photosphere. A great Irish specialist has it that in the

sun spot the carbon is vaporized and incandescent, whereas in the other parts of the sun the carbon is incandescent, but not vaporized. So, too, thinks another great specialist on the sun, Professor J. J. T. See of the Mare Island observatory. Sir Norman Lockyer admits the fact that the sun spot is hotter, but explains it somewhat differently. In that case, the deep violet-blue color of the spot must be due to carbon vapors.

Since the time when these laws were formulating themselves in our own mind, they have been subjected to a severe scrutiny. But the search after an exception has been in vain. So the reader may rest assured that these new tenets of solar physics are not the offspring of a morbid imagination, but rest on the solid rock of observed fact. We are told: Beware of coincidences. To which we reply: Beware of asking too much. All that a strict scientific induction requires is a sufficient enumeration of observed particulars, backed by an axiom or principle that shall lend universality to the conclusion. For, as nothing can give nothing, so no particular, as such, can give the universal. Hence, no enumeration of particulars, howsoever far produced, can, if incomplete, yield a universal conclusion. Induction that doesn't go on a universal principle is as bad as a corkleg or a wooden horse.

To illustrate: By what right do you hold that fire burns? You say all the fires you have seen did burn. But you have not seen all fires, nor will you, nor can you. How, then, can you hold

that all fire burns? You say: Howsoever that may be, I am positive all fire burns. But, again, What makes you so positive? Possibly you can't tell, and possibly I can. If you think of the matter at all, you might reason somewhat like this: If every fire I have seen and every fire I have touched, did burn, this thing cannot be accidental; it cannot be mere chance or ill-luck; it cannot be an independent sequence or mere coincidence in point of time, without any internal nexus whatever. Whatever happens by chance, whatever is a mere sequence with no causal nexus, follows no rule; you can never depend on it; it may happen, it may not happen; you are always at a loss to tell whether it will or whether it will not. If you say it will happen, or it will not happen, you know only too well you are indulging in absolute guess-work.

So the golden principle to go by in these perplexed matters, is the constancy and uniformity of nature. If an event constantly and uniformly follows upon another, this other must be the cause, and the two events must go together as cause and effect. Hence it is manifest that for a valid scientific induction, we have only to know a certain number of particulars, this number being of its nature indefinite, and then apply a universal principle to the point of which there may be question, and that way we obtain a universal inference that a strong-headed one may howl against, but cannot logically deny.

Such is the train of reasoning that

has been followed at this observatory touching the matter of helio-meteorology. We have had cases innumerable of coincidences between approaches of solar maculae to the western limb and warm waves over the Pacific Slope; and again cases innumerable of coincidences between disappearances of solar maculae off the western limb and cool waves over the Pacific Slope. We ask any reasonable man what was to be our conclusion, according to the logic of Lord Bacon, or that of Aristotle, or that of any other great thinker? Would he cry out, as some have done, all mere chance happening—undiluted moonshine—the work of an advanced scholar in noodledom—all humbug!

But far otherwise have we been taught philosophy; and, if that philosophy is wrong, then, we dare submit there is very little known truth in this world and we are wallowing in the mire of partial or universal skepticism. So we argue that if this whole thing is mere chance happening, and the forecast based upon this thing is mere guess-work, howsoever lucky it may be, the unbroken thread of coincidences must break asunder and there must be a big smash-up somewhere. But this has not been; therefore, it shall not be; therefore, there is a causal nexus.

THE OBSERVATORY RECORDS

If we are asked to produce our records, we may quote the following for June, July and August of this year—the three most unfavorable months of the year for salient weather features on

the Pacific Slope—those very same months about which we were told that the solar markings were hors de combat in their hospital home. We have had disappearances of solar spots on the Pacific Slope on the following dates: June 3, 9, 13, 21, 22, 25; July 2, 6, 11, 14, 19, 24, 26, 30; Aug. 5, 6, 13, 16, 20-23, 27, 30. On these same days, cool waves invariably made their appearance, as appears both from the monthly records of temperature even in the Santa Clara valley, but much more so by referring to the weather maps of those dates, where you will see a predominating high lording it somewhere over the Pacific Slope. Well, but what about the warm waves? We aver that these have invariably inserted themselves between the cool waves preceding and following them, according to the laws herein above mentioned. Back of the 22 successful cases of our enumeration, where a marvelous order prevails, and no break intervenes, lie the like happenings of the previous months and the experiments of about five years before that. And we may add that even up to the present date no exception has as yet appeared.

Our contention, however, is only for the Pacific Slope. Not every warm or hot wave or the opposite that enters upon the coast is making itself felt at every single station throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific States. In that case, by consulting the weather map, one can see at a glance that the wave has indeed entered and covers a vast area of territory. Cases of this

kind can be quoted on demand. On the whole, however, a disturbance up North or down South sends its messengers even to us here, and then people do marvel, asking what's the matter with the weather? The answer is, there is an abnormal high or low in the North or the South and we stand within the sphere of its mighty influence.

Let these remarks suffice to justify the scientific value of the study of solar physics in its bearings upon things meteorological here below. It has been found that the meteorology of the sun runs hand in hand with the meteorology of the earth—Sir Norman Lockyer in *North American Review*, June, 1901, pages 827 et seqq—and because the earth is a planet, there is no room left to doubt that the meteorology of the sun likewise affects the meteorology of the other planets. But secondaries always react on their primaries. Hence there is an avenue open for thinking that the solar spots may, at least in some measure, have a planetary origin.

This may account for the wonderful and undeniable fact to which the writer can bear ample witness—a fact, too, which is based on the physical basis of observations taken by the most competent men of our weather bureau—that distinguished planetologists have invariably offered the same dates as ourselves, who have depended on solar markings only, for the entrance of warm and cold waves on the Pacific Coast. (By the way, the Professor of Meteorology at Harvard is a Planetolo-

gist. Other distinguished men might be named.) In regard to the moon in particular, we have no special information to offer, unless it be that a long series of experiments conducted under the auspices of the Greenwich Observatory, England, and the Royal Observatory of Belgium, tends to show that the moon has an effect on the circulation of

the atmosphere—Bulletin de la Societe Belge d'Astronomie, Revue des Sciences d'Observation, Astronomie Meteorologie, Geodesie et Physique du Globe, for the year 1907.

REV. JEROME S. RICARD, S. J.,
Professor of Meteorology,
Santa Clara College.

A HERO'S GRAVE

Far from the haunts of the white man
Where none but the cattle stray
Far out on the trackless prairie,
There's a grave now gone to decay.

We were rounding the maverick's one autumn
When first I discovered the mound,
And when I had leapt from my saddle
These were the words that I found:

"Beneath this mound lies a hero
The Indian's faithful friend—
It was love of Christ that brought him here
His wearisome life to spend."

And then I remembered a story
Full oft at the camp-fire told,
Of a priest who for love of the red-man
Had died like a martyr of old.

And ere I remounted my pinto
A bunch of wild poppies I placed
On the grave of this lonely hero
Far out on the broad, desert waste.

ALEXANDER LEONARD, '10.

THE PLAINT OF A SUFFERING SOUL

*If you find my Beloved, O daughters of Sion
Then tell Him, I pray you, I languish with love ;
For my soul all a-weary has grown of its exile,
While it waits for the solace that comes from above.*

*O would that my tongue could in accents becoming,
Give voice to this heart's bitter sorrow and pain !
And tell you of longings and patient endurance,
In numbers of sweetness with resonant strain !
As the bark that is tossed on the wild briny billows,
As the crew on the deep, sigh for home far away,
So my heart stirred and grieved at its woful misfortune,
Yearns much for its Loved One, full many a day.
Ah ! the flames that surround me,—how fierce in their cleansing !—
How they force from my soul its last farthing of pay !
But more painful than these is the absence of Jesus,
Whose presence alone can drive anguish away.
What torment more dreadful for one who is eager,
Than to be very near, yet so distant away,
To be within reach of the long-sought-for treasure,
And when nigh to the goal, still commanded to stay ?
There's a hope I retain in this prison of sorrow,
That balms all the wounds of my poor aching heart,
That soothes all the torments my sins have occasioned,
And makes the dark night of my sojourn depart.
This my hope and my trust is laid up in my bosom ;
For I know my Redeemer is waiting for me,
And sighs for the time when in triumph he'll lead me,
No longer a captive, but joyous and free.*

*Then all ye who hear of my sad desolation,
Ye children of Sion, thrice blessed from above,
Arise ! and pour forth your devout supplication,
And tell my dear Savior I languish with love !*

NOT LOST FOREVER

Snow covered the ground, snow covered the rocks and scrubby trees; cold white snow covered the whole region and from out the leaden Alaskan sky snow was still falling. And as it fell the bitter wind seized it in its grasp and hurled it before it, piling it up, here and there wildly in huge drifts. All day long, and all through the long black lonesome night it had snowed. None, not even the oldest Indian as he drew his blanket closer around him and huddled up nearer to the fire, could recall a more persistent warring of the elements. Woe to anyone who was out in that storm! And woe, woe to him foolhardy enough to brave it alone. A struggle against that raging wind and driving snow could have but one outcome,—Death! Yet there was such a struggle going on. One poor, unfortunate was battling with the raging elements, and when that battle would be over, the bitter wind and driving snow would continue as before; but a human heart would have ceased to beat, and a human life would have been extinguished.

The Alaskan gold excitement was at its height, and though the winter was by no means over, every steamer that arrived at Nome was crowded with eager gold seekers waiting the spring opening. On one of these vessels there arrived a man who had worked his passage from San Francisco. You have often seen a man upon whom the blast-

ing of fond hopes, and the bitter wrongs of a cold world have left their marks. Well, such a one was he. Though comparatively young, he was worn and aged looking. His clothes were shabby, his person unkempt, but about his face there lurked traces of of a onetime culture and refinement. On the trip he had held intercourse with none, and none seemed to know him. They went their ways, and he in his grim silent way went his. When he reached Nome, he bought some necessaries, shouldered his pack and started off on the trail alone. Those who saw him go shook their heads and muttered under their breath. For such a man to go out alone in the wilderness at such a season was unheard of and little short of insanity. Though the ground was covered with snow, yet the night was crisp and clear, and he crunched swiftly forward on his snow-shoes with the intention of proceeding to a small mission a few days journey distant. On the first day all went well, but on the second came a wind, with the wind, clouds and with the clouds, snow. The traveler was soon enveloped in the storm. A look of great anxiety crosses his face and he pushes forward with redoubled exertion. The snow falls thick and fast, the trail is soon obliterated. The extreme danger of his situation does not at first dawn on him and he goes forward blindly. During the following stormy night he with diffi-

culty keeps alive. A morning comes dark as the preceding night with the storm fiercer than ever. Cold and numb he pushes on. Snow is before and behind, above and below, and snow is swirling all around him. He is unable to proceed. He stumbles near a snow-covered tree and tries to find shelter from the storm. The snow piles about him, growing higher and higher. If he stays there he is sure to perish; with a supreme effort he struggles to his feet and staggers on.—On?—Where? The despairing significance of it all comes upon him—he is lost and alone and far from human habitation.

His thoughts goad him unmercifully. Why had he ever been so impetuous, self-willed, stubborn? Why had he in an outburst of temper left his father's house five years before when that father, seeking only for the good of his son, had reproved him for some trifling faults? Why had he not returned ere it was too late, instead of going from bad to worse, eking out a miserable existence in the slums of San Francisco? And lastly—and the thought drove him to despair—why had the cursed lust for gold lured him to journey forth in the depth of winter, alone and unknown, into a country, nay, a wilderness, void of human habitation save for some few scattered missions miles upon miles apart?

Yielding to the outburst of his pent up feelings he cries out in his agony, and starts on. His numb limbs refuse to support him and he plunges forward on his face. He struggles, he tries to

rise; but the body refuses to obey the will. As he realizes that his end is at hand, a sudden sense of remorse for his ill spent life forces from his terrified heart and half frozen lips the words, "O God, have mercy on me a sinner." For a moment he ceases his struggles, a delightful sensation comes over him, a feeling of warmth and contentment. But alas for him! This pleasant feeling is a trick of the demon of the snow-storm, the last fatal cord with which he binds his victim. Then a vision comes to him. He sees himself at home lounging on a sofa near the blazing hearth. His father near by is reading a book and smoking his pipe. His saintly sister, the angel of the house since the mother's death, is seated at the piano softly playing some plaintive airs. Throughout the room is the atmosphere of warmth, of peace, of charity. The scene changes. He is back again in the snow. A figure is approaching and comes up to him. He reaches forward. "Mother! Mother!" he cries. "O my mother, don't you know me? See mother, I am going home. Come with me and we shall go together."

* * * *

Snow covered the ground; snow covered the rocks and scrubby trees; crisp white snow covered the whole region; but the sky was bright and clear and the storm had ceased. Some Indians out hunting, stumbled over the body of a man buried in the snow. About his person were evidences of a great strug-

gle for life. They took him up and brought him to the Sisters of St. Anne at the mission. There he was prepared for burial. A Sister coming near to gaze upon the unknown, gave a start. "My brother" she cried; and sinking on her knees before him, "May God have mercy on his soul," and a great sob burst from her throat.

That night the storm came on again. The wind moaned and whistled around

the lonely mission. The snow piled up about the rude little mission chapel. Within, burning before the simple altar, a sanctuary lamp suffused the place with its dim ruddy glow. Alone, a figure bowed with grief was kneeling, praying tearfully and earnestly, for the soul of a brother, lost since the days of youth, and that day recovered.

BERNARD R. HUBBARD, '10.

A PRAYER

*I pray, oh Lord,
To see the light,—
I pray for strength
To live aright.*

*My Cross of FAITH I've always borne,
The flowers of HOPE I've always worn,—
And by thy help AND heavenly grace
I'll live and LOVE in Thy embrace.*

G. F. Hall, '08.

THE ROSE AND THE TOMB

 (AFTER HUGO)

Said the tomb unto the rose ;
"Tell me, how dost thou dispose
"Of the tears with which the morn
"Bathes thee, flower of love, at dawn?"

Said the rose unto the tomb:
"Tell me, how dost thou consume
"All the prey that Nature's law
"Sends thine ever open maw?"

Said the rose: "Oh sombre tomb !
"Of the tear-drops, a perfume
"I distil in pleasant shade
"Sweet as if from honey made."

Said the tomb in ecstasy:
"From each soul that comes to me,
"Plaintive flower, I send on high
"A bright angel to the sky."

M. T. D., '03.

THAT ENGLISH EX.

Nelson in his room was in a decidedly bad state of mind for one who has to pass an examination the next morning or leave college for good. He had been flunked out once; and as that was the first time it merely meant six months vacation, so he didn't care. But this time it would mean vacation from Hanford for good, and that was more than the big good-natured rugby star could stand.

It was the ending of the second year since Nelson was awarded his big H; and now there was no one on the campus who didn't concede that he would, next year, be as good as big Jim Holbrook, the captain. Holbrook, by the way, was idolized by all the college as the greatest five-eights that had ever played on the varsity fifteen.

Then the door opened, and some one entered. Nelson was too dejected to look up.

"Well, I'll be hanged," Holbrook blurted out, "what the devil can be the matter, Nel? You're not sick are you?" "Oh, no," Nelson lied, "I just got the blues, I guess."

It was such a poor lie that Holbrook smiled.

"Well, I'm glad," he said, "you know, I wanted to have you come over to-night and help me fix up things for next year's Rugby season. Coach Yoell will be there and the Manager with him. There is some talk of a trip for the team to New Zealand."

Nelson looked away. "Alright, Jim!" he said in spite of himself, for he realized that he was practically off the team. "At what time?"

"Any old time, Nel, just so long as you're there!" And he left.

Nelson returned to his morbid self. What chance did he have in that examination when he hadn't looked at a book? Why, he had even missed most of the lectures! It was absurdly out of the question to try and plug now, none but a fool would attempt that. It was simply a case of "move away" for him—that was all—unless a miracle should happen.

"Confound that English Ex!" he burst out unconsciously. "Hang it all." And he threw himself upon his bed with a groan.

But gradually these bitter thoughts flew by: the inevitable calm took possession of his soul and a feeling of weariness overcame him.

Nelson closed his eyes and slept.

* * * * *

The next afternoon found Nelson grimly at work packing up. He was getting ready to leave college, and leave it for good. The devil with that English Ex! Why should he go there to a certain failure? And there was no use waiting for notice that he failed either; he might just as well leave now and have it done with.

Then a thought struck him. He

hadn't gone over to see Jim last night as he had promised.

"I'll have to see him any way before I leave and explain a few things, so why not now?"

When he got there Jim wasn't around. Holbrook had gone to take his examination. Nelson thought he'd wait awhile, so picking up a novel he began to read.

The book was an interesting diversion, so Nelson did not notice the time pass by. It seemed to be only a few minutes when Jim came in, happy in the thought that it was all over and with the consciousness that his work was satisfactory.

"Hello, Nel!" he beamed, and then seeing Nelson in his traveling suit, Holbrook exclaimed: "Well, where are you going?"

"I'm—er—I'm leaving" he faltered.

"No!"

"But I am."

"Well, why?"

"I flunked again!"

"How do you know? You couldn't have gotten notice yet."

"No—but I—"

"Well you're not flunked until you get notice, you know!"

"O, I'll get notice if I wait for it; but why should I?"

"Old fellow," Jim slapped him affectionately on the back "let me tell you right now that your notice won't come, so don't worry!"

"Don't give us——" but the seriousness of his friend stopped him. Then an idea flashed across his mind. Holbrook must have handed in two papers! That was the only solution.

"You knew then?"

Holbrook nodded.

"You're alright Jim, by heaven you are!" And in his new happiness he almost threw Holbrook off his feet, but Holbrook brushed him aside and laughed quietly.

ANTHONY B. DIEPENBROCK, '08.

AN IDYL OF THE THAMES

"Came voices like the voices of a dream."—Tennyson, "The Hesperides."

Before me onward flowing was the Thames,
Behind, that very noblest of Saxon fanes,
Westminster—I, musing, saw fair ladies
Of that wond'rous long ago who once had lived
Upon these very shores come as in a dream—
And first came she who upon Rome's legions
In that far dawn looked down and when she could
Not conquer, died; and died a queen though clothed
In skins and with a sanguined spear, and more
A goddess than a queen looked Boadicea
Cursing Rome—

And then that vision fading
In place of blood and battle-banners red,
Dark-dripping with the life of famous Rome
Came Guinévere who loving Lancelot
Brought woe in place of weal to Arthur's Court
And plungèd deep in sorrow Nimue
False Lady of the Lake; she in wild rage
Not recking what she did ensnared Merlin
And him prisoning caused death to Arthur
And his Table Round. In this wise spake she weeping
And passing on gave place to Eleanor.

She, seeming not to know regret, said, "Sir,
Pray tell me what the nobles of your age
Do say of her who being fair of face

Was hight 'Rose of the World'; and also speak
Of that Henry who wedding me swore troth
Then slighting me took her in his affections.
All angered then I came upon her there,
With poison in my hand, at wild Woodstock's
Hidden bow'r, gave her the cup and ruthless cried,
"Drink, and drinking bethink you of your sin,
And pray that He above forgive, *I* can not."
She lingered asking that I plead her cause
Then passed she on as in a revery.

I longed to learn of this sad story more
And followed her, but ere ten paces made
Methought I heard a sigh and then a voice
Cried "Hold!" I turned. Upon a mossy bank
Enthronéd there with canopy of aspens
Silver-shivering and all her dais dight
With many flowers fair and well beseen,
I saw a lady pale of regal mien
Yet deeply dolorous. She, rising, drew
Near and in voice of deep dejection said:
"I am that Katherine, of Aragon,
Who crossed the leagues of weary misty sea
To wed your English Hal, and in him found
A dread lord, one like your gray-fogged climate,
Harsh, cold. Being no fairer than I am
He jeered at me, Spain's daughter, and from midst
My women chose one of low birth, albeit
Of some beauty. Then with false Wolsey's aid,
Plotting and scheming vile, he cast me out,

So soon I deemed it but impossible,
I was divorced and no more hailed as Queen
While in my place sat that rude country girl.
Enough! It seems not meet I make such moan.
I have my head." When, curtsying low, she stepped
Into a barge, gray mist enmantling her.

And yet one more came slowly down the glade
A lady of less stature than those others
Yet as a fir on some Norse headland high
Looks down upon the sounding sea below,
So has she far o'ershadowed those fair queens
By deeds that in God's record of this world
Writ large in gold on ringing bronze shall live
Long time, that men in some dim, future age
May read and reading all amazéd say:
"Did one frail woman all this wonder work?"
As passed this lonely widowed queen, all robed
In deepest black with gleaming of fair pearls,
I seemed to see as in a tapestry
That greatest picture of her noble reign.
I saw gray sea, gray sky with scudding clouds
And half the world in sorrow bent while she,
Serene and seeing not, was borne in state
Adown the line of those great battle-ships
Where once for her the cannon thundered forth
And banners streamed, but now in deepest grief
Were silent all and hushed, with flags half-mast
And dearth of brazen clangor of the bands.
"See the reward," she said and then she smiled

A long fifty years this nation have I ruled
Often with much pain to me and sometimes
To my people as I fear. What matter now?
I have received God's very best reward
You see my people *love* me." It was truth,
For all around from high, from low, from rich
And poor, came one great voice which sobbed aloud
"Victoria is dead."—She tarried still
A moment, listening, and then with that
Sad smile went on.

Again alone I stood
And yet that cry seemed ringing in my ears
Till of a sudden a little hand touched mine,
A child's voice cried, "What, Thou sleepest?" Then as
Though one learned in the Eastern arts crooned soft
Some spell, my dream dissolved, then fled away
And here where but a moment gone had paced
Those stately dames, runs now a little maid
While I, old man, old dreamer, pause pondering
Upon her magic and her simple charm
Greater far than those of England's highest.

R. J. RYLAND, '09.

ESSAY ON WORDS

Cardinal Wiseman in one of his lectures a long time ago called attention to the indiscriminate and vague use of the word nice. You go up to a friend who is on horseback and patting the animal say, "What a nice horse yours is!"—But what do you mean? A gentleman leaves the room and you say, "What a nice man that is!" But again what exactly do you mean? You apply the word to everything, to the weather, to dress, to works of art, to books, to friends, and you give me no more idea of what you wish to say about these persons or things than if you never said one word of them. Thus complained the Cardinal fifty years ago.

With us nowadays, "dope" probably is the most overworked word in the college boy's vocabulary. If a sermon is preached, it is good dope, provided of course, it is short and interesting but short anyhow. If the pancakes on Friday are as delicate and appetizing as an old adobe tile they are (excuse the expression) "bum dope!"

With a dozen or so of such words so vast in their meaning that they mean nothing, we tread on our way through life hardly ever dreaming of the power and beauty that lie in a correct and choice use of them.

To recognize the literary value of words and to acquire facility in the proper use of them is one of the advantages of the study of Rhetoric and it is on this subject I wish to speak. I shall

mention briefly, the qualities our words should have; then, the esteem great great writers have for them; and finally, how this power over words may be acquired.

First, of the qualities of our words. They tell us that any piece of literature, a poem, an essay, a short story, or whatever it may be, may always be viewed under a double aspect: the thought, and the *expression* of thought: *what* is said and *how* it is said. Now an important, a very important item in the consideration of the *expression* of thought, of the *how*, is the use of words. What words then shall express our thought? Rev. Fr. Coppens tells us in his Rhetoric that those words are to be used which are pure, proper, and precise. They should be pure, that is they should conform to the idiom of our language. With us born and brought up in our own country, there is not so much danger of using terms foreign to our idiom.

We are more likely, I believe, to violate the other two rules, those of propriety and precision. Propriety, words should be suitable to the idea to be expressed, to the subject treated, to those to whom we speak. In this connection, I may allude to those whom we read of in magazines, who preach the Gospel of Christ in words decidedly slangy. While we judge no man's motives, and while we are delighted to see the Gospel brought home to the uneducated in

any dignified way possible, still we think good sense should draw the line ere the bounds of moderation are passed, and prevent slang expressions being placed on the lips of the Divine Savior. I say that such men seem to me at least, to violate what common sense and Rhetoric teach in this regard, that our words should be suited to the subject treated.

But it is of precision in the use of words, that I wish especially to speak. It is a never-failing source of beauty of style, the fruit of long and patient reading of good authors, of listening to good speakers, and of the very, very prosaic thumbing of the dictionary. It is itself the exact saying of what we mean; the saying of all we wish to say, and nothing less; the saying of all we wish to say and nothing more. All good writers possess this quality; those of ordinary education do not. It was Thackery, I believe, that was one day in an art museum, gazing in silence upon some production of a famous painter. The beauty and sublimity of the work deeply affected him and he could find no word just then to express his pleasure and admiration. "How majestic!" exclaimed a gentleman near by. The work struck Thackery's fancy, and gave him a certain esthetic pleasure. Turning, "I congratulate you, sir," he said, "your word is *the* one to qualify the painting! The gentleman, elated on being complimented, continued: "Yes, it is superb, perfectly lovely," and so on with several epithets more or less vague. "I beg your pardon", said

Thackery, "I retract my compliment, I see your choice of the right word was a mere accident. Good-day!"

This mention of Thackery leads me to the second part of my essay: the esteem which great writers have for the correct use of words. In this regard I wish to quote that beautiful California writer, Mr. C. W. Stoddard when speaking of another earlier poet and prose-writer also of the Golden State, Bret Harte. "One day," he says, "I found him pacing the floor of his office in the United States Branch Mint. He was knitting his brows and staring at vacancy. I wondered why. He was watching and waiting for a word, the right word, the one of all others to fit into a line of recently written prose. I suggested one, it would not answer. It must be a word of two syllables or the natural rythm of the sentence would suffer. Thus he perfected his prose! The same eminent writer says again of Harte: "Once when he had taken me to task for a bit of careless work then under his critical eye and complained of a false number, I thought to turn away his wrath by a soft answer. I told him that I had just met a man who had wept over a certain passage in one of his sketches. 'Well', said Harte, 'he had a right to, I wept when I wrote it.' " And this, note well, all because of a false number, *i. e.* the inharmonious sounding of some word or a combination of words.

Tennyson we all know labored long and hard to perfect his power over words and we all know the result. In

fact take away from Tennyson the marvelous wizardry of his words and what have we? A good deal of course, but still not Tennyson. Other instances could be cited, but I must be brief.

I wish to speak in the third place of the method of acquiring power over words. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us how he did it. He says, "All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler, and yet I was always busy on my own private end which was to learn to write." See how he did it. Sit up now and rub your eyes, all ye ambitious to be great writers. "I kept always two books in my pocket," he continues, "one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside I would read, or a penny version book and pencil would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write." This is how the great Robert Louis Stevenson over whose pages we pore with such pleasure, learned to write. And it is

the natural way, by hard work and practice, practice and stick-to-it-iveness. See the greeny the first week he arrives at Santa Clara. He sits around and mopes; gets by himself behind some tree, or way down by the bleachers and weeps the salty brine from his eyes thinking of the dear ones at home. Then he looks around, sees the other youngsters, pulls himself together, and imitates them. He invests in a glove, ball and bat, and forgetting his troubles, practises all day long, and even at night disturbs the dormitory with shouts of "he's out, he's out, I tagged him." What's the result? After a short time, he that knew nothing of the mystery of curves, is a perfect master of the little horse-hide sphere, and like another Selkirk can say: "This world, this sphere is mine," for he knows and can use every possibility of which the ball is capable.

But why and how did he acquire such excellence? Because he *exercised*, because he *practised*, because he *kept at it*. And in learning to write, this is the only method to get there. Robert Louis Stevenson says so, and who will say he doesn't know?

ROBERT E. JEFFRES,
1st Academic.

ABANDONED

By the cliffs that frown on yonder beach
I wandered to an ancient wreck ;
'Twas tossed beyond the wild waves reach
Alone.

No sign of life but slow decay
Was everywhere about the hulk,
Forlorn and helpless as it lay
Alone

I entered with a horrid dread
Of finding strange, unearthly things—
A silence deep reigned there instead
Alone.

Weird among weird, fantastic things
Around this long-forgotten ship—
A figure was with angel wings
Alone.

It seemed about to take its flight
And leave the weather-beaten wreck
A mournful and forbidding sight
Alone.

And then I thought of soul in sin
When Grace has winged its flight away
And Desolation reigns within
Alone.

ERNEST WATSON, '10.

WITHOUT HUMAN AID

The sun had beaten down upon the hillside with a vengeance all day, and was just disappearing over a neighboring peak, as I came stumbling up the narrow winding trail which led to my lonely cabin.

I was thinking of Jim Slattery and of the quarrel that I had been mixed up in, some hours before, in the little village bar-room; I was almost positive he cheated me at cards; but I had no evidence except my feelings to back up my suspicion. It was the same old story. I had lost, and without much deliberation, came to the conclusion that I had been out-played by other than fair means.

There had been no blows when I half openly accused him of foul-play, because he treated the matter as a joke and merely dropped the casual remark that, "fools, losers and babies alike, have their excuses ever-ready." I left the bar cursing Slattery, and all that belonged to him, from his bronco tied outside, down to the devilish art he had acquired of cheating. Just previous to my departure, there had been threats on both sides, and as I turned at the door, to fling back a few more choice epithets, I noticed an angry gleam in his eye which boded me no good. This was uppermost in my mind as I trudged along homeward. I had rounded a turn in the path and come into view of the house, when a pistol shot rang out, and at the same instant a dull thud

close by my side marked the spot where the bullet had lodged.

Such an unexpected welcome as this, to one's own home, especially when not a human being was supposed to be within miles of the place, would strike any one as queer and much out of the ordinary, and sent a more than tingle of fear creeping up my back.

Immediately thoughts of Jim Slattery began to come back to my mind. Could he have been the cause of that shot? My better self promptly answered, no! Jim might cheat at cards, but I knew him too well to believe that he would ever be guilty of such a dastardly act as to shoot at me in that manner, but then—— — — —.

My train of thought broke off here, for I soon realized that I was exposing myself to a second shot. I made use of some trees close to the house, and from a good point of vantage, perceived that one of the panes in my one window had been shattered. Without a doubt the shot had been fired from inside the cabin, with the ultimate intention of hitting me.

To all intents my life was sought, whether by Slattery or some one else, that was to be found out. So I set about devising some means of bettering my opponent. By dodging from tree to tree, I managed to get up close to the house; though not close enough to enable me to look in the window, for I

was on my guard not to expose myself to another possible shot.

When I got as close to the house as I dared, I began peppering away through the window with both my guns; but apparently without effect. The only sound that my bombardment brought, was the rattle of breaking dishes, of which I had a limited supply, as one after another fell victim to my shooting.

Beyond all this, things began to look uncanny and strange; for as I stood there and emptied load after load of cartridges into the window, I received no response, although several times I had unintentionally exposed an arm or a leg just long enough for any waiting marksman to take a shot.

At last getting tired of having to deal with a silent and unknown enemy I decided to rush the door and take my chances of getting there alive; however on second thought, I cast away such a fool-hardy idea, and started to make a circuit of the cabin, coming up on the side where there was no window by which my assailant could watch my movements.

So after five or ten minutes more of dodging from one tree to another, I circled the house and a moment later was standing against the door. Imagine my surprise, when, upon softly trying the knob, I found the door still locked. I did not expect this, for with the door locked, how did the would-be murderer get in? Not by the window; for that was of the immovable type, and

as for the chimney, that was too small to be even taken into consideration.

I was completely baffled and stood there in bewilderment and fear.

Entrance to the house had been gained through some channel quite unknown to me, and I began to have visions of ghosts and spirits, and even went as far as to count the glasses of "Tanglefoot" that I had put away during my short stay in the village. I was satisfied with the count and convinced that I was in my right senses and not the victim of a deranged imagination.

There remained but one way to get at my enemy, and that was to get the door open. My revolvers ready, I braced myself, unlocked the door, and threw it open with a bang. But with the exception of a slight rustling sound, nothing happened. Looking in the direction whence the noise proceeded, I thought I saw a slim form disappearing through a hole in the floor. Flurried as I was, I did not even think of firing.

As soon as I could control myself, I looked in every hole and corner of the room, but found nothing. At last yielding to curiosity, I took up from a small table in the centre of the room, an old pistol which I had cleaned and loaded before leaving. I was amazed at my discovery. One of the chambers contained an empty cartridge and between the trigger and that part of the framework which circles under and protects the trigger from accidental discharge, was what at first appeared to be a long stretch of cotton of a grayish color, and much resembling an old cobweb that

had been bunched together and stretched out.

Then like a flash the truth of it all dawned upon me—that which had attracted my attention on first coming into the cabin, and had glided through the hole in the floor was a medium sized garter-snake.

Apparently during my absence, the snake had entered the house through the small aperture in the floor, and crawling into my room and up on the little table, had squeezed its slender

body through the small space where the finger is placed when firing. The pressure of its body against the trigger had fired the shot which nearly cost me my life.

As I sit here now, writing this in the same cabin, and at the same table, in full view of a small glass case on a shelf, containing a snake's castaway coat, I have that same revolver at my elbow, waiting for a chance to shoot the garter-snake that tried to shoot me.

R. E. McCABE, '10.

A TRIOLET STILL

A triolet try!

'Tis a sin and a shame!

O never shall I

A triolet try!

I would I could fly

At the triolet's name!

A triolet try!

'Tis a sin and a shame!

Anthony B. Diepenbrock, '08.

THE TREASURE OF BALD NOB

The lazy midsummer sun was just beginning to show his beaming face over the summit of Bald Nob when a small white tent pitched in a natural clearing beside a laughing trout stream began to tremble and shake ominously to a generous accompaniment of slang and strong language.

Its two occupants, Frank Stanwix and Robert Goodwin, nicknamed Skinny and Bob, were rolling about on the ground engaged in their usual morning rough and tumble fight about the question as to whom should fall the lot of getting breakfast.

"Got enough yet?" asked Bob, as he readjusted himself on the chest of his squirming partner, striving at the same time to knock the wind out of him.

"No, I haven't, I won't cook breakfast for a big lazy bully like you."

For this answer Skinny received a variety of cuffs and thumps.

"Now will you?" asked Bob.

"Yes," was Skinny's sulky reply.

"Sure now?" said Bob.

"Word of honor," returned Skinny.

The two arose, shook hands and started to put the contents of the tent into something like order again, when with a roar and crash that could be heard for miles a huge redwood a hundred yards above their camp fell.

"Gracious! What's that?" cried Skinny.

"Did you hear anything just as it fell?" asked Bob in answer.

"Sure, I thought I heard old Jim the prospector cry for help," was Skinny's reply.

"Let's go and see."

Breakfast and their morning dispute were alike forgotten as they dashed up the gulch to where the redwood lay, its twelve-foot trunk broken in the center and the ends projecting up the opposite sides of the canyon like an exaggerated capital V.

They climbed on top of the trunk, jumped down the other side and there on his face in the middle of the trail his back pierced by a sharp-pointed branch that had broken off as the redwood brushed the top of another tree in its fall, lay poor Jim.

The boys ran up to him and while Skinny held up his unconscious form, Bob removed the branch. Then slowly and tediously yet carefully, they carried him to camp, laid him on their bed and washed his wound, at the same time sprinkling some water in his face.

The cold water seemed to revive the dying man. He opened his eyes, looked around and said, "It's no use, boys, the jig's up." Then after a pause, "I haven't got any relatives and you are as good friends with me as anybody, so take the cryptogram you will find in the middle shell in my cartridge belt. A friend gave it to me when he died. He said it led to a mine located on Bald Nob. Where it was he didn't know; anyhow I never could make it out."

Then sitting as erect as he could, a strange hunted look came into his eyes and he said in an unearthly voice—"Bald Nob's the place, Bald—" and fell back dead.

All morning they went about quietly, rarely speaking except in a hushed voice. They removed the dead man's cartridge belt and hid it in the bed. At dinner Skinny broached the question which seemed to be worrying both of them.

"Well, what are we going to do with the body?" he asked.

"I don't know unless we take it to the mill," Bob replied.

"It's a big five miles and we ain't got a horse, can we do it?" asked Skinny.

"Guess so, seeing it's a case of have to," returned Bob.

Next morning they slept late being too tired after their hard work in getting the body down to the mill even to think about fighting over breakfast.

"How about seeing if we can make out some of the cryptogram he spoke of? I'm going to try, at any rate," said Skinny as they lay on the grass in front of the tent after clearing up the remains of their breakfast.

He got up and went into the tent. A minute later he reappeared with the cartridge belt and took his seat beside his partner. He then counted the shells, removed the middle one and handed it to Bob who removed the slug with a pair of pincers he had found among the odds and ends in one of his spacious pockets. He then shook the shell and a small piece of oiled silk fell

to the ground. Skinny eagerly picked it up and read aloud—

d c j b p m d—h m j j m w t k b e g
j g c b k p e b u g p m t r f h t m o d
k e d j e a i d m u j b g t m p q w o o k
r m p q r f m w q c p b r w m f w p b t
g b y c t b q r f g p p m t r f w g g r r
u m f w p b t g b e p b h k h r y y e t
b q—then added, "Well, what do you make out of it?"

"Nothing," was Bob's brief comment.

There was silence for several moments then, "I got an idea," cried out Skinny, "I'm going to try the code we used last year for notes we didn't want the other fellows to read. He produced a pencil and a note book and wrote:

a	b		e	f		i	j		m	n		q	r		u	v		y	z
c	d		g	h		k	l		o	p		s	t		w	x			

"I'm going to try this on the first eight letters,—

d c j b p m d
b a l d n o b.

A moment's careful work—then a yell of triumph and while his chum looked on with astonishment he slowly letter by letter translated the rest:

"Bald Nob—follow ridge leading due north from big black boulder on summit one thousand two hundred yards.

Then north-east two hundred and fifty yards."

When it was finished they jumped to their feet, tipped over their two-legged camp table, dumping its unbreakable contents on the ground, upset a pot of water hanging over the fire, pounded one another for luck and behaved in general like two crazy persons.

When dinner was over Bob proposed

that they have a feed that night to celebrate their good luck, and needless to say Skinny heartily assented.

Bob went hunting while Skinny dug a trench four feet long, two feet wide and two and a half feet deep. Then he lined it with large stones which he brought from the creek bed. This completed he built a roaring fire in the bottom and filled the rest of the trench with chunks of hard wood, picked up his fish pole, strapped on his basket and went fishing.

About five o'clock Bob returned laden with game but this was not to be used that day as they were entirely too fresh, so after cleaning them he hung them on a branch in the rear of the camp.

Then he took down a leg of venison and began skinning it. When this was completed he wrapped it in large wet green leaves over which he placed a layer of madrone bark and laid it aside ready to be cooked.

He had just completed his task when Skinny returned and deposited a basket full of fish and a string of large frogs several dozen in number.

"What luck?" asked Bob.

"A basket full. What did you get?" questioned Skinny in his turn.

"Good, three rabbits, two tree squirrels and seven quail answered Bob."

"What are you going to do with them croakers?" he asked.

"Eat 'em, what do you suppose I killed 'em for? They are fine if you cook 'em right," he answered.

"Say, now, I never would eat them things and what's more I don't intend

to let you turn into a crazy snail-eating Frenchy. Ain't you got sense enough to think for yourself, you poor unfortunate. Don't you know you're an American? Ain't you proud of the fact? With that he got up, picked up a piece of fire wood, placed the offending frogs on the chopping block, and proceeded to beat them into pulp; this done he hurled them into the brush.

After they had made up again, Skinny dressed two of the largest fish, stuffed them with dressing and wrapped them with leaves and bark. Then raking out the coals, he laid the fish and meat in the bottom of the trench together with several potatoes.

It was already dusk, so they built a large camp fire and started in on their feed. When they had finished and cleared away the remains, Bob remarked, "I saw a tramp skulking around camp yesterday as I came back, but he spotted me before I could hide and sneaked off. Did you see him while you were fishing? He went that way."

"No, what was he doing?" his chum responded.

"He didn't give me time to find out," was the answer.

"Suppose he was after some grub?" Skinny asked.

"May be, I don't know what else he could be after. Let's have a smoke and think over what we will do tomorrow."

Next morning by the faint light of the coming day they started and after four hours hard walking, scrambling over rocks and logs, plunging through

brush they emerged from the timber and in another half hour they stood upon the summit of Bald Nob, which, like a giant, his head bare with age, rose over a multitude of smaller forest clad peaks.

"Gee, but that was hard work!" exclaimed Bob as he wiped the sweat from his face and neck.

"Well here's the black boulder that the cryptogram said was the starting place," responded Skinny.

"Lend me your compass a minute?" asked Bob.

"Here," and his chum passed him the desired article.

"What ridge do we follow?"

"That long straight one in front," Bob finally announced.

"All right, come on, let's measure the distance," replied Skinny and together they started out.

When the required distance was covered they were well within the timber again.

"Wonder if we're on the right track?" queried Skinny.

"Guess so, we'll take the ridge on that side; it goes about two hundred and fifty yards north-east and ends in the creek."

Five minutes later they burst through a fringe of willows and brush with a generous allowance of poison oak and blackberry vines and stood upon the grassy banks of a small oval-shaped pond. At the head of it flashing a dozen colors in the bright morning sunshine the water poured in a thin sheet over a ten-foot wall of shining quartz.

Bob dropped his gun and Skinny

slipped off the pack of food and a milk pan which he had brought from camp. They went up to the quartz and tried to break off pieces with their hands but its hardness resisted their efforts.

"Well, it's up to us to try to wash out some of the mud in the pond. It's the right place all right, for I could see specks of gold in the rock."

"Well, maybe, but food is better than gold any day. Let's have dinner first," interrupted Bob.

The inner man being appeased (and certainly with our two friends he was a giant) Bob suggested that they strip and scrape up a pile of mud from the bottom. After a half hour's work they had scraped out a considerable quantity of sand and mud which they piled upon the bank of the raffle at the foot of the pond.

Then they went in and had a swim, after which they dressed, and Skinny, taking the pan began to wash the mud to get out the gold.

When they finished washing the dirt, they had obtained about two heaping table-spoon-fuls of dust among which were several small nuggets.

Suddenly they became conscious that they were being watched as they looked around in time to see the tramp that Bob had observed watching their camp the day before, pick up the gun and approach them.

He came and stood directly in front of them not five feet away. "You kids give me that gold," he said, angrily. "This is my claim. You'd better sneak"—

The next instant the gun flew from his grasp and he fell to the ground as Skinny sprang from his kneeling position and knocked his legs from under him. Quick as thought Bob seized the gun and covered the tramp with it while Skinny bound him with a piece of stout cord he had in his pocket.

Then he took a pencil and note book, wrote the necessary notices, placed them in sharp-pointed willow sticks split

at the top and staked their two claims.

They took the prisoner to the camp and the next day to the mill where it was found that he was wanted in the town on a charge of burglary.

Two days later Frank Stanwix and Robert Goodwin were proud of the fact that through their efforts their parents owned two of the richest mining claims in the state of California.

NORMAN BUCK, 1st Academic.

THE RUSH OF LIFE

Yearning, hoping, ever pining,

Learning, scoping, and diving

Day by day.

Spurning, groping, then declining,

Earning, coping, joys resigning

Day by day.

Devereaux Peters, '08.

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. Angelo Coltelli, S. J.

It was not through forgetfulness of one who had been very dear to us that we omitted to mention in our last number the death of Reverend Father Coltelli. The father's great gifts of intellect and fascinating qualities of heart had made him beloved of every one of us. We who had been his pupils and knew him more intimately feel his loss more keenly. A professor of extraordinary ability, yet in the class room as well as out of it, he seemed one of us.

The life of Father Coltelli is soon told. He was born in Pisa, Tuscany, October 2, 1850. His early studies being completed, he determined to offer himself in the Society of Jesus, to the service of God and the salvation of souls. Accordingly, on June 19, 1868, he entered the Novitiate of the Order at Monaco. There he remained for four years, following the ordinary courses of ascetical theology, higher rhetoric and oratory. He had already begun and finished the first year of his philosophical studies when he was assigned to the California Mission. Arriving at Santa Clara in 1872, he completed the two remaining years of his philosophy under the famous professors, Fathers Charles Pollano, Anthony Cicchi, and Aloysius Brunengo. From this time until 1880, he was professor of Latin, Greek, and Italian in the College. In that year he

repaired to Woodstock, Maryland to begin his theological course, which he brought to a successful close three years after, receiving ordination from the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Returning to California he was employed until a few months before his death, as professor either in the College of St. Ignatius, San Francisco, or in our own. A sudden and serious collapse of strength early in the year necessitated his being removed from the difficult task of teaching. He lingered on until Sunday morning, August 18, when he peacefully breathed forth his soul to God.

Such is the life of Father Angelo Coltelli briefly told. Of his qualities of intellect and heart just a few short simple words for the sake of the old boys who will read this, and who knew and loved him.

Rev. Father Coltelli was beloved by every boy in the yard. He was their companion and friend, and his great delight was to go out with them into the country where, as they walked along, he would explain some intricate problem of mathematics. For Father Coltelli was a mathematician of wonderful ability. Frequently would scholars and professors from different universities throughout the country send to him for the solution of some abstruse problem

of mathematics, and never did he fail. He used to say in his own simple way, he had never met a problem in any branch of mathematics that he could not solve. He was also a musician of great talent, knew all the operas by heart and sang with much sweetness. For several years he was the director of the famous choir of St. Ignatius Church in San Francisco. It was he who on May 20, 1895, in the presence of Governor Budd and his staff, sang the Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Peter Burnett, first Governor of California, who had died shortly before. When the cathedral in San Francisco was formally opened, Father Coltelli and another were the two tenors deemed worthy to participate in that magnificent celebration. His musical compositions, or at least the few he allowed to be made known to the public are very popular. His "Popule meus," for Holy Week is a composition of much beauty and sung throughout the country. His "Tantum Ergo" and

"Stabat Mater" are very much appreciated.

But his talents were by no means limited to music. His powers in philosophy and theology were of a high order, while all through his life he had the greatest facility in Latin and Italian verse. He was, in all truth, a man of very great ability, and had he wished to devote himself to some worldly career rather than to the service of God through the education of youth, he would have attained great honor and reputation. But such was not his desire. He preferred to give his talents and that beautiful, open, kindly character of his to the teaching of boys and the glory of Christ.

We are sure that as he closed his eyes to this world on that Sunday morning of August 18, and opened them within the portals of Eternity, he heard from the Divine Master those sweet words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"



The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

In a short time the President, following an old custom, will proclaim a day of Thanksgiving throughout the broad domain of the United States, and every loyal American will hearken to his word and thank the Giver of all good gifts. But each in his own way: For many

roast turkey and cranberry sauce at dinner and later on in the day a football game, while in the evening for those who have the wherewith, a boxing contest.

This is one way of spending Thanksgiving, yet, it is hardly the way, we think, of rendering thanks, and, hardly

also, we opine, the way our Chief Executive wishes.

After all, gratitude is really a noble quality in a fellow man, We may not practice it to a great degree ourselves, yet we profess we do, and we all like to see it shown toward us when we happen to do a little kindness to another, and we vehemently demand it when so far forgetful of self, we give away to another something we really wish to retain.

While not an out-and-out pessimist, I believe there is a good deal of truth in the remark of the cynic who defined gratitude as "the expectation of favors to come," not as some antiquated dictionaries still continue to define it, "thankfulness for favors received." Still this should not be. It should not be from man to man, and above all, it should not be from man to God. It is a grand, noble custom this, of proclaiming over this glorious country of ours, a public day of Thanksgiving to God, the Almighty, the Beneficent. Let each one of us, each one who has a God-created, never-dying soul within him, look back over the past year, and let him use the intellect God gave him to recognize the favors and graces he has received, and the heart that God gave him to fervently say to his Maker, "My God, I thank Thee." Ordinary politeness demands this.

We have in the present number of THE REDWOOD a scientific essay entitled "New Lights from the Sun" on the relations existing between solar and territorial meteorology, by the Rev. Jerome S. Ricard, S. J. This article which has already received publication in our California newspapers,

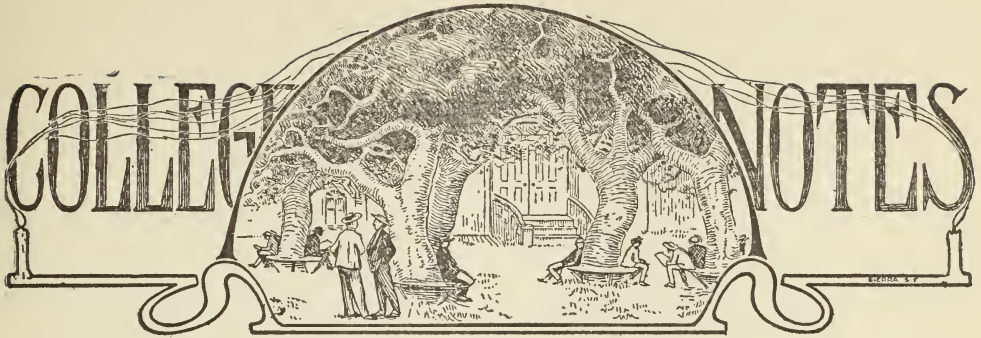
and which will soon appear in a number of scientific magazines, presents something entirely new to the world. It is the result of years of hard labor and study, and years of accurate observation of sun spots and of solar conditions.

The Rev. Professor has been able to set forth a number of physical laws that he hopes may revolutionize the present mode of meteorology, and may give accurate data for long-range forecasts. But let the article speak for itself. Those who are interested will find it worth more than a casual glance-over.

The football season has already come to a close, and indeed it was as successful a season as can be well imagined. We do not want anything better. Our record is five strong and heavy victories and merely one defeat. We have taken up a new game here, and have developed it.

Rugby football is a game that, we think, will sooner or later find its way into the heart of every American college. It cannot but force itself into the heart even of the most pessimistic. But to return; naturally we are jubilant that in so many places the glorious red and white float high above everything else. So here's to the sturdy general of the field, the proud captain of the most successful college Rugby fifteen in the State, Captain Harry A. McKenzie; and here's to the lusty army that followed him right through the ranks of the enemy—the team! and the coach that taught them the game! He's as good as the rest! and the trainer too, for they put our Fifteen on the victorious path!

ANTHONY B. DIEPENBROCK, '08.



The Literary Congress

Another month has passed by and the House has settled down to solid business. Representatives Lappin, Woods, Broderick, Hall, O'Connor, Peters, Bogan, and Diepenbrock have answered the call of the Senate and are now reveling in the dignity of their new station.

The House is sorry to lose these valuable men who have been of such great service to her in the past, but what the House loses the Senate gains. From a wealth of good debating material the House has called to its portals the following new members: A. Cheatham, G. Kennedy, R. McHenry, D. Tadish, E. White, R. Foster, L. Wolters, C. Degnan, C. Dooling and M. Ferreira. Representative M. Shafer who resigned last year because he desired the time for his studies was recalled. The addition of Representative Shafer will strengthen the House in its debate, for that gentleman is an orator of the silver-tongued kind.

Debates have been assigned and with the admission of new members for vari-

ety the time spent in the House will pass pleasantly and profitably.

Junior Dramatic Society

The second regular meeting of the Junior Dramatic Society was held Sept. 18, 1907. Three new candidates were admitted. Messrs. O'Shaughnessy, McCarthy and Shipsey. After thanking the members in a few words and being put through the awe inspiring thirty-third degree they took their seats as full fledged members. At the conclusion of the little ceremony we proceeded to the programme of the evening. Mr. Morgan read an essay on "The Panama Canal" which showed that the gentleman was a master of his subject. The debate for the evening read, Resolved: "That the U. S. should sell the Phillipine Islands immediately." For the affirmative, Mr. Hirst and Mr. Nolting spoke, and the negative, Mr. Watson and Mr. Deignan. It was the maiden speech of Mr. Nolting and he spoke coolly and earnestly throughout. It was however reserved for Mr. Deignan

with his ready wit and convincing arguments to win the day for the negative.

At the third weekly meeting two new members were admitted, Messrs. McGovern and Forsythe. Each spoke a few words of thanks and after they had been put through the usual introduction Mr. McCabe favored us with a poem on Spring which was well received. The debate read, "Resolved: That Corporal Punishment Should be Abolished from the Schools." Mr. Heney and Mr. Lannon appeared for the affirmative while Mr. Flood and Mr. Oyarzo upheld the negative. The debate was not all it should have been and if a little corporal punishment had been applied to some of the contestants it might have been conducive to more warmth in their arguments.

At the fourth regular meeting the debate read as follows, Resolved: "That War Between Japan and the United States would be of No Advantage to the Latter." The speakers for the affirmative were Mr. Ford and Mr. Lohse and for the negative Mr. Morgan and Mr. McCabe. Mr. Ford gave a speech which was the best so far this year. He was ably seconded by Mr. Lohse and although Mr. Morgan and Mr. McCabe did their best to stem the flood they were overwhelmed and the decision went to the affirmative.

At the fifth regular meeting a very spirited debate took place the subject of which was, Resolved: "That Lee was a greater General than Grant." Messrs. Flood and McCarthy the affirmative, lauded the great southern general

to the skies, but the negative, Mr. O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Hirst soon proved that Grant was a more skillful general and a greater man. In the debate Mr. McCarthy and Mr. O'Shaughnessy made their debut. Both were formerly of the Junior Debating Society of St. Ignatius College, and right here we should like to compliment our sister society upon the two accomplished debaters she has sent us. Mr. Flood spoke fluently and well as is usual with him, as also did Mr. Hirst. Mr. Frank Warren was admitted and in an exquisite little speech, which augurs well for his future, thanked the members for the honor conferred upon him. All of the new members are beginning to sit up and take notice and soon we shall have a series of interesting debates between them. The affairs of the J. D. S. are progressing at a steady pace and the members are preparing for that test of forensic ability in a public—"but that's another story," as Kipling says.

The Sanctuary

October was a banner month for the Sanctuary Society. Several new members were admitted and the body has now reached its normal condition as regards membership. The ranks of the society had been sadly depleted at the beginning of the year—the senior class alone depriving us of quite a few representatives. The new members received are Messrs. Menager, Ford, Forsythe, Flood, Ernst, Newlin, O'Shaughnessy

and Shipsey. But to say that our doings have been strictly of the business nature would hardly be true, for we have combined pleasure with the sterner duties of life, and our ride to Saratoga was one of these pleasant diversions. Father Gleeson graciously granted a half holiday and Treasurer Heney provided the means of conveyance. When we arrived at our journey's end, Fr. Brainard drew from many mysterious corners of the bus a more than bountiful supply from the College commissary department and a most enjoyable feast was the outcome.

Owing to the extensive list of College jottings and not a little to our laziness, we failed to send in the election of officers. They are as follows: President, Robert J. O'Connor; Secretary, Mervyn M. Shafer; Censor, First Division, Reginald L. Archibald; Second Division, Alex Oyarzo; Sacristans, Robert O'Conner, Jas. R. Daly, Robert J. Flood.

When the departure of A. Oyarzo for the Novitiate at Los Gatos was announced, Marcel Lohse was unanimously called upon to fill the vacancy.

Deep has been the regret and sorrow of the members of the Sanctuary Society over the Death of Thomas F. Leonard, a beloved friend of all, a model fellow student, a most devoted member of our Society, a loyal son of Santa Clara, and a pattern of Catholic faithfulness and piety—we miss him and we feel the Priesthood, towards which his best energies were directed, has lost a zealous worker for God's glory. As a token of our affection for him we all assisted at a

Requiem Mass for the eternal repose of his soul. We, the members of the Sanctuary Society, in appreciation of his many services to us and in memory of a life nobly spent, extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy and consolation. May he rest in peace.

Dr. James' Lectures

LITERATURE OF THE ABORIGINES

Dr. George Wharton James delivered the first of his series of lectures on October 1, the subject being "The Literature of the California Aborigines." From knowledge gained through intercourse with the Indians Dr. James showed that even they could be said to possess a literature, a fact which we had not even suspected before. We had always associated the Indians of California with hunting, fighting and feasts, and had never thought of them as authors. Dr. James related several of their stories handed down from father to son for no one knows how long. They are interesting and beautiful, and show that California's first inhabitants possessed power of invention and detail that should not be despised by any race of to-day.

SPANISH LITERATURE

On October 8, Dr. James spoke on "Spanish Literature Pertaining to the Discovery and Settlement of California." We were taken back to the golden ages of discovery, when men dared and did, when they sailed out upon unknown

seas to discover unknown lands for their God and King. Passing rapidly over the voyage of Columbus Dr. James spoke of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, of lower California and of upper California.

He read from the diaries of the men that discovered and colonized the land where we now live. They were really great men, and astonishing was the perseverance with which they overcame all difficulties to reach California.

THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT

That the Colorado Desert is not the God-forsaken spot we imagined it to be was proved to us by the views with which Dr. James illustrated his lecture on the evening of Oct. 8. For the past twenty-six years Dr. James has spent a great deal of his time on the desert and as he tells us, has grown to love it. Some of the prettiest colors imaginable were to be seen, he said, on the desert landscapes and his own pictures supported his assertion.

The Colorado Desert, the Sahara of America, is not a monotonous level of white sand that stretches away to infinity. It is dotted here and there with hills and valleys and streams wend their way through it.

Since irrigation has been introduced the desert is being turned into a blooming Paradise, an ideal spot on account of its climatic conditions for the raising of dates and other tropical fruits. Farms are rapidly springing up and are as

fruitful when well irrigated as the best land in California.

LITERATURE OF THE PADRES

On October 15, we once more assembled in the College Hall to hear Dr. James. He spoke on the Literature of the Padres,—the men who colonized California and whose wonderful work we still admire in the old Missions and in the chronicles which speak so eloquently of the sufferings they had to undergo to convert the Indians.

The first Mission was built at San Diego and then one followed another further north until a whole chain of Missions existed between San Diego and San Francisco. Communications from Father Serra, Superior of the Franciscan order to the heads of the various Missions, and chronicles of the happenings at the different Missions form the greater part of the Padres' literature. A quaint old book printed by one of the Missions is a veritable mine of information; it gives to the embryo physician directions to cure every disease, and plans to the architect to build anything, from a one-legged stool to a large Mission.

We can but admire the wonderful control that a handful of missionaries had over thousands of savage Indians. Truly God must have helped them in their work of conversion!

LITERATURE OF THE PIONEERS

Dr. James entertained us on October 22, with a lecture on the Literature of the Pioneers plentifully interspersed

with reading. He divided the lecture into three parts, that of the native Californians or Mexicans, that of the Mexican war and that of the discovery of gold.

We were first given a sketch of the people and the times, of the difficulties to be overcome before the pioneers reached California and the reception they received when they arrived. It was no doubt a glorious time, a time when there was no place for cravens and cowards when fortune and wealth held open arms for brave energetic men.

The period of the Mexican war was undoubtedly the most interesting and fruitful in literature. Dr. James read many extracts from the Memoirs of American generals which showed their bravery and devotion to the United States. One of Kit Carson's famous deeds was described by an eye-witness. A journal written by Jim Beckwourth, the celebrated white chief of the Crows and the man who discovered the famous "Beckwourth Pass," was a pathetic proof of the awful means by which the Indians were degraded by "firewater," for which they exchanged the precious skins of the buffalo. There were good men and bad men here then, but all in all, we feel more proud of those that went before us as we learn more of their magnanimity, their self sacrifice, their honest straightforward way of acting.

YOSEMITE VALLEY

On the evening of the same day we

enjoyed the same eminent lecturer in his description of the Yosemite Valley. The wonders of this famous valley were brought home to us by the vivid and glowing words of the orator aided by his own masterly illustrations.

Dr. James will conclude his course of lectures on the Literature of California on December 3. Ever interesting, they will become more and more so as he nears our own days and speaks of poets and prose writers whom we ourselves know.

Lecture on Panama Canal

Thursday evening, October 17, Congressman Knowland of Alameda delivered a lecture on the Panama Canal, illustrated with views taken by himself when a member of the Congressional party that inspected the Canal during the Xmas vacation of last year. The party was composed of seventeen prominent Congressmen from different states, California being represented by three. On the return of the party President Roosevelt requested Mr. Knowland to acquaint Californians with the work done and to educate them to look beyond the expense of the present and see the greater benefits of the future.

Mr. Knowland described the journey to the Canal zone in a humorous manner. Arrived at Colon they were taken by special train several times over the proposed route of the great inter-ocean waterway and were offered every opportunity to understand fully the nature of the work.

Beautiful views illustrated the difference between the general condition of the towns before and after the United States Government took charge. Dirty, ill-kept streets were replaced by modern asphaltum thoroughfares, and disease breeding houses, the homes of the Canal employes, yielded to lighty, sanitary ones.

What busy scenes those pictures presented of the Canal itself! Gigantic steam shovels, blasting machines, and two hundred and sixty-five trains working might and main to connect the two oceans!

To show clearly how much the Canal route would shorten the voyage from San Francisco to New York, Mr. Knowland presented a few figures computed by the United States Statician. In fair weather a steamer can make that journey by way of the Horn in sixty days; by way of the Canal it will be reduced to two weeks.

Departure of Fr. Giacobbi

With a sorrowful pen we record the departure of good Father Giacobbi, our chaplain for the last year. He was called to Gonzaga College, Spokane, to fill the chairs of Philosophy and Theology.

Father Giacobbi was the champion of the boys, their guardian angel. It was utterly beyond his power to comprehend how a Santa Clara boy could commit any wrong. He would not believe it even with the most convincing proof.

There was some mistake, the first Prefect might be wrong, not the boy.

A profound theologian; a saint in his private life and a sincere friend of all the boys, Father Giacobbi commanded our respect and our love. We shall miss him greatly this year and if good wishes help, his path will be marked with every blessing. We recommend the Gonzaga students when in trouble to obtain him as their champion.

Special Courses

The Faculty has long considered the question of adding to the College course special preliminary courses in Law, Medicine and Journalism. These subjects have always been taught fundamentally in the College, Law in the debating societies and classes, Medicine in chemistry and physics, Journalism in the classes in English, Latin and Greek. For the exponent of Law the Faculty has secured Mr. David Burnett, A. B., '91, a very able lawyer of San Jose. For Journalism the valuable services of Mr. Charles South, A.M., '01, were procured. Mr. South is a writer of great reputation and ability, not only in the newspaper line but as a magazine writer and dramatist. For Medicine, we are happy to announce that Dr. Jno. A. Clark, '01, has consented to give his services.

The Sophomore Class

The illustrious class of 1910 has distinguished itself by the adoption of class

hats of a very pretty design. Within the portals of Father Deignan's Emporium of Learning are contained so many members who are renowned already for their intellectuality and who in after life will be famed for their learning and success that it was considered only right to distinguish them with some mark.

A hat was considered to be the best means, as it would make the learned wearer of it conspicuous to all and at the same time serve the economic purpose of protecting from cold the craniums that were the cause of such envy to those not of the class. Messrs. McLane, (Chairman), Birmingham, L. Ford, Lowe and McCabe were appointed a committee to attend to this important matter. After much thought and laborious examination of samples submitted, the committee selected a grey hat with a red band on which were inscribed in white the letters '10.

The red and white are for the Alma Mater and the grey is a symbol of the superior quality of the dura mater.

Behind the Footlights

A mammoth entertainment is being prepared for this coming Thanksgiving eve. It will consist of Operetta, Vaudeville and a new War drama. The entire proceeds are to be jointly shared by the Literary Congress and the Catholic Church now in course of construction at Cupertino.

Apart from the charitable purpose of the entertainment it is believed that

the intrinsic merit of the program will attract an immense throng to the College Theatre. The Operetta by Frank Booth entitled "The Bogus Schoolmaster" is teeming with dramatic action and catchy music. A chorus of thirty voices is being daily rehearsed, and Father Villa who is in charge feels confident that from a musical standpoint the undertaking will be a decided success.

Among the high class vaudeville numbers a clever sketch will be presented by the ever-popular college comedians Aguirre and McKenzie. Though "Augie" has entered upon a business career in San Francisco since his graduation last July, still his old-time devotion to Alma Mater will urge him back to take part in the approaching show. The star attraction of the evening will be the thrilling drama "Santiago" written especially for this occasion by a member of the Faculty, Mr. Chas. D. South, A. M. '01.

It is, as the author styles it, a drama of war, peace and thanksgiving in two acts and three scenes. The first scene is laid on the tropical shore of Cuba near the entrance to Santiago Bay. Through the exuberance of palm trees and foliage may be espied the broad expanse of ocean. The time is July 3, 1898 on the morning of the famous sea battle just before Cervera makes his desperate dash for the open sea. The opening scene of the second act represents Broadway in New York City on the following Thanksgiving, and the last scene is a handsome banquet room

in the Metropolitan Hotel where a real Thanksgiving dinner is being enjoyed by almost the entire cast.

The general plot of the play was suggested by James Harding Davis' notable story "The Derelict," in which an unfortunate newspaper reporter writes a world-telling account of the Santiago naval battle without ever receiving the least credit for it. Apart, however, from this general idea, the theme and treatment of Mr. South's new drama is entirely original, and—as far as we know—has never been produced on any stage.

Among the more prominent characters we may mention that of Sparks, a journalistic genius in hard luck, who writes the best description of the great victory but who modestly turns over all the glory of the article by signing the name of M'Shade the Cuban correspondent of the Consolidated Press. The former will be impersonated by Ivo G. Bogan '09 and the latter by Edmund S. Lowe '10, both of Passion Play fame. Several other members of the Passion Play cast will figure prominently. Floyd E. Allen will impersonate Captain Blunt, a sturdy skipper with a sound head, a strong will and a big honest heart who in the last act raises a storm at the banquet which is being tendered in honor of M'Shade by bringing to light the real author of the famous description.

Harry McKenzie '08, will be seen at his best in the part of Sergeant Kelly,—a Yankee by adoption and a fighter by heredity.

Lee J. Murphy '08, will surely score a hit as McDuff, an exile from the stage, a martyr to the cause of art and a student of tragedy. James Daly '09, will have an excellent chance of using his rare elocutionary powers in the thrilling portrayal of the sinking of Cervera's fleet which as Lieutenant Rush U. S. A. he will see from the stage.

There are fifteen speaking parts—we shall publish the entire cast in our next number—and in as much as the play has been built around the boys, it is expected that each character will be well sustained. The entire entertainment is under the auspices of the Senior Dramatic Club which has been so successful in past endeavors. This is its personnel as recently appointed:

President and Stage Director, George G. Fox, S. J.; Business Manager, Floyd E. Allen '08; Stage Manager, Cleon P. Kilburn '08; Assistants, Lester C. Wolter '10, Mervyn S. Shafer '09; Musical Director, Rev. Octavius A. Villa, S. J.; Costumer, John A. Waddell, A. M. '01; Property Master, Daniel Tadich '11; Assistant, Frank L. Cuda '12; Electrician, Rev. Richard H. Bell, S. J.; Assistants, Edward H. Wood '08, Anthony J. Deipenbrock '08; Scenic Artist, George J. Mayerle '13; Chief Usher, James C. Lappin '08; Press Agent, Harry A. McKenzie '08; Assistants, F. Watson Dozier '10 Carlos K. McClatchy '10, Thomas McCarthy '10.

CARLOS K. MCCLATCHY, '10.



Among the visitors during the past month were August Aguirre, '07, George Fisher, '07, Walter Schmitz, '07, and James Bacigalupi, '03.

Gerald P. Beaumont, ex-'05, formerly City Editor of the San Jose Mercury, has now started out on lines all his own. He is now editor of that crisp and breezy weekly, "The Tattler."

Robert F. Keefe, A. B. '02, one of the greatest pitchers we have ever sent forth, has returned from New York, and is spending the winter at Tacoma, Washington.

A welcome visitor to the scenes of old days was Elmer E. Smith of Merced, Cal. "Steb" graduated in 1891, in the same class as Rev. Fr. Morrissey, S. J.

Francis I. Mulcahy, '06, is now studying law in the office of Judge Tuttle, San Jose.

To William J. Maher, Com. '05, and J. Maher, as well as to the other members of the family, the Faculty, Student Body and THE REDWOOD, extend their

sympathy in the late bereavement that has fallen upon them in the loss of their mother.

It is with sadness that we of THE REDWOOD staff record the death of Thomas Leonard. He had been following the course of Theology at St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, Cal., and in a few years would have been raised to the dignity of Priesthood. While with us at College he held the position of Assistant Business Manager of THE REDWOOD. To his bereaved parents THE REDWOOD extends its deepest sympathy.

William F. Humphrey, A. B. '02, who has made an enviable record as a lawyer in San Francisco, was recently elected President of the Olympic Club of San Francisco.

J. Downey Harvey, '86, L.L. D, 1905, St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, is now chief promoter of the new Santa Cruz Electric and Steam Railroad running between San Francisco and the seaside city.

H. P. BRODERICK, '08.



BRIEF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY JOHN BACH MCMASTER, AMERICAN BOOK CO.

In judging a history published for use in schools we must take into consideration not only the essentials of the matter it contains but also the clearness and conciseness of style with which it is written.

Mr. McMaster's "Brief History of the United States" has every desirable requisite. The style is lucid, the most important happenings from the landing of Columbus to the dreadful earthquake and fire in San Francisco last year, are told in brief yet interesting and instructive language; the illustrations are numerous and very apt, the binding excellent.

ELEMENTS OF BIOLOGY

BY GEORGE WILLIAM HUNTER, AMERICAN BOOK CO,

"The aim of this book is to correlate the allied subjects of botany, zoology, and human physiology in a general course of biology for the first year of high school."

In the course of Mr. Hunter's work several very interesting identities and relations are brought out in the life processes of plants and animals, for example "that the properties and activities of protoplasm are the same whether in the cell of a plant or of an animal; and that the human body is a delicate machine built out of that same mysterious living matter, protoplasm."

Mr. Hunter's various methods of explanation and illustration are founded, as he himself says, on results of his long experience with large classes of young

students in the first year of high school. The work is exquisitely illustrated.

HIGH SCHOOL ALGEBRA

BY J. H. TANNER, AMERICAN BOOK CO.

In the preface of his book, Mr. Tanner gives the several ends kept in view in the editing of this work, and the best criticism that can be given is that he attains these ends in a very marked degree. They are as follows:

1. To make the transition from arithmetic to algebra as easy and as natural as possible, and to arouse the pupil's interest by showing him early some of the advantages of algebra over arithmetic.

2. To present the several topics in the order of their simplicity, giving definitions only where they are needed, and insuring clearness of comprehension by an abundance of concrete illustrations and inductive questions.

3. To provide a large, well chosen, and carefully graded set of exercises, the solution of which will help not only to fix in the pupil's mind the principles involved, but also further to unfold those principles.

4. To omit non-essentials, and yet provide a book that fully meets the entrance requirements in elementary algebra of any college or university in this country.

COUSIN WILHEMINA

ANNA T. SADLIER, B. HERDER

Among the books received this

month we find this very pleasing novel by the well-known authoress A. T. Sadlier. The plot is interesting and abounds in pretty and vivid descriptions.

ARABELLA

ANNA T. SADLIER, B. HERDER

This is a novel by the same authoress. We are sure either would make a very acceptable present. We might venture to say that more suitable names could be given to both their novels, for after all there is a good deal in a name.

THE QUEEN'S FESTIVALS

BENZIGER BROS.

This beautiful little book breathing the spirit of piety and sincerity is a simple explanation of the festivals of the great Queen of Heaven. As the style suggests and title page plainly tells us, it is intended for "little ones," yet, we think, such is its value that "the big ones," too, may gain from its perusal a deal of profit. It is attractive in appearance, binding and paper good, and contains several choice illustrations.

Other books received are "The Gift of the King" and "The Miracles of Our Lord," Benziger Bros. We shall notice them more at length in our next number.

A Trip to Nicaragua and The Cabin Boys are two capital books of adventure written by Rev. Fr. Spillman and published by the same estimable firm of B. Herder & Co.

J. DEVEREAUX PETERS, '10.



Our October exchanges have been drifting into the sanctum with a slowness that seems to betoken a reluctance on the part of their editors to get back to work after the pleasant idleness of the long summer vacation and a listlessness and lack of interest on the part of contributors whose vagrant minds, perhaps, refuse to entertain any more serious thoughts than pleasing memories and fancies of delightful summer evenings under a harvest moon. The magazines which we have received, moreover, seem to bear out this idea by the slimness and mediocrity of their contents and *The Harverfordian*, although it contains much more than many of its fellows, comes out openly in an editorial to ask for more contributions both in prose and verse. At any rate whether it is due to a lack of material or of interest or to some other less apparent cause many of our old friends have so far failed to appear upon our desk although nearly the whole of October has already slipped away into the past and we find ourselves now treading close upon November's heels. This is a fact which we deeply regret for we have spent many pleasant hours in

their company and it is our hope that before another month has rolled around they may all have found their way once more into our sanctum.

Not all of our exchanges, however, have been tardy in their arrival. Almost before we had our desk cleared of the magazines left from last June *The Xavier* came in from New York with a table of contents that augurs well for its future literary prosperity. The first article which attracted our attention was a well written appreciation of the work of Richard Mansfield whose recent death was so deeply regretted by the American public. There are also two other essays in the magazine. "His Royal Highness," whose title savors of the popular historical novel, is a rather amusing account of the visit of Prince Wilhelm of Guttenberg to America and the furor of excitement and rivalry created among the *society* matrons by his arrival at Newport. "The Influx of the Nations" tells in an interesting way of the hordes of immigrants who yearly land upon our shores. *The Xavier* contains but one story, "In Another Belt" but the other prose articles are so inter-

esting that the lack of fiction might almost pass unnoticed.

The verse of *The Xavier* is much above the average and that too in a month when we have found scarcely any poetry which was worthy of the name. "Where Violets Sleep" is a musical little poem which strikes the jaded reader like a refreshing breath of the summer which is gone. Its author must have been dreaming of summer, too, but how much better to put the dream on paper for others to enjoy than to keep it to yourself as the other dreamers must have done! "To 'The Land O' The Leal'" is an imaginative poem of more than usual attractiveness. Altogether we consider *The Xavier* to be among the very best of this month's exchanges and only its scarcity of fiction prevents us from yielding it the first place.

The Haverfordian, despite the cry of its editors for more matter contains a couple of very good stories and quite a little verse some of it—notably "Sweet My Heart," "Forgetfulness", and "Two Moods"—rather above the ordinary. The first of these is a sentimental bit of poetry which contains a very pretty idea expressed in an attractive way although perhaps it is somewhat too suggestive of some of Tennyson's lyrics. The other two we notice are written by members of the Sophomore class. Both show a skill in versification which promises still better work in the future.

Of the fiction, "Birds Of a Feather" is

a humorous account of a rather staid bachelor's night off. The other, "The Blood" is a pathetic tale of an old Cuban's loyalty to the flag of his fathers—the red and yellow banner of old Spain. On the whole *The Haverfordian* this month is very readable and if its editors can continue to publish as good a magazine each month they may well feel satisfied with their work.

The University of Virginia Magazine was one of the last of our exchanges to arrive but it was well worth waiting for because as usual there is much in it of interest. "The Day Book Of a Dreamer" which will run serially—rather an unusual departure for a college magazine—promises well in the opening numbers. Of the other fiction "Even Our Friends in Adversity"—a satire on the ingratitude of man is undoubtedly the strongest even though its ending is a disappointment. "Rosa Mundi" is a well constructed poem and one that makes you think albeit it leaves a bitter taste in the mouth that is not entirely pleasant. "A Face" is another striking and original poem and unlike "Rosa Mundi" leaves no unpleasant feeling at its close.

With all good grain unfortunately we must have some chaff. The chaff in this case is "Will O' The Wisp," a farce, so we are informed, in one act. It deals with the old unsavory theme of a married woman who loves not her husband but another man. In this particular instance the man to settle the difficulty mar-

ries an innocent girl whom he cannot fail to make unhappy. Altogether it is a most unsatisfactory mixture of sentimentalism and immorality and should have found a resting place in the waste basket rather than in the columns of the magazine.

The other day a new visitor came to us, *The University of Texas Magazine*. Evidently, if we may judge from the

October number, there is no scarcity of talent in the University of Texas. The magazine is well filled with both prose and verse, and fiction is especially plentiful. There is surely no scarcity of stories to read when the *Texas Magazine* is around and we anticipate many a pleasant rainy-day half hour in its company.

M. T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



With only three weeks practice and the men hardly in condition we journeyed to Berkeley for our first important game of the season, namely, that with the California Freshmen. I don't wish to make excuses for our defeat as California beat us fairly and played a good clean game. The contest was marred by an unfortunate but unavoidable accident early in the first half. Hunt, the California three quarters in attempting to block Alton's punt had his leg badly fractured below the knee. The Freshmen did all their scoring in the first half. Santa Clara kicked off and Solinsky ran the ball in 35 yards. McKenzie freed the Santa Clara lines with a long punt to touch but on the throw in Hunt, Solinsky and the other Blue and Gold members of the back field ran the ball over our line, Hunt scoring the try. California scored several times after this, mainly through the ineffectual efforts of our backs and forwards to break up their accurate passing. In the second half we clearly outplayed our Bay Shore rivals. The ball was continually in their territory. We scored our first try after a few moments of play. Peters raced down the field on McKenzie's punt—secured the ball and made a fifty-yard run for the red and white. This was the most brilliant stunt of the battle. Kennedy kicked goal. Later, on a heeled ball or rather a penalty, Kennedy put the ball squarely between the uprights for a forty-yard place kick at an angle. There was no more scoring, neither side coming within striking distance of the goal. Allen, Twohy, McKenzie, Peters and Murphy were the star performers for Santa Clara. Dwiggin at full and Hunt and Solinsky at three-quarters played great ball for California. Coach Howard was more than pleased with the showing made which he considered excellent, handicapped as the team was by only three weeks practice.

Santa Clara 11—Stanford Freshman 6

With the mistakes we made at Cali-

ifornia rectified and in the pink of condition, we met the Freshmen on Stanford field. The game was an important one for us as the whole team was picked and pronounced in fighting trim by Coach Howard hence if there was any Rugby in us this contest would bring it out. There was some in us and it was brought out. Stanford took the lead in the first half. On the kick off the Stanford backs by a series of passes ran the ball in to our twenty-five yard line. Reed emerged from a scrum and made a neat run for a try. Stanford failed to kick goal. Palo Alto scored a few minutes later on a penalty and place kick, making the score 6—0 against us. On the kick off our backs ran the ball in 50 yards where the forwards combined for a dribbling rush in which Foster predominated. He secured the ball, making a run of 25 yards for a try. Kennedy kicked goal. Score at end of first half, Stanford 6—Santa Clara 5.

In the second half our backs and forwards played a spectacular game. McKenzie carried the ball to Stanford's ten yard line where a scrum was formed. The forwards were there in a pinch and forced the ball across the line—Rob Twohy falling on it for a try—Kennedy failed to kick goal at a very difficult angle. On the twenty-five yard kick our backs again carried the ball in to the five-yard line and the forwards shoved it across for another try. Harry Broderick played great ball among the forwards as did Foster at wing. Murphy and Kennedy as lock men

heeled the ball out perfectly—Harry McKenzie was the star in the back field and Grummon was right behind him with some hard and difficult tackles. Allen was there with the ginger and his dribbling was one of the features of the contest. Peters also played heady ball, passing perfectly.

Santa Clara 22—Stanford Second Varsity 18

With all the dope against us and outweighed ten pounds to the man we defeated the crack Second Varsity of Stanford in one of the most spectacular Rugby contests ever seen in this section. Our victory can be attributed to the fast work of our backs who have gained a wide reputation for speed and to the ability of the forwards to stay together and follow the ball. Stanford started like a winner. On the kick off they returned the ball to touch. From the throw in the ball was passed down the field and Rogers scored a try. Jordan kicked goal. Our men appeared to have warmed up; they took a brace and some fast work resulted. McNally cleverly intercepted a pass—dodged the whole field and scored a try. Kennedy kicked goal. Score at end of first half Stanford 10—Santa Clara 5.

In the second half Santa Clara's speedy backs got busy. Donovan after a brilliant run scored a try and McKenzie kicked the goal—tying the score. Soon after Kennedy carried the pig-skin across the white line. On a

long punt by McNally, Peters secured the ball and got away for another score. McKenzie kicked goal. Stanford then scored on Jordan's punt to touch and an intercepted pass by Hickey. From a five yards scrum on Stanford's line the ball was heeled out into the hands of the waiting Santa Clara three-quarters and Donovan carried it between the posts. Stanford was penalized for off side play and McKenzie scored a field goal. Jim Twohy who had been putting up a great game had the ligaments of his knee strained at this stage and Tadich was substituted. Rob Twohy and Murphy played a great game in the scrum division—Allen made several sensational tackles and was the prime mover in several dribbling rushes. McKenzie played a phenomenal game. Though he scored no tries his clever passing and long gains materially swelled the score. For Stanford, Jordan, Cole and Chandler were the shining lights. Jordan's punting and drop kicking did much to hold the score down.

Santa Clara 6—University Pacific 3

The score tells the story. Our banner event of the season with University of the Pacific was a stubborn, nerve racking, bull dog battle from start to finish. The day dawned bright and clear and the sun shining on the bank of red and white in the Santa Clara rooting section made a pretty picture. U. P.'s somber

black and flaming orange completed it.

Things looked bad for us on the kick off and victory hovered over the orange section with alarming persistency. On the initial boot by Kennedy the ball was run in thirty-five yards and kicked to touch for another twenty. It then see-sawed up and down the field, being impelled by several dribbling rushes formed by both sides. A scrum was formed on our 35-yard line. The ball was heeled out by the U. P. forwards and punted by Owen. It got away from the S. C. backs and on a held ball a penalty kick was awarded by Referee Cameron to U. P. Smith, the black and gold three-quarters, scored three points for his side by placing it squarely between the goal points. On the kick off our backs advanced the ball to the center of the field. A scrum was formed and the forwards combined for a dribbling rush—which put the ball over the line, but it was taken out and placed in play by a ten yard scrum. Here a desperate stand was taken by U. P. and the ball hovered near the line, being finally shoved across and Foster fell on it for our first score. Kennedy failed to kick goal—score U. P. 3—S. C. 3.

In the second half both teams came on the field determined to win and all the pent up fighting spirit of both sides burst forth—a battle royal ensued. The rooters were worked to a frenzy.

Time and time again both goals were threatened. McKenzie punted with phenomenal accuracy, his long kicks landing on the touch lines for material gains. From one of these kicks resulted

our second score. McKenzie broke up a dribbling rush and punted across the fields to the touch lines. After the throw in a scrum was formed and our forwards with a combined whirlwind rush of speed and brute strength carried the ball over the desperately defended U. P. line for a try. U. P. never lost courage and several times made long gains, but Santa Clara's bull dog courage was equal to the task, and the ball was invariable carried out of danger. The game on a whole was a magnificent one—a contest from start to finish—it was not a game with flashes of brilliant play but a battle royal all the way through and with a chance of either side winning always present.

The lineup was as follows

S. C.		U. P.
Murphy	Forward	Price
Kennedy	"	Alexander
Heffernan	"	Birch
Allen	"	Mehl
Bogan	"	
Twohy	"	Settlemyer
Wood	"	E. Smith
Broderick	"	Barnett
Foster	Wing Forward	Clark
Peters	Half-back	Gerry
McKenzie	Five-eighths	Johnson
Watson	Five-eighths	Owen
Grummond	Three-fourths	Rutherford
Donovan	Three-fourths	Atkinson
McNally	Three-fourths	W. Smith
Shafer	Full-back	Trevarrow

Too much cannot be said in praise of the efforts of Mr. Sparks, our athletic instructor. His help on the field and his gingery words of encouragement have put "yellow streak" to ignominious flight. He has taken an interest in the

team which has certainly helped matters along, and much of our success can be attributed to him. Coach Howard with only rough, unhewn timber has fashioned the team into a harmonious whole. They have developed a winning streak lately, which has been impossible for our opponents to break, and Mr. Howard is to be congratulated and thanked for his successful efforts in our behalf.

We played San Jose High School several practice games. One of them resulted in a thirty to nothing score—the other 16 to 0. These games have helped to put the team in condition for more important encounters, particularly in a physical sense, as Coach Howard has insisted on fast playing, which resulted in some rather strenuous workouts.

The Second Team

The Second Team has organized under the management of James (Husky) Lappin '08, and the captainship of Carlos McClatchy '10. They defeated Santa Clara High in their first game of the season by a score of 10 to 3.

The team lines up as follows:

FORWARDS—Pierce, Kerwin, Brown, Hirst, Cheatam, Sheehan, Tadich, McLane, Jones—wing forward.

BACKS—McClatchy, McCabe, five eights; Watson, Lyng, half; Nolan, McHenry, Henry, three-quarters; Gallagher, Jarret, fulls; Murphy, Boles and Hartman, substitutes.

MERVYN S. SHAFER, '09.

The Redwood.

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SANTA CLARA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 3

THE CYNIC

*S*ofter than stone
He stands!
And humans have flown
From his side.
But he never complains
Though his sorrows and pains
Are as sands
On the strands,
And as deep as the sea.

Pleasures and comforts, away!
And what cares he
For honor or pride—
In him, they have died;
And he'd rather be mad than be gay.

Anthony R. Diepenbrock, '08.

THE COMING OF THE CROSS

“The daughter of the Mission stands
 Here on the ancient site,
 The book of truth is in her hands
 Her brow is crowned with light.”

The history of Santa Clara College is linked inseparably with the story of the old Santa Clara Mission. The Jesuit fathers are the heirs and successors of the Franciscan Friars, who were the pioneers of civilization and Christianity on the Pacific slope, and who were the first Caucasians to view the natural beauties of the fairest valley of California,—the first to raise here the symbol of the redemption,—the first to sow this fertile soil with bread,—the first to plant here the fig, the olive, the orange, and the vine. Santa Clara College has been appropriately called the daughter of the Mission, and the Cross is the banner under which this institution has achieved international celebrity. Hence, the story of The Coming of the Cross to this valley is replete with interest to all who cherish a filial fondness for their Alma Mater.

On January 12, 1777, the Franciscan padres raised a Cross on the banks of the little Guadalupe river, on what is now the Laurelwood Farm, south of the Agnew State Asylum. Near that spot the grand old missionaries first taught the Indians not only the saving truth of Christianity, but also the art of tilling the soil and of building permanent and comfortable homes.

The tide of events ran smoothly for a

while and success smiled upon the labors of the padres, for the Indians, though naturally stupid and inclined to viciousness were, nevertheless, tractable under the care of these spiritual guides. Temporal necessities were easily satisfied, owing to the uncommon fertility of the soil and the abundance of game and fish. The streams swarmed with trout, salmon, and other species of the finny tribes, while vast herds of elk, deer and antelopes roamed over the plains or browsed along the foothills among patches of wild-flowers of the brightest hues.

The climate was mild and exhilarating in spring, and tempered in summer by reason of the close proximity to San Francisco bay. The land of the laurel, however, was not long destined to possess the Mission of Santa Clara, for in 1779 the Guadalupe overflowed, and the raging waters swept away the work of the padres' patient toil. Realizing that, on account of the low site, similar misfortunes might be suffered in any future rainy season, the Franciscans located a new Mission at a point only a few hundred yards west of where now stands the Southern Pacific Railway depot. Here the Mission remained until 1818, when it was destroyed by an earthquake. After this disaster the

padres founded the Mission, upon the site of which today stands Santa Clara College.

About thirty-two years after the Franciscans founded the present Mission Santa Clara, the most Reverend Sadoc Alemany relieved the good friars and entrusted the Rev. Father John Nobili and a band of Jesuit fathers with the task of building in Santa Clara the first school of learning in California. The College was then instituted under the protection of St. Joseph and the devoted labors of the fathers soon made it famous at home and abroad.

In the foreground of Santa Clara College today a great white cross rises to an imposing height. That cross links the present with the past. While Crespi and Portola, with their land party, were marching northward from San Diego in their endeavor to find Monterey Bay, they missed the real object of their quest and discovered the Bay of San Francisco. Before reaching the latter body of water, however, they camped one night in the Santa Cruz Mountains, under a majestic redwood. In the morning while Father Crespi prayed near the base of this giant of the forest he suddenly formed the idea of consecrating the tree to a holy purpose. Turning to Portola, he said, "With the timbers of this tree we shall form a cross that shall mark the location of a new Mission." He marked the tree and, when the San Francisco Mission had been established, he returned southward toward what was to be the

Mission Santa Clara. Sending a party into the Santa Cruz Mountains he had the marked Redwood tree felled and its timbers made into a cross, which was carried down and raised by the padres on the original site of the Mission Santa Clara. The same cross was removed to the second Mission and some of the timber of that identical cross is encased in the memorial monument erected on the second Mission site November 19, 1907, by members of the Franciscan order, assisted by Rev. Father Richard A. Gleeson, President of Santa Clara College, and under the auspices of the Santa Clara County Historical Society.

On November 19, 1781, the cross was reared on the site by Padre Junipero Serra and his saintly little band. Their Mission was a beacon light in the Aboriginal darkness; an oasis of Christianity in the desert of heathenism and savagery. They planted in the wilderness the seeds of life and light, of faith and hope and love. The seed burst forth into glorious fruition. The desert "blossomed as the rose," and around the symbol of salvation knelt alike the Indian and the paleface.

The old padres are gone; but their work remains, and the Memorial Cross, reared with solemn and impressive ceremonies, amid hymns of choirs and music of bands and in the presence of thousands, in the shadow of Santa Clara College, is only another belated recognition of the truth that the padres builded incomparably well.

GEORGE L. DUFFEY, Journalism.

THE MISSION BELLS

The bells that hang in the old belfry were presented to the Mission by the King of Spain more than a century ago, on the one condition that they be rung every evening to call the faithful to say De Profundis for the souls departed. The condition has been scrupulously fulfilled ever since.

I

Dreary the chill November winds howled past:
 The white moon rose through listless shifting clouds,
 Touched land and sea with fitful radiance,
 And painted eery shadows on the snow.
 Royal robed, the King in melancholy sat;
 Around him softly twanged the harps of gold,
 Sweetly the royal maidens sang of love,
 And royal jesters crowned their god of mirth.
 He saw and heard; yet seeing, hearing naught,
 Wrathful he touched his flowing locks of black,
 And darkly frowned to frame his ashen stare,
 Then quickly rose and staggered from his throne.
 A master, yet in fear of love and hope
 A monarch much surrounded, yet alone.

II.

Far o'er the snow he gazed and lingered there,
 E'en to the edge where all men needs must fail,
 Or vainly powered prince or paupered thrall,
 Yet lingered on, in self-appointed watch.
 "Yea! I must die, and all my glory cease,
 My name no more be heard, where free men stand;
 No thrill where'er my royal name is heard.
 Is this the thing I grasped to lose again?
 When I go down to sleep my last long sleep,
 And buried deep in death's oblivion.

Shall my name, too, an empty echo ring?
My shroud a haunted spectre only fold?
It must not be! Forever shall I live,
With men and deeds that speak forevermore!"

III.

Far o'er the snow he gazed, and lingered there,
To where his new world shimmered like a pearl:—
And far beyond, to where the western shore
Rose in the sunshine like some fairy sprite
Painting gold poppies for her bridal wreath.
Heard he the call of frenzied, savage hearts,
Dancing their wild, wierd dances to and fro;
Knowing no peace save when of vengeance stirred,
The paleface fell a victim to their stroke.

IV.

But then a fairer vision meets his gaze,
Pointing its finger upward to the sky,
To light and hope, to love and joy, to God,
In silent watch to mark the way beyond.
The sign of faith, the cross on which He died,
Who gave His life to love the least of men,
In Santa Clara Valley stands alone.
Serene it stands adown the nights and days,
Its great, crude arms in peaceful pleading spread;
Noiseless, yet voicing in its silent watch
A message new, to still the savage breast—
The Great White Spirit's word of love for all.
There 'neath the shadow of those sheltering arms,
The hostile red man bends his haughty head:
And listens while the Padre tells the tale,
Of sacred Spirit who had hung thereon
And died to open their great hunting ground.

Hushed are the wild, wierd songs of pagan sires;
 Dead is the sudden drumbeat of the dance;
 Stilled are the war-whoops in the forest range;
 Smothered the fitful flare of signal fires;
 Buried the hatchet with its reeking blade.

V.

Ah, then awoke the king to thoughts that burned
 Deep in his heart with light of deeds undone.
 "It cannot thus be more! It shall not be!
 No more a craven to this world I play,
 No more I build where fleeting time decays."

VI.

"Mold me three mighty bells of clearest tone,
 And silver all, dug from Spain's purest heart,
 That 'neath the Mission cross they rise and swell
 O'er Guadalupe's banks with angels' tongues
 To call the savage to its wounded breast.
 And when I die and all my glory cease,
 They still may ring in Santa Clara's vale."

VII.

The years pass on; his flowing locks are white;
 Around him vainly twang the harps of gold;
 Vainly the royal maidens sing of love,
 And jesters vainly crown their god of mirth,
 As 'fore him hallowed visions dimly rise,
 The Cross still stands among the poppy beds,
 A king reposing on his couch of gold,
 And faintly ring afar sweet silver chimes,
 Darting like spirits from the golden shores
 All mighty with the presence of their God.

CHARLES FRANCIS WALSH, S. J.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE

It was evening. The light from the twinkling stars softly mingling with that of the moon, illumined the heavens with a pale silvery hue and shone peacefully down on the sleeping forms of a band of wearied, colonial soldiers encamped before Quebec. The hard ground was their only couch, and the few blankets that covered them served poorly indeed, to ward off the chilling night winds. They had gone to rest with varied thoughts surging through their troubled brains: thoughts of the morrow's battle, thoughts of the dear ones at home praying for their preservation and safe return, thoughts of the dread judgment seat whither they might be summoned ere the setting of the next day's sun. The ceaseless tramp of the sentry, as he kept his dreary watch, alone broke the stillness of the night.

In one far spot a bright light betrayed the presence of other soldiers. Here around a glowing camp fire, whose wavering flames lit up the faces of those about him, General Richard Montgomery seated with his officers planned the battle for the morning. Their discussion over, one of the men preparatory to turning in hummed softly to himself a refrain from that sweet old air "Home Sweet Home." When he ceased a low broken sob escaping the lips of Montgomery bespoke the intense anguish of his heart, while the fire flaring up just then disclosed a tear slowly trickling down his cheek.

At the sight of their beloved leader in pain and tears, the hearts of those rude soldiers went out to him in love and sympathy, and they made his grief their own. The oppressive stillness which had fallen on the assemblage was at last broken by Bob Masters, the general's orderly and life-long companion. Tenderly slapping Montgomery on the shoulder he said, "Why, Dick, do there cluster so many bitter recollections around Ireland and home, that their very names force you to cry out with anguish and sorrow?" There was a hush, and when Montgomery spoke it could be seen that he was swayed by strong emotions.

"Bob," said he, "You, you above all others should know how dear to my heart is Ireland, my beloved country; yet linked with the fond memories of the Emerald Isle are remembrances fraught with bitterness and woe. The name of Erin suggests to me thoughts of foul treachery, of broken pledges, of vain promises, of false love, of cruel undying wrongs. Yes, yes indeed, Bob, Ireland has been the seat of my sorrows." There was an immediate cry now from the assembled officers, to have him tell them of these wrongs.

"My men" began Montgomery, "life at best is but vain and fleeting. None can say how many of us will see these beautiful stars tomorrow night, or how many of us will leave alive the crimson field of battle. Somehow or other, I

have a presentiment of approaching death. I feel that never again will I sit around this camp-fire with you, and that this is the last time I shall be able to gaze on the glorious heavens above. Do what I may, I can not rid myself of the thought that my final battle is close at hand; so, since you insist on knowing why my heart is filled with anguish, I will tell you what brought it about and what drove me from Ireland, to enlist in the service of the colonies.

Wander gently back with me to Erin, the home of my happy childhood, and bear with me while I tell you of the faded power of the Montgomery. There midst the rocky fastness of Kildare, in days of old, the proud banner of my ancestors was carried to battle by warlike barons. Today what do we see but the ensign of British conquest floating to the breeze? The once frowning fortress and royal palace, where in former days the Montgomerys surrounded by their followers, banqueted and ruled in lordly state are now but crumbling ruins and powdered dust. Instead of feasting and dwelling in regal castle the last of my race today live in a poor lowly cottage dependent for their very home on an English Lord.

Midst these sacred relics of my ancestors my childhood was spent. I had early learned to love the dear old places and had grown so enamored of their every charm, that even now though distant from them and though they are plundered and in other hands, my memory still reverts to them with fondest recollections.

My life up to this had been one happy boyish pleasure. Just as the clear rippling brook, unconscious of the destructive raging torrent, babbles along in peaceful unbroken calmness, so my boyhood years filled with sunshine and joy, quickly flitted by unknown to care or trouble. From a gay-hearted youth I grew to manhood; and then it was that I began to realize the greatness of the woes that were in store for me.

They were indeed terrible and crushing, and their memory will never fade from my mind; they will remain deeply embedded there as the foundation of all my sorrows and will serve to make me rightly value the vain, fleeting, shallowness of all earthly hopes and affections. Yes, my men, their very nature changed me, from a peaceful home-loving youth to a wild passionate vengeful man.

The venerable ruins around which clung the memories of past ages, the moss covered walls entwined with the happy remembrances of childhood, the crumbling towers where clustered the fond hopes of my youth, Lord Salisbury had ordered torn down. My heart-broken mother and dying father, driven from the home of their early life, were to be thrown on the world and left to die.

Do you then wonder that I determined in defense of those consecrated relics, to shed my last drop of blood? Do you then marvel that raging at the very thought of what this meant to my aged parents, I swore to avenge myself on the agent, did he execute this piti-

less decree? Is it surprising that I uttered wild incoherent threats, whenever I thought of the desecration of our humble abode?

“My men,” here a sob stole from the lips of the general—“I will pass over the days that followed. I will say naught of the force made use of by the cruel agent, who throwing my father from his death bed, pulled down our home before his very eyes. I will not mention that,—no you are acquainted with it all, and know as well as I, that the base instigators of this treachery were the English.

Tenderly we bore my father from the site of his former dwelling and brought him to the house of a nearby neighbor. Here, despite all our efforts, a few hours later he passed away. The death of my aged father, the last of the race, was not sufficient; my poor bleeding heart was to receive one more wound,—worse than the former. A few weeks dragged by; mother’s health failed gradually, till one day weakened by exposure hardships and trials, she fell into a swoon from which she never recovered: the loss of her husband, the thoughts of her wrecked home, the fears for my uncertain future weighed her down with sadness and embittered her last hours on earth. I was now left lonely and desolate in the midst of a host of enemies: some few friends ’tis true, still loved and clung to me, and did what they could to lighten my heavy burden.

For some time after my mother’s burial, I lay stunned by the effects of those fearful events. One day the

mere mention of Lord Salisbury and the agent, whom I hated worse than demons, woke me from my reveries, and fanned into flame the smouldering fires of hatred and revenge; I formed many wild and futile plans for the future, but one thing in particular appealed to me whereby my revenge could be gratified.

Lord Salisbury through his agent had accomplished his purpose: he not only drove from their home the last of a hated race, but also had been the cause of their death; unknown to himself he had still one enemy left to account to, one to whom he must make reparation, one who would be unforgiving and unforgetting. There was still the last of the Montgomerys to reckon with.

Encouraged by Mary O’Connor, the darling playmate of my childhood and love of my riper years, I determined to form a regiment of the remnant of our followers; with the aid of a few villagers somewhat versed in military tactics and only too eager to swell the ranks, I would drill them all at midnight in the forest and carefully instruct them in the plans and maneuvers of war. Relying on these men as the backbone of the enterprise, my intentions were to raise the standard of revolt, and then strengthened by an army from France, to invite the rest of Erin to throw off the yoke of England and join us in our struggle for freedom and independence. With victorious troops I would sweep away Lord Salisbury, the guileful agent, and repay England. I might have been successful, but,—I guess God willed it otherwise.

I had however, one satisfaction to solace all my woes. The regiment which I had formed and loved never forgot me, even when I was far away from it, homeless in a foreign land. It fondly cherished my memory and in my name revenged the wrongs of Erin and those of an unhappy people; those soldiers became the dreaded White boys, an object of fear and terror to the English far and near; to them, indeed, Ireland is indebted for many favors and concessions, which she would otherwise never have known.

But I am anticipating. My men, let me take you back to where I left you. My plans were succeeding even better than I had ever dared to hope; every evening in the dark mountain forest I gathered my band and drilled them in the arts and the principles of war,—they had become skillful in the use of arms and were, in truth, a well trained regiment, when occurred the fatal event that thwarted my plans and robbed me of my vengeance.

One night, despite the fact that the rain poured down in torrents and the lightning flashed in lurid streaks across the sky, I left home to go to my troop in the forest; I minded not the weather nor the awful peals of thunder, but pushed on resolutely for I knew my men expected me, and I would not be false to their trust. On the way to the woods I had to pass the ruins of my old home, and their very sight awakened in me a train of happy recollections; these were soon dispelled however, and gave place to feelings of bitter wrath

when I reflected that here now in splendor and shameless indifference lived the agent, who had driven me and my parents from our humble walls.

As I neared the house I heard something which seemed like the discharge of a pistol. I stopped and listened but hearing naught save the howling wind and roaring thunder continued my journey, thinking the sound was but the creation of my excited brain. That evening during the practice and drill I felt a vague misgiving. I felt as if I were about to endure some new affliction: I became alarmed and uneasy whenever I thought of the sound near the agent's home. Why, I knew not,—still thinking how he was hated by the peasantry for his many acts of wanton cruelty, I was quite disturbed and anxious. As the hours wore on, the feeling passed away, and when I returned home I had forgotten it.

I was awakened the next day by a loud cry and hubbub not far away. Springing into my clothes I made my way to the spot whence the noise proceeded,—my worst fears of the night before were confirmed. Gathered around the home of the agent, was an immense crowd howling and loudly crying in derision. Elbowing my way with some difficulty, I reached the cottage and stood aghast as the sight of the dead agent lying in a pool of blood, broke on my view; he had been shot through the head. Surrounding the dead body, besides the sheriff and his cordon of deputies, was a young English Colonel, who had lately come to

Kildare, and whose attentions to Mary O'Connor were already commented on. As I strode up and gazed at the lifeless body of the hated agent, he glanced at me, and then turning to the sheriff said: "This is the man, is it not?" Then addressing me: "Sir, it is my duty to arrest you on the charge of murdering this man. It is known that you were at this spot last evening about the time this crime was committed; it is also known that at many times you have made threats against the deceased; hence I must perform my duty; be advised and submit peacefully to arrest for you can see that I have a sufficient force to subdue you." As he spoke there was a malicious glare of triumph in his eyes. Despite my many assertions of innocence, and of my vigorous protests which he allowed to pass unheeded, he ordered me into custody.

I knew that often I had made threats against the agent's life, and that moreover my hatred for the dead man was well known; but I could not surmise how any one could prove that I was at that spot the evening before. I never once thought of treachery. I knew every member of my band was sworn to secrecy and could be trusted. The only other person who knew my secret was Mary O'Connor, but she, of course, was above suspicion. I thought of the Colonel's recent attentions to Mary, of his malicious gleam of triumph, of the irony in his voice when ordering my arrest and I was troubled.

As soon as the peasants heard of my arrest in connection with the murder,

there were cries of anger and sorrow; instantly starting towards the sheriff and soldiers they clamored for my freedom, and demanded of the Colonel my immediate release. He refused; whereupon, they seized my captors and set me free. Then triumphantly bearing me on their shoulders, these honest men, hurling stones and loudly jeering at the representatives of hated England, carried me away amid shouts of exultation. Thanks to the devotion of the peasants I was again out of the clutches of the British and lost no time in making good my escape.

I made my way first to Mary O'Connor's home. I told her of the events of the last hour; of my resolve to fly, yet still to retain the command of my regiment. Receiving assurances that she would ever remain faithful and true, I left her saying she would see me again in a few days. Alas! how false are pledges, how easily broken are promises,

'They softly come, they softly go,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but heaven.'

After bidding farewell, leaving her in apparent grief and sorrow at my new misfortunes, I betook myself to the home of one of my followers. In his lowly hut hidden midst the wooded mountains, I at last felt safe, and here in concealment I lay for many days.

Meanwhile in the village all was commotion and uproar, the colonel himself, undertook the search for me, whom he styled a murderer and an outlaw. There were rumors afloat that his attentions

to Mary were becoming more pronounced and that they were cordially received by her. It was known that on the night of the murder, I had left my home at a late hour, and that I was near the agent's place at the time of the murder, but strive as I might I failed to learn how this report had been circulated.

As I said before I never wished to neglect the drilling of my company, and so, after the lull which followed the storm, and when the first excitement had died down, I had them again assemble at the accustomed hour.

Two weeks had elapsed since last I saw my sweetheart and so to solace my yearnings, I braved the risks of a perilous journey to enfold her in my embrace again. Disguised I made my way to her home. She received me, so I thought, after all my perils and dangers somewhat coldly and even with a little unkindness. At the mention of the Colonel's name, she blushed and seemed confused, but when I left she again assured me that she would always be true to me and never forget me. Before going I told her my regiment was quickly rounding into shape, and that within two nights I intended to have a large review in the woods at the accustomed spot and hour.

When I returned to my hut I forgot the unkind manner of Mary, and I excused her blushes by persuading myself that they were but the fancy of an idle hour, and the creation of a tormented mind. That evening I told my troops that on the morrow I would have a gen-

eral review and a practice in target shooting, if the night permitted.

The next evening was dark and gloomy, the clouds concealed the face of the moon, and the giants of the forest casting their grim hideous shadows made the place more dismal; everything in fact was in strange keeping with the condition of my own restless soul. I arrived in the forest long before most of my men, and wandered off into the night to sit 'neath the boughs of some old spectre-casting oak, and think over my past life, of my present existence and of my uncertain future. The dark, impenetrable gloom of the woods seemed to communicate some of its melancholy to my soul, I was sorrowful and sad. Sitting in silence pondering over the events of the last few days, the misfortunes which a second time had exiled me from home, I fell into a quandary over the strange end of the agent.

The thought of having been seen on that wild night, when passing to the woods, I banished as improbable. Could it possibly mean treachery? I was startled at the very name of treachery. Many times since the murder I had been troubled and anxious to learn who it was that rid me of an enemy; I thought of how greatly he was hated by the peasants, yet I was sure that none of them would have ventured out on such a night, and on such a fearful mission. There was some dark, sinister mystery about the agent's death which baffled me completely.

My reverie was suddenly broken by a rifle shot, and a ball whizzed by my

head. The loud report, ringing out in the dismal solitude, startled me; I thought it was one of the men, who had recklessly fired his gun, so I said nothing of the matter on rejoining them. I afterwards learned that the shot was fired as a warning, by a peasant, who had stolen among the ranks of the enemy; but, poor fellow, though he intended it as a signal for me, it proved the undoing of himself.

The woods were too dark that night, and so the drill was short. The dismal quiet and solitude around us, had dampened the ardor of the men and they went through the shortened exercises with unwonted silence. Suddenly just as we were about to disband and seek our homes, there was a loud shout, and out of the darkness and gloom sprang the Colonel and a regiment of English soldiers. Taken wholly by surprise, we were outnumbered two to one. With a cry of "Treachery, death to our English oppressors!" the peasants charged at them, in a way that greatly disconcerted our opponents. Knowing what it meant to be taken alive, the men fought their hardest. The superior strength of the newcomers, however, told; gradually my men were borne back across the forest, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground.

Up to this I had taken no part in the fray, being too stunned and dazed by this new, unexpected deceit. But now seeing the battle going against the peasants, I threw myself into the contest, urging the men on by reminding them of the wrongs of Ireland, the sor-

rows of the Montgomery, and the treachery of the English. Hearing my voice raised above the din of battle, many who till now had thought me slain, took heart and like demons flung themselves at the foe. Naught could resist them. The English were driven steadily backwards, their leader receiving a sabre cut on the face. From that moment the result was no longer in doubt; the English at last breaking, fled in disorder and confusion, leaving some twenty of their number stretched on the field.

They had been led to believe that their only duty was to capture a few outlaws with their chief and they were entirely unprepared for the warm reception with which we greeted them; the English Colonel was again foiled of his purpose.

When the defeated British fled, I instantly called my soldiers together. Something had to be done and done quickly. It was no longer the matter of the murder of one of Lord Salisbury's agents, but of open resistance to Majesty's troops; twenty of these lay dead on the field, many others had received grievous wounds.

Those who were not wounded, and were not known to the English, I sent to their homes. With those that remained, after tending to the wounded, I fled to the mountains. The time was not yet ripe for a rebellion against England; in a few days we could expect little mercy if found, for we knew that a hue and cry would be raised. I at least would be proclaimed an outlaw,

and a reward offered for me dead or alive. A short time afterwards I was branded as a traitor, and as I expected, a reward was offered for my taking. There were but two others who were known to the English besides myself, so to the remainder I bade farewell.

For many months there was a vigorous search for us. We fled from cave to cave, from mountain to mountain, from forest to plain, often having nothing to eat, save a few wild berries which grew on the mountain. We could not risk the discharge of a rifle, for fear of its sound guiding the pursuers to our retreat. At last when we were utterly exhausted and on the verge of starvation, broken down from lack of rest and food, the unsuccessful search was abandoned: it was supposed we had left the country.

In the midst of perils, even in flight when of an evening I tried to steal a few moments rest in some unknown stony cavern, there was ever present that cruel haunting thought, some one had been false to my trust, some one had betrayed me. Now that my pursuit was over, these thoughts came all the stronger to trouble and torment, to overpower and embitter me. Finally I could stand the agony no longer; I resolved to risk everything in sending to the villiage to learn who was my traitor and base Judas.

Never for one instance did I doubt the fidelity or constance of Mary O'Connor. Thoughts of her lightened my sorrows, robbed flight of its perils, and made my exile seem the easier. Even

when the memories of treachery assailed me and goaded me on to fresh miseries, the recollection of her, whom I ardently loved, soothed my troubled mind. And why should it not? Was I not sure that she sympathized with me in sorrow? Ah! yes, Mary was my star of hope.

One day when my mind was racked beyond measure by gloomy pensive thoughts, I sent a follower to take a note to my loved one, and to learn what I could of my betrayer. All that day I lay in suspense awaiting the home-coming of the messenger. Day passed, night came on, still I heard not a word; night faded, day dawned and yet no tidings. Just as I began to fear that he had been captured by the English, he arrived.

There was a haggard, awful look on his countenance, such as I never wish to see again. He sat in silence for a long time. He knew the terrible import of his message, and realized full well what his words meant to me. When I asked him if he learned of my betrayer, he answered softly and compassionately, "Yes." In response to my inquiries about Mary O'Connor, my sweetheart, he remarked coldly, "she is better than she deserves." This reply angered me and I demanded roughly, "Who has betrayed me to the English?" After a minute's pause he spoke but two words, two words though, that caused me to loose faith in Ireland, to loose faith in the rest of mankind. The words were the name of my sweetheart, 'Mary O'Connor.'

She had betrayed me to the English Colonel, forgetful of all her promises and her early love. She had married him and shortly afterward left for England, caring little whether I was broken-hearted and homeless, or wondering among strangers in a foreign land. Yet this was not all, I had still to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. It soon came out that the colonel, knowing my hatred for the agent shot him in a desire to fasten the blame on me, and thus rid himself of my presence forever.

This terrible news prostrated me. For many days I lay in a swoon, a prey to remorse and anguish. I'm ashamed to say it in the presence of you soldiers, who are listening to me, but truth is truth, and I must own that henceforth I lost my trust in mankind. I hated the world, I hated myself, I hated my native Ireland. To think that Mary O'Connor who shared my joys and sorrows, and knew my inmost thoughts, had betrayed me! O this was too much! The memory of it almost drove me mad. When at last I was able to fully realize it all, I resolved to flee from the land that had nothing but woes for me, and try to forfeit the memories of the past on the shores beyond the broad Atlantic.

With a heavy heart I bade adieu to Kildare my once happy home, and beneath the bright ensign of freedom, I have since lived striving to forgive and forget. Though Ireland is thousands of miles away from me, yet despite my former feelings of distrust, I am with her still in spirit as a dutiful son. Though

she holds bitter recollections for me, I can never cease to love her.

Now, gentlemen, you have heard my story. You know then why my heart must grieve at the thought of dear old Erin, and why at the mere mention of her name, the tears well up into my eyes. Tomorrow we will fight for the glorious land, which is the home of your exiled general; we will fight, every man of us, against the enemy whom we have great cause to hate. This I feel will be my last battle and my most ardent wish is that I will fall a victor. When I am taken from you, and my heart shall have been stilled by death, think sometimes of your leader and breathe a prayer for his soul. Now let me say good-night and farewell. Go, take a few hours rest, for God alone knows when you may again have the chance."

In silence and sadness the officers went from the presence of their commander; and as they slowly walked away, it was clearly noticeable that his tale of suffering had made a deep impression upon them all. Left to himself Montgomery sat for hours and mused; his fire burned out and the night sped quickly on. By and by the soft sweet notes of the larks, and the flood of golden glory on the eastern hill-tops, announced the arrival of day, yet Montgomery still sat by his dead fire. His mind had wandered back to old Kildare, the scene of his boyhood days, where he had been loved and scorned by Mary O'Connor.

In the battle that followed, while fighting bravely for his adopted land, General Richard Montgomery, the last of a noble Irish clan, gave up his pure unselfish life. Needless to say, his death was a heavy blow to his soldiers; they mourned him as a father and lov-

ingly evinced their deep appreciation of his sterling worth, by the unchecked tears that coursed slowly down their rough, service worn cheeks while they softly breathed a prayer for his departed soul.

W. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11

AS WITHERED LEAVES

*I stood beneath a lordly tree,
I heard its branches sigh,
I saw its leaves drop rustlingly—
Drop slowly from on high.*

*I saw them drifting, rolling on
With every wind that blew,
Until forever, ever gone
They vanished from my view.*

*Alas! methought, 'tis so with all
However high we stand,
As withered leaves we soon must fall
And vanish from the land.*

J. K. Farret, '10.

THE VAGABOND

*Heigho! A vagabond am I
With only the bare earth for a bed,
And never a roof to cover my head
Save the blue sky.
When I end a meal I know not where
The next will come from—nor do I care.
Heigho! A vagabond, I.*

*Heigho! A vagabond am I,
My ragged coat is patched and torn,
My hat and shoes are old and worn,
But do I sigh?
Ah no, I laugh to see the strife
That men about me make their life.
Heigho! A vagabond, I.*

*Heigho! A vagabond am I,
I go about from land to land
Taking the pleasure that comes to hand;
Nor do I try
To gain ephemeral success,
My only aim is happiness.
Heigho! A vagabond, I.
M. T. Dooling, Fr., '09.*

SANTIAGO—A DRAMA OF WAR, PEACE AND THANKSGIVING

A bright, breezy, interesting little drama is this "Santiago." Written by a student of thirty years ago for the students of the present, it comes to us doubly welcome. Yet apart from this its right to recognition and approbation is very just. The story is something new, novel; it appeals strongly to our weak side,—patriotism; the tragic and the comic elements are blended, yet the comic seems to predominate. In a day when newspapers are such an important factor in life, it throws before us a passage from the life of those who make the newspaper possible, the reporters; yet its motif is broad enough and deep enough to appeal to every human heart that delights in the righting of wrong and the giving of honor where honor is due.

The story opens in the early morning, July 3, 1898. War had been declared against Spain some months before. The Spanish fleet under Cervera had been discovered in Santiago Bay and before the entrance a large fleet of warships of the U. S. had gathered. An interesting and dramatic situation from every view point, it is especially so to the press correspondent. If something would happen, and something had to happen, what a grand scoop it would make for a paper! But will they come out? *When* will they come out? It is getting un-

bearable, this waiting and delaying in the top notch of such excitement.

And thus think Chase, Speed, and Star, three representatives of rival papers as they stand upon a promontory gazing toward the harbor mouth of Santiago. It was hazardous to gain such a position yet even the glimpse they got now of Spain's Armada within and Uncle Sam's outside was well worth their labor.

"Well, here we are," says Chase to his friends, "within sight of Morro Castle. Its worth the risk we took to get this glorious view of Uncle Sam's iron fleet out there grimly guarding the entrance of Santiago Bay. My, what a story there will be if ever the ships of Spain come out!"

They realized fully the importance of the time and place—yet they are not at the best coign of vantage. Schely's flagship yonder, the Brooklyn, would be the best, but how can they get out to it? Or that launch of the C. P. correspondent, M'Shade, tied near by to a tree by the beach! Impossible. Everything is against them. They might as well be a thousand miles away if the battle takes place where they can't see it. Things are blue, hopelessly blue for them.

With such a background and mid such circumstances are our two chief

characters introduced. McShade, a man by no means brilliant, yet by that whimsical irony of fate, master of the situation. He is the sole representative of the Consolidated Press in one of the greatest scoops-to-be of modern times; he has at his perfect disposal a launch of the C. P. and money in abundance. And there is Sparks, the talented writer, wonderfully beautiful in thought and diction, yet unable to get a position, and come here to this tropical shore for love of his profession and hope of some employment; but he finds nothing save hunger and starvation. After a few words of greeting in which McShade tells of the banqueting he has enjoyed here, "do you know what I had for breakfast this morning," says Sparks. "Well, never mind. The sun is bright, the sky is blue, and the confidences of this old palm are soothing. He's a great gossip, this palm."

MC SHADE—Ha-ha-ha, but you're a curio. No wonder you can't get a job. Down here talking to palm trees. Ha-ha-ha. How does a palm tree talk?

SPARKS—Its every frond has a tongue and a story. He whispers me asleep or he talks me awake—talks about all sorts of things; things he has seen—cyclones and wrecks and strange ships and Cuban refugees and Spanish spies, and lovers on moonlight nights. How do you like it here? Pretty heavenly, eh?

MC SHADE—Pretty much the other place. What am I doing? Nothing. What's the sense of keeping me here? Cervera isn't going to come out and the people at Washington won't let Samp-

son go in. Why, those ships have been a whole month out there now, and they'll be just where they are when you and I are bald. I'm no use here. All I do here is to thrash across there every day and eat up more coal than the squadron burns in a month. That tug of mine costs the C. P. six hundred dollars a day, and I'm not sending them enough news to pay for setting it up.

SPARKS—I've seen lots to write, but I haven't got a paper.

MC SHADE—O, well, when you've seen the ships out there you've seen pretty near all there is to it. It's just the same old harbor mouth, and the same old Morro Castle and the same old ships drifting up and down. The Brooklyn full of smokestacks and the New York with her two bridges and the rest of them looking just as they've looked for the last four weeks. There's nothing in it. The story's where the army is.

SPARKS—O, I don't know. I thought it was bully.

MC SHADE—What was bully?

SPARKS—The picture out there.

MC SHADE—I see all there is in it for you—the sort of special Sunday stuff you write; but there's no news in it. I wasn't sent down here to interview palm trees.

SPARKS—Say, Mac, between you and me why can't you do something to help a fellow. It won't cost you anything to wire the C. P. and I haven't got the money to cable.

MC SHADE—There's no need of cabling. We don't want your style of

writer. I'll tell you what I could do. I could take you on as stoker or steward, at, say forty dollars a month and eat with the crew.

But McShade's vices are his own undoing. Instead of being equal to the occasion, he wearied of waiting for what he thought would never happen, has given himself up to the slumbers of Bacchus, and lies in his cabin "vino somnoque sepultus." All this in the early morning, but it is *the* morning, and as the correspondents stand there they hear the sound of bells and the booming of guns. Climbing to a higher point of vantage they see the squadron of Spain steaming toward them for the entrance of the harbor. Immediately and the battle is on.

The Captain of the C. P. Launch, disgusted with the condition of M'Shade, hurriedly comes and asks Sparks to go on board. The launch steams off, freighted with life and excitement.

A graphic description, powerful in its dramatic force, is heard from the lips of one of the characters, Lieutenant Rush.

RUSH—Out from that crack in the mountains they come in stately procession—the big gray ships of Spain. I can tell the Colon by her three tall smokestacks. That's the flagship. There's the Viscaya now. I saw her in New York harbor. Two more big ships and two torpedo boats. Hark! It's the first broadside. That was from the Iowa. She's hid in her smoke. The Colon answers with her guns. Now, the Yankee ships close in. It's thrilling, magnificent. It's one of the great

battles of the ages. The Brooklyn and the Indiana are roaring. The Texas too. Hear the hissing of the shells? The Spanish ships are escaping.

KELLY—No, no. One of them's afire.

RUSH—That's the Maria Teresa. The Oquenda is disabled too. I think they're running her on the beach. Way off there, however, the Colon and the Viscaya are speeding like the wind. Now the Viscaya rolls like a wounded whale. She strikes her flag. An explosion has occurred, her sides are shattered and her crew is struggling in the waves. Look at the race. Schley's flagship, the Brooklyn, is outfooted by the Colon, but her guns are well handled and the shots seem to strike. Ha, the Colon can't escape now. There's the California giant, The Oregon, with her thirteen inch shells. Bang. She has hit the Colon amidships. Another and another. Hurrah for the California battleship, They don't make any better floating fortress than that.

KELLY—Hurrah, again. Hurrah for the Oregon. Californians can teach the world how to build warships. The Oregon sailed seventeen thousand miles to finish up the fleets of the foe.

RUSH—The Colon is doomed. Her flag is struck. Hurray.

After the battle, Sparks and Capt. Blunt return and disembark. Sparks, worn out by the privation and exposure of the preceding weeks, feels now the fever of Cuba burning in his veins.

"We've got the story of the century,

Captain. There, it's finished." "I'm nearly dead."

"But," says Captain Blunt, "what'll I do with it, McShade's drunk in his cabin. You're the admiral now; shout your commands."

"There's but one thing now; steam to Kingston and cable the story to Panama. From there's a cable direct to New York. Do that, and we'll score the newspaper beat of the war."

"It'll cost a dollar a word, lad."

"It's worth a hundred, Captain. Ninety millions of Americans are waiting for this word."

Captain looks at papers. "But you haven't signed it, lad."

"That's so. Give it here," and he signs it.

"Why, lad, you've signed the name of McShade."

"Let it go, McShade's the correspondent, I don't belong to the consolidated press."

And then Captain Blunt, the Nemesis of the play: "But this old sea dog wont forget, not by a long shot," and adds hurriedly, "Will you come with us, lad, say, quick!"

"No, Captain, let me stay here."

"Ho, then for Kingston!"

Four months have passed. It is Thanksgiving day in New York—a great day among newspaper men. Why, didn't you hear it? McShade has been appointed Paris correspondent for the C. P. in recognition of the world scoop he gained at Santiago; and a great banquet is to be given in his honor at the

Metropole Hotel before he departs for Europe. It is an elaborate affair. At the head of the table sits President Cable of the Associated Press, on his right McShade, the hero of the hour, and around the board are gathered the brainiest newspaper men of New York. Songs are sung, toasts are proposed and drunk to the honor of the man that achieved the greatest triumph in newspaperdom. At the last moment it is heard that Captain Blunt of the C. P. launch has arrived in town, and as a man who had done a great deal for the press, he too, is invited. Coming in and realizing the injustice of the whole matter and yet loath to disturb the peace of the banqueters he is unwilling to remain. They press him to sit down and tell the story of the scoop. They are urgent in their entreaties. And as he begins, all eyes are focused on him, all are silent.

"I was skipper of the C. P. launch that carried McShade. We tore like mad through the waves on the skirts of the fight. Of all the press boats we were first. There was no second. My mate at the helm was a newspaper man with a hundred eyes. Our log was complete from the Iowa's opening broad side to the finishing thunder of the Oregon. That newspaper man was a human hurricane. The boat ran thirty knots, his pencil went sixty. My vessel throbbed to carry the message to the wires. 'Whither away,' says I, 'to Kingston and cable New York via Panama,' says he, 'means a dollar a word,' says I. 'It's worth a hundred,' says he. 'You're the admiral,' says I.

And we were the first to wire. There was no second, there was no third."

The banqueters with one voice cry: "Hurrah! Three cheers for McShade!"

"Wait till I ship my cargo," interposes Blunt. "Who was the newspaper admiral with the lightening pencil and the hundred eyes?"

Then pointing finger at McShade and with emphases. "Answer me, McShade."

All in consternation look from Blunt to McShade, from McShade to Blunt. McShade with anger rises, "Blunt, you have plotted my ruin. You're stabbing at my reputation. Malice has led you here."

Pres. Cable: "What does all this mean?"

Blunt: "You see, I've raised a storm."
"How?"

"By shaming the devil with truth."

"This is hardly appropriate at a banquet."

"You're banqueting the wrong man."

Then McShade, still standing, "Since that offensive beast is encouraged I'll quit the table, I'll quit the C. P. I'll quit you all."

As McShade departs, "What does this mean, Captain Blunt? How are we banqueting the wrong man?" anxiously inquires Cable.

"Because McShade never wrote a line of that Santiago story. He never knew who wrote it. When the battle raged, when that dispatch was written McShade was in his bunk, dead to the world, his brain soaked with Jamaica rum."

"Possible? Why have I been kept in ignorance of all this?"

"Because the Admiral of the pressboat was down with Cuban fever and because I have just reached New York?"

"Where is that hero? Where can I find him? He has been worth a fortune to the C. P. Where can I find him?"

"I've got him in yonder room."

"Bring him here, the banquet will be given to the right man now, and we shall make him Paris correspondent of the C. P. in place of McShade, discharged."

Thus this pretty drama works up to its climax.

I have followed out very briefly the main thread of the plot; but I am conscious I have not done it justice.

But a word as to one or two other characters. A pretty creation is that of Rags, a bowery newsboy; he is befriended by Sparks; he goes with him to Santiago, nurses his protector when he is sick with fever, accompanies him back to New York and supports him during his convalescence by blacking boots on Broadway. The loyalty and tender sympathy of one toward the other is touching.

A character, ludicrous in the extreme, is that of McDuff. Of the "crushed tragedian" type, he has been run off the stage by a "managerial combine," and for the time being has determined to take a vacation, to whet his spirits "among the scenes of carnage." True to the traditions of his art he disdains the conventional mode of traveling and

alights upon the scene from his airship.

But let him speak for himself: "I came hither impelled by my overwhelming love of art. These lessons of terror and of blood, the clash of steel, the roar of musketry, the shouts of the victors, the groans of the vanquished, the splendor and the horror of—"

Listen to him as he tells how he will exhort his followers against the enemy, "the managerial combine."

"What ho, ye sons and daughters of the drama,
Will ye not follow when McDuff leads on?
Come, and we'll carve the dragon syn-
cate

Until his flesh shall butter all the earth
Like one Herculean grind of Hamburg
steak."

And so on and on.

In all there are fifteen speaking parts. The serious situations are relieved by the lighter characters. Beautiful descriptions and noble sentiments are found aptly interspersed.

It is a play that has everything in its favor; and we trust that its gifted author, Mr. Charles D. South, will continue his efforts in the dramatic line.

F. WATSON DOZIER, '10.

A MEMORY

*A breath of perfume, bitter-sweet,
Borne to me on the evening air,
And memory fleet
Has painted me a picture fair
Of her whom I forgave—and yet
Can ne'er forget.*

M. T. Dooling, Fr., '09.

FRIENDS OF THE PAST

*In that month of cold October
When the leaves and grass were dead
When the landscape seemed to sober
As the sunset turned it red;*

*Then one evening I was lying
Faced before a ruddy fire,
In my mind a thought was dying
Like a note upon a lyre.*

*'Twas a thought of friends that drifted
Like the sun-rays just at dawn
'Twas a thought of friends that shifted
Like the shadows cross the lawn.*

*I had always called them true friends
And true love to them had shown,
Though their speech seemed like a dull lens
And their heart had colder grown.*

*And I thought of how I'd wandered
Out upon a shaded street;
Of the sunlit hours I'd squandered
As I longed for them to meet.*

*Long I'd roamed the dreary valley
Them I waited long to meet
When the parting sunbeams rally
On those scenes of nature sweet.*

*And the moonlight softly creeping
Seemed to whisper words I hate,
And I listened choked with weeping
As I thought of men ingrate.*

*Long I've waited for a meeting
But I can't recall the past—
Now my heart for friendship's beating
Friendship that will ever last.*

Rob't Murphy, '11.

WHEN "HIGH FLYER" CAME DOWN

Mr. Judson R. Chick, President and stockholder of the High Flyer Mining and Investment Company, of Pohnoto, Nev., drummed reflectively on the pad of letter-heads before him. He was in deep thought, and Tanner, his right hand man, who had stepped in the door-way of the rough-boarded shack, silently withdrew. The brand new dollar alarm clock, suspended on the wall, hurriedly ticked the seconds, but Mr. Chick still pondered. Finally with a grunt of disgust, he jabbed the fountain pen, he held in his hand, into the ink-bespattered well, and savagely wrote the date on the upper-corner of a letter-head. Another pause and a second dip of the fountain pen into the ink-well, a realization of what had been done and the pent up feelings of Mr. Judson R. Chick, well-exploded in one short sentence, "Hang it!" Mr. Chick rubbed the thick red beard that for four days had grown on his heavy florid face, and his great big, watery-blue eyes gazed with helplessness at the paper-littered desk with its background of stones and rocks of shiny metals, which Mr. Chick was ever wont to show to prospective stockholders. "Well, if this isn't my off day," he finally replied, "Here I am trying to write a letter to that chump Mayful and blamed if I can do it!" and Mr. Chick started to write.

After a half hour of unharmonious scratching Mr. Chick affixed his own signature and searchingly read what he had written,

Pohnoto, Nev., Sept. 8, 1907.

My dear Mr. Mayful:

Your letter of the 4th inst. to hand, in regard to the financial standing of the High Flyer Mining and Investment Company, and in reply will say this Company has never before been in better condition. We can see no reason, whatever, that such a question should arise in the mind of such a worthy and eminent stockholder in the H. F. M. and I. Co., as yourself; it seems preposterous, impossible, entirely out of the question.

Let me assure you, Mr. Mayful, that the five hundred shares you possess in this Company are as good as gold. You can bet your bottom dollar on that.

Trusting that you are in excellent health, and that we may be able to convince you more fully of the reliability of the H. F. M. & I. Co., I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JUDSON R. CHICK.

Mr. Chick surveyed his work with complacency.

"I guess that'll do. But I wish that that confounded fool of a Mayful wouldn't be bothering me about that paltry five hundred shares of his. It's becoming tiresome," and Mr. Chick stretched his short arms above his head and yawned.

Tanner, the foreman who had waited on the outside, came in, and Mr. Chick motioned him to a chair.

The foreman was a large hulking man of middle age, with heavy repulsive

features, whose occupation of "bossing" men well fitted him.

Mr. Chick began: "Tanner, how long have you been in my employ?"

"Nearly three months, boss; ever since you started up this mining company, remember?"

And the foreman broke into a harsh boisterous laugh.

Mr. Chick motioned silence, and addressed his "man" in the following manner:

"Tanner, I suppose you know the standing of the H. F. M. & I. Co., by this time—

"Knew it from the very first", chuckled Tanner.

"Possibly you did, I ain't denying that, but, Tanner, old man, I'm afraid your job as foreman ends right here!"

Tanner's great bulk seemed to shrink and his lips formed to utter some very denouncing language, but the gentle Mr. Chick interposed: "Now don't be offended, Tanner, and think that I am deliberately firing you from the Company. Far be it from such. But let me tell you," and Mr. Chick cautiously glanced at the door and leaned forward, confidentially; "that the race of this mining concern has about been run, and I think it advisable that everybody, even myself, be discharged from further employ.

Tanner grinned, exposing great yellow teeth, "I knew it would come sooner or later."

Chick nodded.

"And I knew that the great hifalutin' Flyer Mine and 'Vestment concern would come down some day and that many a poor devil would never see his money again. Hey, Mr. Chick? What say?"

The president of the High Flyer Mining and Investment Company again nodded. "Quite true, Tanner, quite true, but you must remember, my dear man, that we all make mistakes sometime during our lives and the investors in the H. F. M. & I. Company are no exceptions."

The president settled back in his chair and calmly surveyed the bleak, desolate weather without.

Then drawing a receipt book from his pocket he scratched a few lines on it. "Sign there," he indicated and while Tanner squeaked and grunted, Chick drew a ten dollar bill from a slim wad and handed it to his foreman. Tanner grabbed it eagerly and after inspecting it carefully, inquired:

"When are you going to move, boss?"

"Probably in a day or two, after I've settled up my bills!" and Chick returned to his desk.

Half an hour later the President of the H. F. M. & I. Co. observed Emil Tanner through the open window, hurry past, togged out in his "Sunday go to meeting" clothes.

"Well, that's my cue," chuckled Chick. A valise was brought from a corner and into it were crammed papers. The seal of the H. F. M. & I. reposed peacefully on a box.

"Don't suppose I'll ever use that

again," and the seal was thrown unceremoniously out the window rolling into the gully in back of the shack.

"Let's see what else—ha!" and the ore samples followed the seal.

* * * *

The stage from Rawlins, five miles west of Pohnoto, to Spanker, a 34 mile run, was bowling along down a steep mountain grade. Old Jim Harkins the driver, handled the four horses, chewed tobacco and talked loquaciously to the short, heavy set man beside him.

"Believe I seen you some'ars afore—'twuzn't up to that new highfalutin' mine, wuz it?" the driver inquired, chewing his words as his tobacco.

The short man fidgeted uneasily.

"Never been near that mine. I've just come from a prospecting tour. Returning home," he rasped.

"Humph!" And Harkins drove in silence.

The passenger on the box seemed to appear more at ease as the miles past, and a sigh of relief would escape him, when the mile posts from Pohnoto bowled by.

"Funny things happenin' on my road lately—" began the stage driver, biting off a fresh chew. "And I calc'late it's a-goin' to keep up till *he* gets his *man*."

The driver paused and glanced at his companion. The short man was all attention.

"'Bout a week ago I wuz drivin' over thar in that valley with a load of tourist, when all of a suddint a man on

the back of a mule rode out of the brush and blocked the road. I reached for my gun thinkin' all the while it wuz a hold-up.

"That's all right," said he, holdin' up his hand. 'No use to show yer hard-nail. I haint no robber. Jest merely a 'quisitive cuss. Let's see who's aboard.' And the fellow rode up to the stage, looked in and then said: 'Much obliged, governor. My man haint come yet. But I'll be around every day, at this time, just fer a visit, so wait fer me.' And then he rode away a-straddlin' his ole mule."

Harkins paused and ejected a mouthful of tobacco juice. "Guess we'll come onto him most any time now."

With open mouth and eyes wherein lurked a dread suspicion, the short man inquired: "Did—did he leave any name? Did he say who he—he—was, did——"

"Yas, come ter think of it he did say what his handle wuz. Said it wuz—wuz, Aprilfool. No—no—'twuzn't that. Let me think—Mayfool, that's it, and his man—wuz Rooster, Rooster, pshaw, no it wuz Chick. Why, what's the matter wit yer?"

The man on the box uttered an audible cry and clutched at the railing, shaking like an aspen.

"Let me down. Let me down. Stop the horses. I want to get off. I want to walk. I——"

Before the last words were fairly out of his mouth an unexpected thing happened. The two leaders shyed at a red

blanket on the road before them, reared on their haunches, swerved to one side and the next instant went dashing down the road into the valley. The passengers within the stage screamed and yelled.

"Kaint do it," jolted Harkins, tugging at the reins. "Not till I stop them."

Out of the brush a hundred yards ahead a lanky man on mule-back rode. His presence seemed to quell the impetuous flight of the horses, for the leaders stopped and the coach was brought to a standstill with a jar.

The man on the mule-back advanced.

"Howdy, governor," he drawled. "Who's aboard?"

"Calc'late you'll have to call again and—"

"Not by a long shot!" With a bound the lanky man was on his feet. "I got my man. Come down here you rascal, come down, I say, or I'll pepper you!"

"Me!" The short man saw no avenue of escape.

"Yes, you—hurry up—"

The newcomer's eyes fairly danced with glee. "Got you at last, eh, Mister Chick. Come down!"

And the trembling President of the H. F. M. & I. Co., was on the ground.

"I suppose you know who I am by this time," quizzed the lanky man. Mr. Chick stood in silence.

"Well, my name's Mayful—Abner

Mayful, and I am the legalized agent of a community of one stockholder, namely myself, in the High Flyer Mining & Investment Company. Hearing that the said Company was going to the wall and that I was in imminent danger of losing my 'diner' I set sail for Nevada. I now find that the enterprise has gone to the wall and that Mr. Judson R. Chick, the agent that roped us all in, is on a journey to clear the country. Am I right?"

Chick stood in silence feebly clutching his valise. The lanky newcomer took a stride forward, grasped the "High Flyer" man by the collar and shook him violently. "Here you come out of your stupor, I've got you dead to rights. Unload!"

"Wha—what do you mean? gasped the prisoner.

"I mean what I say. Shell out my five hundred dollars and you're a free man!"

The irate Mayful was not to be trifled with and the wallet of Chick was soon relieved.

"My God man, you've got every cent I have, leave me——"

"Nothing!" Abner Mayful mounted the mule and then to Harkins: "Start 'er up, governor. Never mind taking along the "High Flyer" man. He can walk. Ta! Ta!"

And the stage rattled on minus a passenger.

THOS. M. MCCARTHY, '10.

A HOPE

*Thou spectre bare
That wav'st in air
Gaunt arms as if in strife,
I gaze on thee
And seem to see
A symbol of my life.*

*For thou once clad
In garments glad
Art naked and forlorn--
And I though gay
But yesterday—
Now miserably mourn.*

*But as the gay
And gladsome May
In green will garment thee,
Returning spring
Will surely bring
More happiness to me.*

C. W. Dooling, '10.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

There seems to be an idea prevalent among some who conduct College magazines, that the short story must be written in imitation of what we know as the "Society Style" or else it is a failure. As we see it, the society style consists of long, tiring, and even worry-

ing series of meaningless, pedantic conversations; glowing descriptions of trifling affairs; and a plot which concerns a more or less heroic "society gentleman," married, who elopes with a "society" pink-tea ribbon, also married. Then it ends up with a remark on the

happiness of "affinities." All of which is disgusting in the extreme to any one who has any principles of morality, or any knowledge of true literary merit.

All the lavishness, luxuriousness, pomp, and vain display of wealth, must be portrayed; the immorality must be pictured, or hinted at; the highly materialistic philosophy going hand-in-hand with this so called society must be brought out; and so almost *ad infinitum*.

This is what we know as the "society style"; this is the style of the "society magazine;" and this is the style that is growing in college literature. It has not wholly developed yet, we are glad to see, and there is still a chance to quench the spreading flames. Let us hope they will soon be out.

One of the prettiest traits of infancy and childhood is the confidence manifested toward parents. It calls forth and increases the love that is already burning brightly within the heart. What a beautiful picture it is of the innocent babe upon the mother's breast! How its little hands cling confidently to the maternal bosom, and its little heart knows no fearful throbbing when it there reposes! Childhood, too, seeks the shelter and protection of father or mother when any danger is thought to be nigh. It is so natural, it is so pure and affectionate this feeling of the little one toward those who under God Almighty have charge of it. Who would be so base as to deprive the little one of a picture of the mother, or try to erase from its memory the loving confidence it should repose in its protector?

Yet we are all weak little children in

this universe, every blessed one of us. The helplessness of the infant a day old is but the very faintest image of our utter dependence and powerlessness, unless God helps us.

Deeply intelligent men of all ages thoroughly realized this fact and have never tired to express their utter helplessness of themselves, and at the same time their perfect confidence in the good God that made them. This, so natural feeling, has been given, it would seem, a sort of universal voicing, in that very particular where man is so likely to forget it. The coin of every Christian nation, we are informed, bears upon its face some motto, some inscription showing the belief of the people who use it that they are dependent upon their Maker and have trust in His goodness. Still it has come to pass that the motto which for years and years adorned our coins, showing the confidence of the American people in their God, is to be removed.

Well, we don't judge motives and intentions. We hardly think that he who proclaimed a day of Thanksgiving to the God of Heaven for all the benefits received during the year, had any unchristian motive in view. We can't pierce the veils and gaze behind the scenes down into human hearts to see what suggested this idea and fathered it to its successful finish.

We merely lament the fact that another exterior sign of a people's confidence and belief in God has been removed. We hate with all the hatred of the heart that the good God formed for us, anything approaching atheism, or anything favoring it. And it does seem so much like aping poor, misguided, ignorant France.

ANTHONY B. DIEPENBROCK, '08.



The Literary Congress

During the past month the House has been very busy with debates and the admission of new members. H. Lyng, J. Trescony and F. McCarty have been added to the roll-call making the number of members thirty-three. Wednesday, November 6, an impromptu debate on the question of amateurism in athletics brought forth good arguments on each side. Representatives Maltman, Daly and Birmingham upheld the affirmative, while Representatives Archbald, Shafer and Dozier argued negatively.

At the next meeting was assigned the debate, Resolved, That President Roosevelt should have a third term. Affirmative reasons were strikingly shown by Representatives Archbald, Cheatham and Daly. The negative side presented a strong case in the arguments of Representatives Brown, Donovan and Dozier. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the last named gentlemen the House voted affirmatively on the question.

A schedule of debates has been drawn up comprising all the important questions that are engaging the attention of the world. Under the searching eye of the young Solons the evils of the trust, of race-suicide, Japanese immigration and other economic questions will be thoroughly threshed out. The debates as they will be proposed read as follow:

Resolved: That President Roosevelt be a candidate for a third term as President of the U. S. That the present graft prosecution in San Francisco is a menace to the commonwealth. That Secretary Taft be the choice of the next Republican convention for President of the U. S. That the right of suffrage be granted to women. That the U. S. government assume ownership and control of the railroads. That President Roosevelt's policy in the matter of the trusts, railroads and large corporations has proved detrimental to the interests of the country at large. That the feeling against the Japs is unjustified. That where the community at large is a sufferer the government intervene in strikes

to compel adjustment of differences between the contending parties.

That the so-called unions in the large cities of the United States are a detriment to the commonwealth.

The Mammoth Entertainment Thanksgiving Eve.

During the past five weeks rehearsals have been almost daily held and everything is in readiness for the mammoth benefit entertainment this Thanksgiving eve. Perhaps never before has such a bill been put on the boards. A triple attraction is promised. Operetta, vaudeville and drama; and the boys, aware of the high expectations of the public which has been growing on account of recent successes, are straining every nerve to make this show a crowning achievement.

The drama, which will be the star feature of the evening, is based on the story of a newspaper scoop, and the occasion of the scoop is the epochal battle of Santiago from which the play derives its name. The scene of the opening act is a stretch of open shore near Moro Castle, hard by the entrance to Santiago Bay. Beautiful foliage, palms, and a general suggestion of tropical exuberance make a delightful shore picture while in the distance is visible the open sea. Among the scenic effects of this act will be a steam vessel in operation and a ship's launch cleaving the waters. The great naval conflict between Schley's squadron and the last of the

Spanish Armada is minutely described, and the climax of the first act is the great world-victory of the American fleet.

A metropolitan thoroughfare bustling with life furnishes the environment for the second act, while the third act is scened in a gorgeous banquet hall of the Metropolitan, New York, where a genuine Thanksgiving dinner is spread. The newspaper story which runs through the drama reaches a delightful climax at this banquet.

The characters represented are those of newspaper men, army officers, soldiers and sailors, both American and Spanish.

The entertainment will embrace furthermore, an original operetta. "The Bogus School Inspector," in which student soloists and a large student chorus will be heard, and in order still further to diversify the program, a splendid vaudeville will be given between the operetta and drama.

Hence, no expense or labor is being spared by the Faculty and student body to make the Thanksgiving entertainment for 1907 one of the most excellent and complete in the history of our pioneer institution already famous the country over for superb theatrical productions.

A special train will be run from San Francisco and all way stations on the evening of the play, starting from Third and Townsend streets at six o'clock and reaching Santa Clara in time for the excursionists to be comfortably seated before the curtain rises.

Following is the cast of characters:

Sparks, a journalistic genius in hard luck, Ivo G. Bogan.

McShade, a war correspondent who becomes famous by virtue of an unprecedented "scoop," Robert Twohy.

Chase, T. M. McCarthy; Speed, F. M. Heffernan; Starr, J. K. Jarrett,—rival newspapermen on the alert for a world-interest story.

Captain Blunt, a sturdy skipper with a sound head, a strong will, and a great big heart, Floyd E. Allen.

Lieutenant Rush, an American scout who makes a sensational discovery, James R. Daly.

Sergeant Kelly, a Yankee by adoption and a fighter by heredity, Harry A. McKenzie.

Major Bragg, a hypercritical British officer, studying operations in Cuba through a monocle, R. J. Birmingham.

Baron Von Spieglehauffer, a special representative of the Kaiser, George Mayerle.

Rags, a Bowery newsboy determined to see things, a protege of Sparks, and a diamond in the rough, Chas. Gallagher.

McDuff, a tragedian in hard luck, L. J. Murphy.

Señor Amigo, a Cuban spy, C. J. Smith.

President Cable, of the Associated Press, August M. Aguirre.

American soldiers and sailors, Spanish sailors, hotel attaches, citizens, etc.

Following is the cast of characters for

the Bogus School Master, composed by Frank Booth:

Colonel Fig, M. S. Shafer.

Valet, the Bogus Inspector, G. J. Mayerle.

Mr. Pointer, H. A. McKenzie.

Constable Fetcham, A. M. Aguirre.

Johnny Stout, W. R. Hancock.

Scholars—I. Bacon, W. Balish, G. Bagnatori, L. Cauhape, E. Dakin, C. Kennedy, A. Klein, J. McCarthy, C. Nolan, T. Riordan, C. South, W. South, C. Turonnet, P. Twohy, B. Wickersham, F. York.

Following is the cast of characters for the vaudeville:

Sherlock Holmes, that detective, August M. Aguirre and Harry A. McKenzie.

Indian Club Drill under direction of Charles F. Walsh, S. J.: G. Broderick, C. Castruccio, N. Cosgrave, B. Dozier, H. Flood, R. Jeffress, C. Kennedy, A. Klein, T. Lannon, L. Lynch, A. McCord, H. Raborg, W. South, F. York.

Acrobatic Drill under the direction of Prof. E. B. Sparks. General development by physical culture class.

Guss Prindiville, Fred Hoedt, John Lagomarsino, Ernest Nolting, Isa Balish, Harry Kennerson, Frank Cardinalli, Errol Rosenthal, Willie Veuve, Armand Touronnet, Percy Hughes, Chas. Clinton, Flavio Franyuti, Harry Whelan.

Mocking Bird "Fantasia" (Xylophone) Fred J. Guy.

Falstaff Galop (Banjo Duet) Messrs. Guy and Knoess.

The First Division Reading and Billiard Rooms

The reading and billiard rooms have opened most auspiciously this year under the directorship of Mr. R. V. Burns, S. J. Numerous improvements have been made. The billiard and pool tables recovered, new balls and cues etc. procured, and the director has several unique ideas to make this, already enjoyable corner in the old chapel building doubly enjoyable.

A billiard tournament is announced, and though several of our last year's ball and cue experts are no longer with us; there is some excellent talent among the new comers, and fast developing skill among the old members. Prizes have been offered, and there is every reason to expect that the contest will help in a great part to dispell the gloom and shorten the long hours of the coming rainy season.

Wolters and Tadich superintended the covering of the tables. Print wont demonstrate the classy work they did. Just play a game or two, and see how accurately the ivories respond to your cue.

A new luminary in the firmament of billiard and pool stars has recently appeared in the person of our representative from Hollister, Charlie Dooling, although Nolan, Meyer and Lyng have not yet been eclipsed.

A hundred new books have been donated by our esteemed vice-president, Rev. Fr. Lydon, S. J. George Duffey has

the dispensing power in this department, and under his capable management things should certainly be "all korrekt."

The censors for this year are as follows: Ernest P. Watson, George L. Duffey, Lester P. Wolters, Robert R. Brown, James R. Daly.

New applications for membership are being received every day, and even now we number almost fifty.

Second Division Reading Room

The Clubroom of the second division is in tip-top condition as the large crowd that flocks there amply testifies. The latest high class magazines are to be found upon the table, the library is well stocked, and the billiard and pool table has been re-cushioned. A cosy corner will this prove against the chilly winds of winter. This is due in great part to the industry of Mr. M. Maher, S.J. and his helpers.

The Gym

The Gymnasium, under the direction of Mr. Sparks, professor of physical culture, has taken a new hold of life. All the old apparatus has been overhauled and placed in first-class condition. New weights, punching bags, boxing-gloves, parallel-bars and an exact weighing scale have been added to the original equipment so that now the old gym can

be favorably compared with any gymnasium in California.

The faculty has made Gym practice compulsory, a most commendable action. No more will the lazy and tired, the Weary Willies of the College, take their exercise by watching from the bleachers their more energetic companions play ball. Three times a week for the Second Division and twice for the first will they be rounded up for half an hour and put through strenuous contortions under the direction of Professor Sparks. Even the dignified Seniors have to descend from the sanctity of their quarters and gracefully shin the bar, turn somersaults and other actions calculated to increase their biceps and other muscles of the anatomy. On the whole everyone is taking the practice with great zeal and without doubt the effects will be very beneficial.

Camera Club

The election of officers for the ambitious Camera Club was recently held with much enthusiasm. Harry S. Curry was chosen treasurer and Edwin A. Madden, librarian of the club. Mr. Gearon, S. J., the director, had the old shelves replaced by new ones, overhauled the dark room and installed such

apparatus as makes it possible for the most difficult work to be skilfully done. Once a month the members of the club take a bus ride around the surrounding country to photograph nature in all her phases. On October 2 the club journeyed to the site of the New Santa Clara College, thence to Soda Springs where some fine pictures of that delightful place were taken. Those of Mr. Gearon and Edwin Madden were especially fine on account of their beautiful light and shade effects and finish.

Class Spirit

With apologies to the Athletic editor for invading his domain the writer would like to say a few words about the recent basketball games between the classes. Teams from nearly every class in the college battled lustily to prove by victory that their class excelled in basket ball. For the past few years there have been no inter-class contests of any form here. But the thought lay dormant in the mind of each that his class was the best. This year it was brought out by Professor Sparks arranging a series of class games.

Your college, of course, is first but then your class spirit for the one helps and cements the other.

CARLOS K. McCLATCHY, '10.

ALUMNI



Hon. Thomas A. Norton A. B., '98 is now a successful Attorney-at-law in San Luis Obispo, and also holds the position of City Attorney.

Thomas J. Nihill A. B., '99, for two years teacher in the Insular Government, Cebu, P. I., is at present Superintendent of the Manila Postoffice.

Word comes from the South that Dr. Anthony Z. Valla S. B., '85, Royal University, Turin, Italy, '95, has made a wide spread reputation as a physician in Los Angeles.

Walter J. De Martini A. B., '92, is in San Francisco as Cashier of the Columbus Saving and Loan Society.

Among the large and prosperous grocers of San Francisco we notice the name of Joseph W. Beretta A. B., '96.

Dr. Alex. Keenan '98, is now a most successful physician in San Francisco and enjoying a lucrative practice.

John O'Gara A. B., '91, A. M., '93, is making quite a record in San Francisco as Assistant District Attorney. He is right after the "Big Fellows."

James Shephard, Com., and his father paid us a visit recently, after their return from Europe and the Holy Land.

Once again back in our midst is Harry Wolters, fresh from the St. Louis Nationals. Harry was Captain and Pitcher on the Amateur Intercollegiate Champs of 1906. He is spending the winter with his folks in Monterey, and writes us that he has gathered a fast team, and wishes to try conclusions with our Redwood team.

Thomas I. Sweeney A. B., '03, has taken up the role of a pedagogue at Duo Capiz, Phillipine Islands.

Elmer E. Smith S. B., '91, is located at Merced, Cal.

We chanced to pick up a paper the other day and noticed that James F. Smith S. B., '77, A. B. '78, A. M. '79, Ph. D. '03, now Governor General of the Phillipine Islands, prevented a serious panic in a theater caused by a slight earthquake, by his presence of mind and calm judgment.

Leo J. Sandino, A. B. '98, is situated at Granada, Nicaragua, Central America.

John H. Riordan, A. B., 1905, A. M., '06 played no small part in the recent election campaign in San Francisco. Jack was using his oratorical and persuading efforts, for the Taylor-Langdon side—the victors.

Old boys of thirty-five years ago will recall with pleasure the name of Father Egloffstein. He has lately returned from Europe and is now engaged in parish work at the German Church in San Jose.

His reputation comes down to us from the good old days chiefly as that of a wonderful mathematician and a highly cultured musician. He played in the famous band of Fr. Caredda, the clarinet being, we believe, the instrument of his greatest skill.

For the past few years Fr. Egloffstein has been engaged in Italy in caring for the spiritual needs of the English and German speaking people.

A welcome visitor to our shores a few days ago was Ed. Kirk. "Doc" looked as chic and business-like as ever. The financial panic didn't touch him.

H. B. Cunningham left us a few weeks ago for his home in Salina, Kansas. We hope that his health will improve and that he will soon be able to resume his studies.

At the recent banquet of the Alumni of Saint Ignatius' College, San Francisco, Mayor Taylor was among the invited guests. During his speech he paid a high compliment to one of our old professors, Rev. Fr. Neri, S. J. The Mayor said that one of the keenest pleasures of his life was when he attended many years ago the scientific lectures of Fr. Neri in the old St. Ignatius' College on Market Street.

Those who are at all acquainted with the Reverend Father will not be surprised at this, for his ability in scientific lines is of a very high order; and even thirty and forty years ago he was recognized as an authority in such matters. Old residents of San Francisco still remember the public exhibition which he then gave of the illuminating power of electricity as is now commonly had in the searchlights of the navies of the world.

HARRY P. BRODERICK, '08.



MILNES PROGRESSIVE ARITHMETICS

WILLIAM J. MILNE, AMERICAN BOOK CO.

We have here another text book of Mr. Milne on Arithmetic. He designs it to cover, the last four years of arithmetic. It is divided into four parts, each part containing the work intended for a year. In this text book Mr. Milne takes particular care of the methods of presenting the various principles and in the solutions with the aim of making them in the highest degree, clear, concise, accurate and practical.

MILNES' PROGRESSIVE ARITHMETICS (First Book)

BY WILLIAM J. MILNE, AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY.

This text book of Arithmetic written by William J. Milne, is designed to cover the first four years of arithmetic. In general this text book resembles all other such books written for the young, yet in some places it contains very interesting and unique illustrations and methods. It is quite suited to the comprehension of beginners in arithmetic, the matter being arranged in a very clear and simple way.

**THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST
THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD
THE GIFT OF THE KING**

BY A RELIGIOUS OF THE SOCIETY OF
THE HOLY CHILD.—BENZIGER BROS.

These three books are devoted to the making known of the Divine Savior. We are made to realize that Christ, God as he was, had his friends and loved them; we see the grand gift He gave us in "The Gift of the King, i. e. the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "The Miracles of Our Lord" proving that the Savior really was God, inasmuch as he worked miracles, tells in simple language of those wonders, the miraculous draught of fishes, the miracle at Cana etc.

Beautiful language and choice illustrations are made use of to fill the imagination and the heart with a knowledge and love of the personality of Christ. These books are excellent for a young Catholic.

We have also received "Natural School Geography" from American Book Company; "The Sacramental Life of the Church" from Herder; "The Guild Boys' Play at Ridingdale" and "New Boys at Ridingdale" from Benziger. We shall notice these in our next issue.

DEVEREAUX PETERS, '08.



The position of the exchange department in the College magazine seems to be a somewhat doubtful one. Many of the best magazines omit it altogether. In others it leads a precarious existence from month to month, dragging out its feeble life in a few curt sentences. Some seem to consider it a sort of repository for moss-grown and decrepit jokes and others are content merely to quote a little of the month's verse without a single word of comment or criticism after which they doubtless sit back with that comfortable feeling of self-satisfaction which comes from the knowledge of a work well done; while a few of the faithful ones still endeavor to aid their contemporaries with kindly criticism and helpful advice. This, in our humble opinion, is not as it should be. We believe that every college magazine should have a department given over to a just criticism of its exchanges. This system has many advantages. It helps to knit the magazines of the college world close together. It enables us to "see ourselves as others see us" and thus to pick out our defects and improve the quality of our magazines. And finally it acts as a stimulus

to literary effort; for on receiving a magazine do we not all turn first to the exchange column to see if our work has been mentioned therein?

The Harvard Monthly for November is one of the best of this month's magazines, its only defect being the lack of an exchange column. The first article in the *Monthly* is an interesting account of "Cross-Country Running at Harvard." It gives the history of this branch of athletics at that university and closes with a plea for a more general interest on the part of the student body. We can only hope that it will be successful. The best of the fiction is "The Man Who Won." This is admirably well told, keeping the reader in suspense throughout and moreover its plot is not a hackneyed one. "The Confession" is a poem of more than usual strength and beauty.

The November *William and Mary Lit.* comes to us wearing a more attractive dress than that of last year and a perusal of its contents shows a corresponding gain in literary merit. "The Value of the Classics in the School" is a brief but convincing defence of the study of the classics in our

colleges. Perhaps "Uncle Mose" is the most interesting story in this number although the *Lit.* has such a wealth of fiction that it is hard to decide. "The Stranger's Grave" on account of the unusual and humorous character of its ending proved very amusing. "An Ode—Memorial Day" is remarkable for its length and vigor. It is seldom that a poem of nearly two hundred lines can hold the reader's attention as this one does. We are glad to see that the *Lit.* has a well edited exchange column.

The *St. Ignatius Collegian* for November is as sprightly and full of life as ever. We have always liked the *Collegian* for its department of fun, "Pessim." This is always remarkably well edited and this month it seems to outdo itself in making us laugh. The poem, "Excelsior" is especially witty. "Sinbad the Sailor in Collegeland" is a lyrical extravaganza written after the style of Wallace Irwin. Of the more serious articles the story, "Chums," is the best both in conception and in treatment. Our only regret after reading the *Collegian* is the fact that it is only a quarterly instead of a monthly magazine.

THE WEAVING

On Destiny's great loom from day to day,
 Let me with trustful heart and tireless hand
 Weave of my life a fabric great and grand—
 Doing my work the very best I may.
 And if the threads I sometimes fail to lay
 Exactly as the Master Weaver planned,
 He made the weaver and can understand
 Why from the pattern I have gone astray.

So into warp and woof my very best
 I'll work in faith, that, though my fabric be
 Out in the weaving, faulty, and awry;
 Yet God, who made the weaver weak, will see
 Some all-redeeming trace that may attest
 His work, though faulty, filled with ideal high.

J. MILLER LEAKE,
Randolph-Macon Monthly.

THEN

Dim lights will burn about you then,
 At your feet and at your head,

And I

With softened steps will come again,
 When they have told me you are dead.

Those others then will yield me space,
 And she who was your love

Will cry

And find no comfort and no grace
 In all the power of God above.

A moment will I take the place
 Held in distant other days;

A sigh,

And tears that smart upon my face
 Will name the price that treason pays.

S. H. LYLE, JR.,
University of North Carolina Magazine.

DAWN

(Triolet)

Sailing up the crystal stream of morn
 Barges of the sun god gently glide.
 Issuing from ports of darkness lorn,
 Sailing up the crystal stream of morn,
 By the softest matin zephyrs borne
 Wafted proudly o'er the roseate tide,
 Sailing up the crystal stream of morn,
 Barges of the sun god gently glide.

JOHN TIERNEY, '10
The Dial.

M. T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



L. J. MURPHY
F. M. HEFFERNAN

W. H. HOWARD,
Coach

Photo by Bushnell
R. E. TWOHY
I. G. BOGAN



The football season of '07 has been a remarkable one in the annals of Santa Clara's athletic history. The old students of days gone by may still refer to the sensational achievements of their doughty heroes of the gridiron with pride, but we who will leave our Alma Mater and in turn become "old boys" can also speak in glowing terms of the '07 wearers of the block S. C.

They have shown that they can master a game totally new to them—not only master it but turn out a team which at their weight is practically unbeatable. They have played grand ball—they have played together and this is the chief secret of their success. After the close of such a season it is to say the least, proper that we should mention in particular the stars who so gloriously defended our College and furthered her prestige on the athletic field.

First and foremost is Coach Howard. He came to Santa Clara with a great reputation as a player—he closed the season with his reputation doubled—

not only as a player but as a coach. With raw material, with men not knowing a single phase of the game they were about to play, Coach Howard has fashioned a football fighting machine and when a prominent Rugby coach said that Santa Clara was one of the gamest teams that ever stepped on a field he unconsciously paid a tribute to Mr. Howard. Mr. Howard at all times insisted on this spirit—it was in him and he infused it into the men. Words are unnecessary, they cannot express the regard and confidence the student body has for and in Mr. Howard. It is sufficient to say no one could have done better. Captain Harry McKenzie, the genial leader of the team, played phenomenal ball. He was considered by many to be one of the best intercollegiate football players on the coast. His reputation has not suffered by his playing Rugby. Mc's work was the feature of every game and he captained the team as only he could have done it. McKenzie is a very hard man to tackle and this

quality combined with his speed has made him one of the most consistent ground gainers any of the Rugby teams have furnished.

Manager Harry Broderick, the man from the Mission, not only scheduled games but played them and played them well. In the scrum he was one of the best and if an extra heavy shove was needed he could be relied on to come through with it. Mr. Sparks, our athletic instructor, attended to the physical condition of the team. He was certainly an able assistant to Coach Howard. He had a way of curing "Charley horse's", sprains, bruises, etc., that was a god-send to the unfortunate player. Mr. Sparks has had vast experience in this line, having been engaged in a similar capacity at one of the large Eastern universities. His spirited words between halves more than spelt success for us.

With four such men as Messrs. Howard, McKenzie, Broderick and Sparks, the executive portion of the team has been well cared for.

Murphy and Kennedy, two husky lock men in the scrum, could not have been better—they heeled the ball out perfectly and when these two started a dribbling rush it generally changed the figures of the score by an additional try. Kennedy's place kicking bordered on the sensational at times. Murphy, a veteran of the old intercollegiate teams, was the very essence of ginger. Many of the youngsters who were inclined to go up in the air at a critical point, were often brought to earth again by a few

cheering words from our "Tragedian."

The two long and lengthy ones, Hefernan and Bogan accompanied by Floyd Allen, attended to the next rank of the solid formation in a way all their own. "Heff" can be relied on for almost anything that is needed to help matters along. Dribbling rushes of our opponents were broken up with agreeable regularity and the long boot to touch, which followed made "Shorty," a star of the first magnitude. Bogan and Allen, both fast men, a great deal faster than the average forwards, carried all before them in their whirlwind rushes. Allen is ginger personified. His work in the U. P. game was a feature of the day and he was a factor in all the scores made. Bogan too, played excellent ball—he is a hard and sure tackler and a reliable man in the dribble. Twohy and Wood formed the rear, but far from the least important rank of the scrum. Twohy's drop kicking, his tackling and general all around work could not have been improved upon. His style of play attracted many of the English and other stellar exponents of the game who recently visited the coast and a great future was predicted for him by these competent judges. Ed. Wood formed a fit companion for Twohy. His tackles were hard and sure and our forward division whose work was an important factor in our success would not have been complete without him.

But now a few words on the fleet footed advancers of the ball in open play—the back field.



J. D. PETERS
F. S. GRUMMON

H. A. J. MCKENZIE,
Captain

A. M. DONOVAN
T. J. McNALLY

Photo by Bushnell



E. P. WATSON
E. H. WOOD

H. P. BRODERICK,
Manager

Photo by Bushnell
J. M. ALTON
H. A. McLANE

To begin with Foster played wing forward in a manner unexcelled. At Stanford his work was tip-top and at U. P. it was the same. One of the most sensational plays of the year was his stunt at Stanford. He broke up a dribbling rush and carried the ball through a scattered field for a try that meant much to us as it tied the score and spurred us to victory. Peters at half, the center figure of the back field and one of the lightest men on the team, was one of the best punters in this section. His heady work and the faultless manner he received the ball from the scrum started the rest of the backs on many a long run down the field. McKenzie and Watson formed the five-eighths duo. The work was of the first-class. Both fast men and excellent passers, they carried the ball for long gains. Watson, a featherweight but a heavy-weight as regards ability, was there with the "boot" and his spiral shoots were converted into substantial gains. Grummon is a man who is good any way you take him, in defense, offense, passing or in any other phase of the game; he is a sure tackle—a man who can ramble some on his feet and all in all a typical Rugby back.

Donovan, the "speed merchant" and McNally who runs right along with him held down three-quarters with Grummon as a partner. They passed well, ran better and tackled better still and finished off as classy a bunch of pig skin carriers as ever Santa Clara has produced. Alton played full back and possessed just the qualities that make a

star in this position. He was one of the best punters on the team and a man with a head between his shoulders which was used at all times.

May McLane, the scrappy forward played gilt edge ball; a very light man but a fighter all the way through he is in a class by himself and with a little more weight would have them all beat.

Shafer alternated with Alton at full back.

[NOTE: Owing to an oversight Alton's name was omitted from the line up of the U. P. game. He played full back the first half.]

Basket ball has been revived with much enthusiasm. Each class has a team and some very keenly contested games have been played. Mr. Sparks who has charge of this line hopes to develop a strong team to represent us against the numerous athletic clubs, colleges, etc., that are interested in the sport.

Second Division Athletics

(BY LOUIS FORD, SECOND DIVISION CORRESPONDENT)

During the past month baseball has been dying out in the Second Division and football has begun to take its place. When Rugby was first introduced into the College a spirit of dislike for it broke out among the boys, but as soon as the game was tested the majority agreed that it was a very good substitute for the old game. Two organized

Rugby teams have been already formed in the Second Division, the "Junior" team and the "Midget" team.

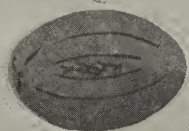
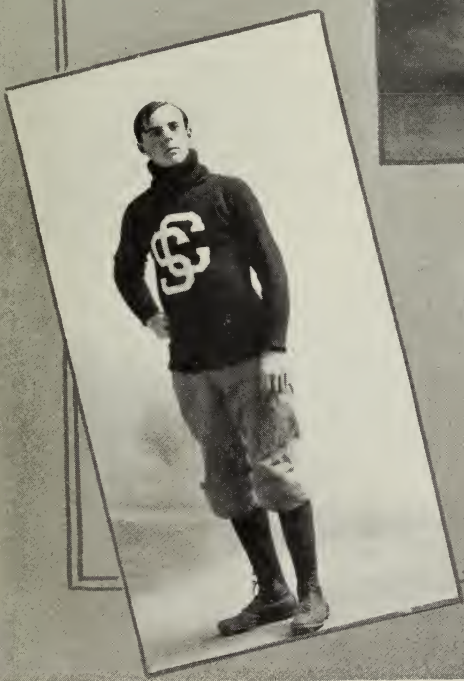
The former have taken the game much to heart and have practiced faithfully, hence they are very proficient. On October nineteenth they lined up against a team from second division and with the aid of their coach, Peters, defeated that team by the score of eleven to nine. The Junior team is arranging games with the Junior team of Mission High, San Francisco, and the Freshman of Santa Clara High.

The Midget team, although not having practiced very much, would make

a strong stand against any team their weight.

The "All Star" baseball team has been re-organized for the term under the leadership of Frank Warren. Many old faces will appear in this year's line up and the outlook for a victorious season is very bright. They already have two games to their credit out of two played, which shows that they have practiced faithfully and obeyed the practical instructions of their coach, Mervyn Shafer. Games are being arranged with St. Ignatius College and St. Mathew's.

MERVYN S. SHAFER, '09.



F. E. ALLEN
R. S. FOSTER

E. SPARKS,
Trainer

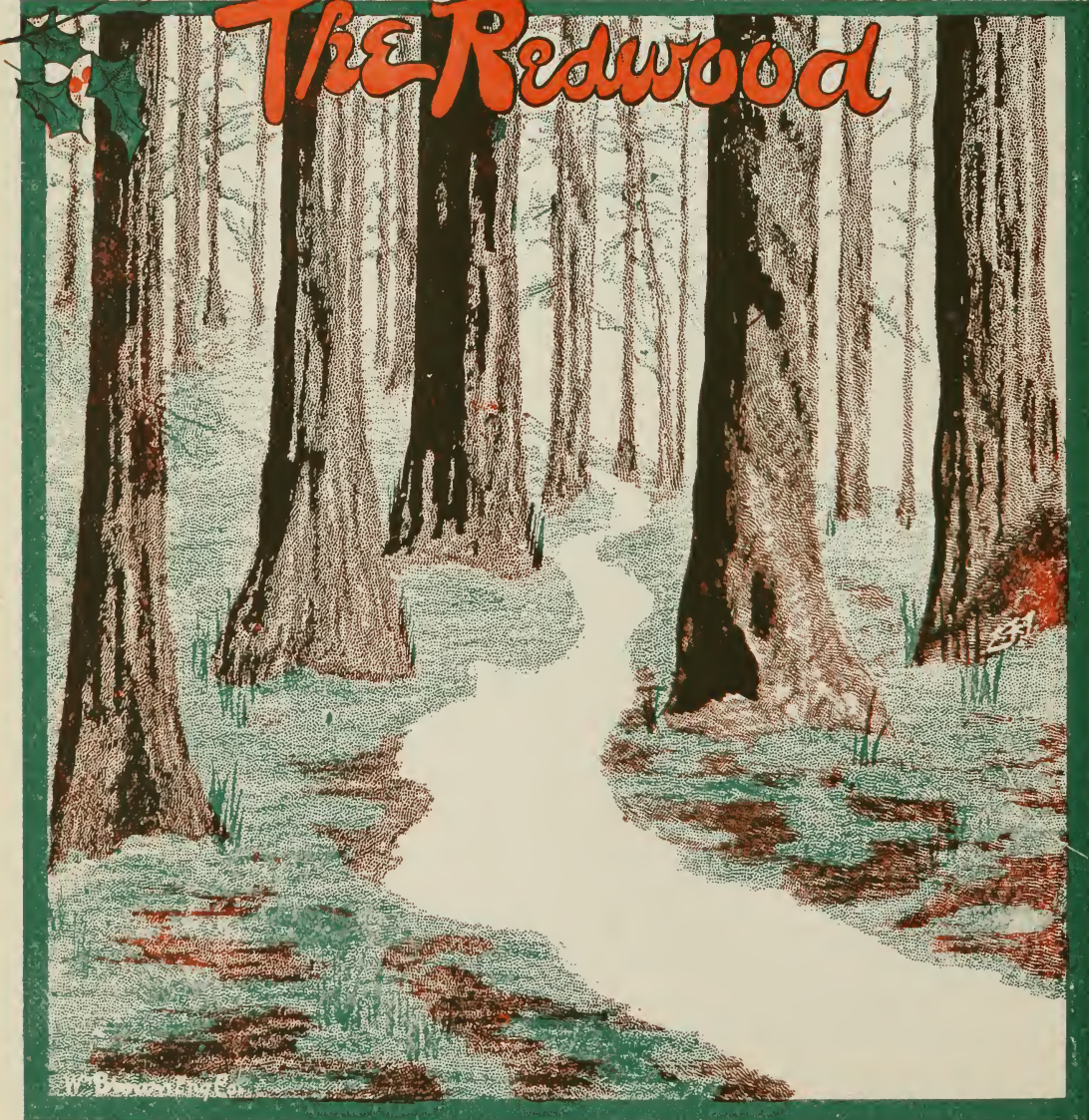
M. S. SHAFER
J. G. KENNEDY

Photo by Bushnell



Christmas

The Redwood



The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. VII.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., JANUARY, 1908.

No. 4

ET IN TERRA PAX

*It is midnight on the calm Judæan plains
And wistfully the stars a twinkling gaze
Upon a world, that broken-hearted lays
Its sobbing head to sleep; the moon out-rains*

*Its beams, when lo! the heavens with celestial strains
Re-echo, and, in song ne'er known, God's praise
Is linked with peace to men—a song of days
When Christ is King and Satan's power wanes.—*

*Heard ye those strains who hunger and repine
For peace?—'Tis by the Grib a morsel sweet
Ye'll find to sate your souls.—And, Child Divine,*

*Thee, Thee, Our Hope, we hungrily entreat—
For, little Child, there is no hand save Thine,
Save Thine, to break for us the bread to eat.*

Martin Leahy, '11.

THE NONDESCRIPT

Linden was awake. Decidedly and emphatically be it said, the little town that had not been known to stir in its municipal slumbers for a decade, was sitting bolt upright, shocked into undeniable open-eyed wakefulness. Even in the memory of old Nicholas Van Horn, who had known the snows of eighty winters, nothing like this triple sensation had ever occurred in Linden before. With here and there an occasional event that bespoke merely a transitory rebellion, Morpheus had held sway in the little township for a hundred years, and now in two months he had been utterly routed. Linden was electrified; shaken from garage to post-office with the force of three shocks that had come with the suddenness and almost the rapidity of shots from a gatling gun.

The first of these thrills traveled down, or up the spine of the restful town when David Rutland alighted at the little green depot one bright May morning. Before the big throbbing limited was out of sight, the word had run through town, and the steps of the quiet eyed man were watched by a hundred curious unfriendly eyes. The eyes of the newcomer himself did not rove; but a whimsical smile played about his lips. Once, on his approach, a bare legged youngster, swinging on a gate, sang out to a companion across the street, "Hi, Freddy, there goes Rutlan' the convict."

The boy's mother nearly snatched him up at the word, but the smile on the lips of the man passing never wavered.

Dave Rutland, town imp, drunk, convict, nondescript, did not expect from Linden the same open armed welcome which had awaited the other prodigal of the parable who had strayed from the home fireside. Of course he had been away a long time. He, too, like his Biblical brother had been feeding on the husks, but—

When he reached the Hotel he noticed with a critical eye that the weather-stormed sign bearing the legend Hotel Bar had been painted since he had seen it last. In calmly impersonal retrospection he regarded that old sign as the first mile post in his youthful path of recklessness.

A perspiring group in shirt sleeves, seated in broad armed chairs on the sidewalk eyed him with hostility unmasked. Rutland was passing on, too jealous of rebuff to pause, when a wide-shouldered man, with rather bloodshot eyes pushed the swinging doors of the bar, his hand outstretched.

"Hello, Davy," he cried, "'M glad to see you back, old pal, by God, I am."

The home comer dropped his bag and took the hand. The smile on his lips flickered and went out. His grip was strong, but his lips were crushed to a straight blue line, and he did not speak.

His companion shot a look of defiance over his shoulder at the gaping crowd.

"O' course you're goin' to put up here tonight Davy, aint you? Where you headin' for now?"

"I was going up to Dad's office, Dan."

"O' course you heard—you know the old man's dead?"

Rutland looked at him gravely, "No, I hadn't heard it," he said slowly, "Is anybody occupying the office?"

"No. It's been locked up fer two years, sence he died. His lease ain't yet run out though. Old man Keene owns the buildin'. You can get the key from him."

Rutland was studying his shoes. "Two years," he had caught at the words.

"Come along, Dan, will you? I want to get in the office, and I want to ask you some questions."

As the pair departed, the male auxiliary of Linden's scandal-spreading sodality, relaxed. Almost, it laughed. This would furnish a bar-room topic for the entire hot season. Why, it could be kept for the winter months, too. The matrons could feed on this choice morsel of gossip, could turn it over and over by their cosy December firesides. Which cheerful prospect must have pleased many in the hotel group. For when the chairs were again back-tilted and the broad fans and mopping bandanas busy again—curiosity had temporarily suspended all activity—on each face rested the expression of a man who has just smacked his lips. And their smiles were grimly complacent as their eyes followed the receding backs of Jerry Rutland's kid and his crony of old.

Just as the two were turning into the

narrow office entry, a big green auto swung around the corner, and swept down the street wrapped in white dust clouds.

Rutland looked at his companion with a queer smile.

"The first auto I've seen" he said drily, "Who is it?"

"Belongs to an old friend of yours, Dan. There is only one man in town can support one of them big devils. That's Judge Fisk."

Rutland met the curious sidelong glance steadily.

"No", said he, quietly, "I mean who is the young lady—er— at the wheel?"

Dan's laugh was shrill, the centuries-old falsetto of his type.

"The old man's daughter, Phyllis Fisk. She's a thoroughbred all right, Davy. Your taste's good yet. I think myself she—"

Rutland stopped him then.

That was the first, and the mildest sensation. After David Rutland had quietly settled down in his father's old office, and the first thrill of his homecoming had subsided, Linden might even have turned over on her side and gone to sleep again. Rutland, a month after coming into his own, had displayed rare cleverness in winning a trifling case at the courthouse. Linden was compelled to acknowledge, although with much bitter reluctance, that her Ishmael was her ablest barrister. Also, David had belied the predictions of his best enemies by remaining sober. Naturally of course, Linden was quite astonished at these two proceedings but she soon

grew heavy-eyed, nevertheless. Really, the demands of a hundred year old habit are quite irresistible.

Then had fallen the second and heavier thunderbolt, and all thoughts of any more slumbers were effectually and finally dispelled.

Judge Clayton R. Fisk, three times state senator, a prominent candidate for congress, the richest and undoubtedly the biggest man in Linden, arrested for murder! The victim was Patrick Donegan, a political and personal enemy, and the case looked so black against the Judge that he was finding it difficult to retain capable attorneys.

This case was not merely local. It interested all Massachusetts. Linden was aroused. Linden was startled. And then, treading upon the heels of this sensation came the third, and Linden was fairly overcome.

Judge Fisk, with no explanation, had engaged to defend him David A. Rutland the nondescript.

The older inhabitants of the town whispered distracting tales of the hatred that had existed between Clayton Fisk and old Jerry Rutland. How Fisk as district attorney had sent Dave Rutland to the pen. How Fisk when old Jerry died, a victim of alcoholism, had come out with a big story, in his newspaper, *The Monitor*, on the evils of drink as sadly portrayed in the case of Lawyer Rutland and his convict Kid.

Old Nicholas Van Horn said that the Judge must be crazy with the disgrace, and that Dave Rutland would put his neck in the noose.

And throughout the excitement, the mills of the law did not cease grinding.

Oh, indeed it is a mild statement to say that Linden, the soporific, was electrified.

II.

Judge Fisk found it quite impossible to concentrate his mind on anything when the door was opened and the twelve heavy eyed jurors filed in.

He was dimly, vaguely aware of the heavy, painful silence that pressed down suddenly on the babel of low pitched voices in the courtroom. He noted mechanically that one of the jurors wore shoes that creaked dismally. Subconsciously he knew that Judge Sewell was asking the stereotyped question and he heard the foreman's terse reply. And yet through it all his mind wandered hopelessly, and his eyes though unseeing clung fascinated to his counsel's face. His memory rehearsed fragmentary snatches of Rutland's great appeal, parts of which had rung and echoed in his ears all night.

And then through the open window, out of the damp, fresh morning, floated the riotous music of a bird. His mind broke off into a new channel and traveled down the street to the big gates of his home, and to Phyllis. He had asked her to stay at home today, the verdict day.

He was in a daze. After all those weeks of intense, unspeakable anxiety, the crux of the tragedy found him ungrasping. The agonized strain of suspense in the deciding moment floated

from his brain like smoke and a dull apathy that was painless fell on him like a garment.

There was a movement at the Judge's desk and the clerk in a high, nervous voice began to read.

Judge Fisk brought his thoughts back with an effort and found himself staring across the table into the steady eyes of Rutland, his counsel. Sitting thus, they listened to the verdict.

Outside the revelling bird was trying to split its throat with music, and the sweetness of it made the clerk's voice jar.

State of Massachusetts against Clayton Fisk. We, the jury in the above entitled cause, find the defendant, Clayton R. Fisk, not guilty—Herman Jacobs, foreman.

A great murmur ran unsuppressed through the courtroom, a murmur that broke the strain. Even while court was being adjourned, and the jury dismissed, Judge Fisk was engulfed in hysterical congratulations.

Rutland was one of the first. He held an open watch in his left hand.

"I'm very glad, Judge," he said simply. His hand for being steady and dry, contrasted sharply with the other man's. "By the way, I would like to see you in my office at ten o'clock, if you will drop in. It's only eight thirty now. I have some papers to look up in the meantime. Can you make it at ten?"

"Of course, of course."

"I'll look for you then. Office is right across the street you know, first floor up."

Fisk was shaking hands with the jurymen, nervous, confidential, before he noticed that Rutland was gone. With some little annoyance he remembered that he had not even thanked him.

When Rutland had seen him seated and produced the cigars Judge Fisk looked about him curiously.

"Rather bare, very bare, David, for a big attorney," he chattered briskly, "We'll have to touch this up some later on. You've a reputation to sustain now, you know."

Momentarily he paused to strike a match and then ran on, "By Jove that was fine work, that case. A splendid defense, David, splendid. I would never have suspected Jerry Rutland's Kid had it in him. Still the old man, despite a trivial fault or two, was magnificent on closing himself. He was too big for Linden, but he never did anything to equal that appeal of yours last night. You saved my neck all right, for of course I did get old man Donegan. On provocation, you understand, provocation. But just the same it wouldn't be fair to deny the truth to you, eh? We'd call that professional discourtesy wouldn't we?"

Rutland cut in coldly "I am of the opinion, Judge, now that the case is dismissed, that you had better refrain entirely from any discussion of the murder."

The Judge broke off discordantly in the middle of a laugh, and in his eyes a startled look flared up and went out.

"You're right, David, you're right. We will drop the discussion. Let us never mention it again. Never. But

you handled the case remarkably and it means a good deal to you. Your work spells a brilliant future, my boy."

The other laughed shortly. "I'm afraid you forget don't you that I have a pretty bad blot on some pages farther back?"

Fisk's face changed,

"Oh," said he hesitatingly, "you mean—. Yes, I suppose, I fear it might hurt a little on the record if a man's a—."

"A jailbird."

"Well, yes, if you put it that way. Though that sounds very harsh, very low, I think."

Rutland smiled faintly. "Generally it isn't applied to persons of very exalted station, anyway."

Fisk was uneasy, palpably. "But of course in this country—" slowly—"anything may be lived down, rubbed out by genius. By the way, did you think of staying in Linden, David, or does your ambition seek wider fields?"

Rutland ignored the question. He was running his fingers lightly through his gray hair, his eyes intent on the bright cigar tip.

"Do you know, Judge," he said thoughtfully at length, "you have seriously offended my vanity. I have come to the conclusion that you must think I am a great fool."

The older man's troubled blue eyes widened, but his companion ran on without looking up.

"For proof of my theory I have to jump back a few years. You will pardon me for reverting. Here I was, or let us say here I am, a rather good-for-

nothing but withal a very harmless youngster of twentythree whose principal fault is a strong inherited craving for liquor. I am suddenly arrested on a vile charge of which you know as well as I, that I am guiltless. Unfortunately my defense is materially weakened, by the fact that on the night of the deed, I was too drunk to remember my actions. Now here is where you come in. As district attorney with a strong ambition, I may say an insatiable ambition, and a long standing grudge against my dad, you take advantage of my weak case and, to be brief, though you are aware of my innocence, railroad me into the penitentiary, with a fifteen year sentence for an unspeakable crime to work out."

The attorney looked up for the first time. A little chain of drops had worked out on the Judge's forehead and he was darting his tongue over dry lips. Rutland pushed a box across the table.

"You have allowed that excellent cigar to go out, my dear man. Please light up."

The Judge struck a match with unsteady fingers, but his eyes never left the speaker's face.

"Well after I got into stripes and the somewhat unusual regularity of the life in my new home had lost its novelty, my thoughts naturally and quite irresistibly reverted to the men, or rather the man, who had done so much for me. For the first three years, while youthful passion was dominant, my desires and plans were quite vulgar, really primordial. I used to wake in the morning

with my palms sore and my nails aching. That was because in the night I had dreamed that I had you by the throat. I nursed that dream asleep and awake very consistently for about three years."

The older man wiped his forehead with the back of his hand, and rose abruptly. His voice was thick.

"Rutland, what in God's name are you driving at? I wont stay here to be bullied."

The other made a deprecating gesture. "Please sit down. Didn't you see me lock the door after you came in? Ah, that's better. There is no reason for perturbation, really. As I was saying, those abnormal desires waned and my palms got a rest. Instead I sent for my law books. I had learned some, here in dad's office. I soon had my plans fully formulated and quite systemized. I would pulverize you. You had robbed me of my freedom and what there was of my poor, lean reputation. I would shatter your finances—I had had none your-honor and, if I could, take your freedom. I remember in my law books I used to draw caricatures of you in stripes. And then I had an odd little habit of counting the time left. Do you know, Judge, the prisoner of average intelligence who marks the time left in a long sentence would make a very interesting psychological study? For days he pays no attention to it. He is apathetic. And then he gets the fever. When the yearning grips him he counts the seconds, the clock ticks, feverishly, frantically. But let us not digress. At

length the big gates swung open to me. They had struck two years off my bill for good conduct, who had cursed them every day. I came home. And then as when the manna fell from the sky in answer to hunger prayers, you put your life and liberty like a trusting child into my hands. I knew I could convince you of my ability when I went to you that morning. But I had not dared to hope that my friendliness, my enthusiasm, my feigned sympathy could blind your eyes and memory, as it did, to what had passed. Why, I didn't even have to reach out. You raised your chin to a nicety and put your throat in my fingers. Think of it, Judge. Isn't it ridiculous?"

The pulse was pumping wildly in the Judge's throat. He rasped harshly and broke out.

"What does it all mean, David, what does it all mean? You have just saved my life across the street here, and now you tell me this. What are you driving at anyhow?"

Rutland rose and towered above him. His tone was even.

"I'll tell you simply, Judge. I've made a short story too long, now. The day I came home to Linden I saw your daughter Phyllis. Since then I have seen her many times. During the progress of this case we have seen much of each other, and I have learned to love her. She has come into my life, broken as it is, and on my hot hatred her presence has acted like a cool rain on a blistered desert. You know our family failing. You know the spectre that was inherited by my father and handed by

him to me. If I had not met Phyllis I would have slipped back into the old rut. The drink got my father and his father before him and it would have gotten me. Alone I'm like a leaf in a cyclone before it. I would have sunk low and lower, have been a blear-eyed barroom loafer waiting for a chance at you. And even with Phyllis in my life, a shrine of purity at which I had to immolate the demon, the fight has been hard, intolerable almost. Why with your life hanging in the balance just across the street, I've sat in this room and sweated with fear, with the old long-sitting in that chair taunting, tempting me. I've gone across the street to fight for your life with the craving in my heart and the demon at my throat. But I stuck it out and I've won. Judge, I hate you for the wrong you did me and mine. You hate me because you fear me. But I love your daughter and I'm going to ask her to marry me."

Fisk rose unsteadily, his white face splotched like an artist's palette. He tried to be calm but his voice was shaking.

"Rutland," he said slowly, "I may have wronged you and you've saved my neck. I want to make amends for one and show gratitude for the other, but by the gods, I would put the neck in the noose myself rather than let you have that little girl of mine. Why, man, you're a convict."

Rutland's face was a mask. His eyes never quivered. But his fingers twitched slightly and his voice was tense.

"Ah, but you know that I am innocent of any crime. And even if I were guilty, I've settled the debt. The law has to say, quits. I've paid my toll and the law is not a mockery, a horrible travesty. I've a right to call myself the equal of any man that walks. But we're not going to argue the point. Either you consent to my proposal regarding your daughter or I'll publish the confession of guilt you've made to me and even if they can't try you again, you're a ruined man. You may call it blackmail and it is. It's the first trick I've ever played but I never wanted anything like I do this. I've said my say. Now what's your answer?"

Judge Fisk thought. Slowly his eyes narrowed. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and his clenched hands relaxed with a jerk.

"Dave," he said, and laughed, albeit with some bitterness, "You win. I'll make the best of what I consider a bad job. But I'll never coerce Phyllis in your favor."

Rutland drew a key from his pocket with a long breath.

"Of course not. All I ask is that you keep your promise and refrain from interfering. I will see Phyllis this afternoon. Where I come from"—grimly—"we learn to lose no time unnecessarily."

He dangled the key between his thumb and forefinger thoughtfully.

"I think this concludes this rather stormy interview, Judge. I am sorry, really, if I have given you some shocks. Shall we say good day?"

And added mildly as the other hesitated.

"You will find the door unlocked."

The young attorney stood at the little window and with a curious little smile watched his erstwhile client step into his machine. Unwittingly however he had made one miscalculation. He had not counted on the Judge's knowledge of law.

As they bowled along homeward Fisk spoke to the man at his side in the manner of abstraction.

"Roberts," he said, "both my legal and my personal conscience disregard and reject any agreement made under threat and coercion."

The smile that overspread his face was almost as grim and more complacent than that which sat on the lips of his late companion.

In the library after lunch he drew his daughter down beside him on the arm of his chair. He took his match-safe and lighted his cigar.

"Little girl,"—he slipped an arm about her waist—"now that this hideous nightmare is to be forgotten we must get back into old times again. I declare, your cheeks have lost all their color. We'll have to get to work and put the roses into them again. I'll wager you haven't had old Kentuck out since I've been away."

She smiled faintly and shook her head.

"I haven't. Poor old Kentuck."

"You must do it, soon. Today. This evening after dinner. Ride out the old Pine Road, dear. How many happy

walks we've taken together on that sleepy old road."

For a space he fell off into musing silence.

"Oh, by the way," he resumed slowly studying the smoke wreaths, "I have something—a favor to ask of you, Phyllis."

The girl looked at him quickly. His head was thrown back, his eyes intent on the grey clouds floating ceilingward. The girl's movement was a question. "I had a rather interesting interview with Dave Rutland this morning. Curious chap, Rutland. Clever fellow, but rather peculiar don't you think? He's rather shunned around town. One name they've given him is the nondescript Clancy says that's because of divers achievements at the bar. You know there's an old family failing in that respect, which he seems unfortunately to have inherited. By the way, he told me that you and he had seen quite a little of each other during—in the last few weeks. He told me many other things, too. He has some very wild notions. Actually, Phyllis, the man has designs on you."

"Yes, daddy."

The girl's face was averted but he turned quickly.

"You knew?"

"Yes. That is I—well, I had guessed."

"Of course you will not consider his advances." He was frowning slightly. "If you—I—"

He paused, reaching for words. She had turned and was facing him again.

"The fact is, little girl, that is the

favor, the request I wished to make. Your answer means very much to me, more indeed than I can say. I wish—I ask you not to accept him Phyllis.”

The girl stroked his cheek, lovingly.

“There is nothing in the world I can refuse you, dear. But why? I do not understand. Daddy, would it make any difference if I said I cared—a little?”

For the second time that day a look of fear flared momentarily in the man’s eyes. He looked at her steadily un-speaking for a very long time. The cigar in his fingers paled slowly and went out and the ashes dropped unperceived into his lap. Finally he said slowly, “No, Phyllis, you cannot understand. I cannot tell you the why of it all. I had not expected this, that it would make any difference to you. But even then, even if you cared, dear, I would feel the same. It means everything to me, everything. Is it too much to ask?”

The girl rose quickly and laid her hand in his.

“No. No, it is not. If you ask me daddy, of course it is not too much. You will excuse me now? I have a slight headache and—and Mr. Rutland is coming this afternoon.”

David found her quite calm. With characteristic directness he put his case.

“At best Phyllis, I am only offering you a broken life which I have tried rather weakly to mend. The best thirteen years of my life have been erased, filched out of the book. Thirteen years, that from the view point of achievement are as if they never were. In

this country a prison term is pretty generally reckoned as a blot indelible. My life has got the rent in it. I have tried and will continue trying to sew it up. But after all you may do the world sees the tear and points to it. It is such a poor patched thing I offer. But my heart at least in the sanctuary of my love, is purified.”

The girl put a cold little hand into his.

“Of course I understand, David. To me who know you, believe in you, your life is very high, very noble. You have saved the life of the one dearest to me, and I myself in the last few weeks have come to know you for what you are. I can never think of you with any but the kindest thoughts, but David, dear friend, the other is impossible. I cannot. I am sure that you will not think —” Her voice trailed off into pitiful silence.

The man released her hand slowly. She waited for him to speak, but he was silent though his eyes, wide, wondering, spoke mutely.

Finally she broke the silence, softly. “David, this will make no difference? You will not let this interfere with our friendship?”

He was passing his fingers through his gray hair slowly, like one who is utterly weary. She avoided the look that rested deep in his eyes. “No. No, of course not,” he said, dully. “Another house of cards collapsed. It is not the first time that I have seen all the sawdust drop out of a pretty toy. Only, I would like to ask one question

Phyllis. This is not because you thought—because you are afraid that the old spectre, the old craving, might come back some day and win?"

"Oh no, no." Her gesture was impetuous. "You don't understand. You can't understand. I have the deepest, the utmost confidence in you. Let us not allow this to interfere, and please do not be angry with me."

Swaying a trifle she caught at a chair, and brushed a hand lightly across her eyes.

"David, I am not well, today. You will forgive me, my friend, if I ask you to go? I may see you tomorrow or soon."

A little later the man passed quickly out into the sunshine.

III.

Phyllis rode out in the deepening twilight of the long summer evening. Mentally and physically she was restless, unstrung. Her temples throbbed painfully and her thoughts were wandering and disconnected.

She had not seen her father since David had gone. When she did not appear for dinner he had knocked on her door in solicitation. She had pleaded a headache then, and asked him to see that Kentuck be saddled. He was still dining when she had slipped out.

As she rode through the quiet town, she noticed a little pile of ash-colored clouds gathering in the north, and mentally resolved to start back early to avoid the rain.

But when she had turned into the solemn vine-shaded road, with the soft

breeze cooling her hot cheeks, she pressed forward eagerly, her resolution dissipating.

The light faded, and from the silent fresh smelling forest around her began to steal the voices of the night. She threw her head back in relief. The quiet, the darkness, the pure air, were restful and she rode on and on dreamily.

She had grown quite oblivious to surroundings, her resolution having passed with the light, when she was aroused by hearing in the leaves around her the soft patter of the rain. She brought her thoughts back with a start and wheeled her horse regretfully. Overhead through solemn treetops that were never wholly silent she caught glimpses of a leaden sky.

The ride back was helpful. The smell of the woods was delicious, and the girl found very soothing the quiet, incessant dripping of the rain about her. But when she rounded the last turn and caught sight of the winking, lonesome lights of the town ahead, all her restlessness swept back upon her. The deep peace she had felt for only a few moments fell from her like a cloak as she left the old pines.

Loneliness, a great indefinable longing tugged at her heart, which she tried weakly to dispel, to escape by resting her arms and head on the streaming neck of her horse. Her hair and face, her habit, boots, and gloves, all were dripping wet.

As Kentuck, with the home-yearning strong within him, galloped through the deserted little residence streets, and the quiet lights from the windows trailed

by, the longing in the girl's heart swelled to a great feeling of desolation. A sense of the terrible injustice of her sacrifice, what it meant to her and above all what it meant to him, broke in upon her. And with this thought in her head, Kentuck swept her around the corner onto the main street.

Her eyes sought it instantly, instinctively; and through the rain as through a gauze curtain, she saw the blurred yellow square of light from Dave Rutland's office window.

A mental picture flashed before her of him sitting alone at his desk, running his fingers through his gray hair. *Alone.* Ah, that was the right chord at last. Her soul went out to him almost tangibly like a hand and like a flash, simultaneously almost with the thought her great love rose in her heart irresistible, Nile-like. Before it the pitiful little barriers she had erected were as straw in the torrent. It overflowed her heart, swept and surged through and she felt her pulses beating in her ears, leaping in her throat.

She almost threw the horse on his haunches before the door and flung herself off. As she flew upstairs, the love singing in her heart, she laughed. It was unconventional, but convention had been swept away when she threw down the barriers.

The narrow little corridor was gloomy, but she could have found his door unerringly if she were blind.

"David," she cried, flinging open the door, and again, "David" her heart yearning in her voice.

At the door she stopped abruptly, and the sound died on her lips.

The man at the table had lurched forward helplessly, his face down. One hand uncontrolledly flung out had evidently overturned the demijohn at his right. From its lips oozed a thin red stream which radiated to a copper splotch, and in the pool thus formed, the gray hair of the drunken man was sopping.

In the first instant before Phyllis had comprehended, by that curious mental perversion which is always controlled by a trivial association, she was swept back in memory twenty years, to the day when, a little fairy of six, she had strayed from her father into the hotel bar room and had experienced that same peculiar odor. Then her mind came back, moving slowly like a thing corporeal.

Calmly like one who walks in his sleep she moved over and turned down the light in the lamp, which was blazing furiously in a smoke blackened chimney.

Her shoe ground on the shivered fragments of a broken glass.

Through the open window the night air was stealing, and the incessant footfall of the rain, so quietly, calmly falling on the world, on the dwellings of men and the graves of the dead.

The girl groped for the door and the stairs, her two hands out helpless, dazed. The knowledge within her was sure, perfect, that she was too late, that it was irrevocably finished.

As she passed out, the wind crept in the window and softly closed the door between them.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

*Christmas! a child I've longed for thee
 And now grown up in years I'm longing still;
 To this heart of mine some gracious thrill
 Of joy or dreamy sadness steals,
 When memory fond reveals
 Thee coming in the golden past
 With joy and peace too sweet to last.
 E'en now my eyes suffuse with tears
 As opening, closing on the years
 Forever gone, they see
 The place near yonder wood
 Where once the lowly cottage stood,
 But vainly search o'er hill and vale—
 The friends beloved, ah! where are they?
 Alas! the sorrowing wail
 Of yon old cypress tells the tale—
 They all have died or moved away.—
 Friends of the past, close-locked in the shrine
 Of a heart that feels,
 Ye still are mine!
 The changing fleeting time
 Can ne'er control
 Old memories' chime;
 'Twill ring forever in my soul.*

Bernard A. Budde, '10.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE

In the northern part of Canada, snow and ice reign supreme in the winter months. The green farms of the summer are covered many feet deep with snow. At such times it is the custom of the inhabitants of small towns to assemble in the general store for company's sake until bedtime. Thus it was on the fifth night, as the storekeeper reckoned it, before Christmas. Squire Henry, the important man of the country-side, the storekeeper, and five or six moderately well-to-do farmers, together with Jo the half-breed mail-carrier, were gathered around the stove, smoking and discussing that ever important topic in any clime, when other subjects are exhausted,—the weather.

"It is a week I have been here and no chance of getting out of here for Quebec without breakin' my fool neck and that doesn't come in my contract with the Government," remarked Jo, after a particularly long lull in the conversation.

"Beastly weather," said the Squire who affected English manners. "The bloody snow will neither let you out nor let anyone in and here it is nigh Xmas and the kiddy asking for presents." Overcome by the situation the worthy Squire and father of an illustrious offspring sighed.

"It's too bad, as I promised my little girl a doll," murmured the storekeeper. One of the farmers, the third and last

parent in the small town, remembered a similar promise to the squally child that bore his name.

After a lengthy pause the storekeeper volunteered the information that some one ought to make the attempt to reach Quebec. "I would do it myself but I cannot leave the store. The Squire is not as spry as he used to be when young. Some one of you must do it," he said, turning to the farmers. One and all however found abundant reasons why he should not and could not go.

Only Jo, the worthless, the good-for-nothing, remained. All turned to him as a last resort and overwhelmed him with reasons why the town should have toys for its children on Xmas. They assured Jo it was not as hard as it seemed, reminded him of the happiness it would bring the children and how every one would applaud his noble action. Jo cared nothing for the first or last. He knew it was fighting with death to break through to Quebec, sixty miles away, and return, with a cumbersome load of toys. As for their applause he had too long borne curses to care for their praises.

But in his mind came the picture of those three little, innocent children, the only ones in the wide world who cared for him. What delight it gave him to have them clamber on his knees and entreat him for a story, we know not; for Jo was a half-breed and as such not supposed to possess any affection. But

somehow or other childhood was always dear to him and then he often thought in his own uncouth way, of the Divine Child that had come just at Christmas time to save all men and even poor Jo himself.

* * * * *

The next morning the whole town gathered at the store to see Jo start upon his perilous journey, for they well knew what dangers beset the trail. Jo himself was fully conscious that he was setting out on no ordinary trip but on one that would demand all his endurance and keen knowledge of the trail to carry him through safely.

Aware then, of the danger and knowing that Jo fully understood it, the town people, nevertheless, made light of it, perhaps, the better to hide their own cowardice and shame, in sending a poor half-breed on a task they themselves shrank from. For what, for what were they sending him to battle with death on a deserted treacherous trail? Merely to procure a few paltry toys the children would soon outgrow and despise.

Jo stood tall and strong in his heavy firs, a few provisions on his back and money in his wallet to buy the presents. With a laugh he swung out in a steady sweeping stride on his snow shoes amid the cheers of the townspeople.

The trail was much better than he expected, and, considering the heavy drifts, he made good progress, sleeping that night at a deserted cabin, the only shelter between the village and Quebec. Early next morning he pushed on and

reached Quebec that afternoon during a light snow storm.

After much deliberation within his simple soul he purchased a drum for the Squire's warlike son and two dolls for the daughters of the storekeeper and the farmer. After replenishing his stock of provisions he slept at a rude inn, where he woke the next morning to find the snowfall of the night before a raging storm. When the innkeeper learned his guest's intention of returning immediately he begged him to remain until the storm had spent its fury, but Jo being obstinate, he turned away muttering about fools.

When Jo had left the town behind him the violence of the storm took the breath away from his sturdy body. The trail was in a frightful condition, broken up and piled with soft snow that made hard traveling. He pushed onward and when by the strength of his hunger he judged it was noontime, he stopped to eat about fifty feet from a tall fir, half-rotted by the storms of ages. In the midst of his frugal meal he heard above the sounds of the howling wind an ominous crack! crack! that boded no good to his experienced ear. As he ran to one side, the huge fir came crashing down on the spot where he had been. He escaped its fall, but alas for him, it swept away his few scanty provisions.

Back to Quebec or on without provisions? Which should he do? Prudence suggested the first, but his love for the children overcame it. He went on. About middle afternoon the storm

ceased and the white mantle stretched far away in amazing whiteness. After efforts that exhausted his strength he reached the cabin late at night, hungry and weak.

The morning found him battling on in a brave endeavor to reach the village in time to put the presents on the Xmas tree. He realized he was growing weaker and weaker. The cold was intense and bit into his very bones for want of nourishment. Still he struggled on. That afternoon his shoe hit a stump and he fell, unable to rise for many minutes. His feet came forward now only with a struggle. At last he lost knowledge of what he was doing and he plodded on mechanically.

It had long been dark. Where was he? He could go no further. He stumbled against something and fell without power to rise.

* * * *

The store was brilliantly lit up. In the center was a small fir, decorated with such ornaments as the poor people could find and illuminated by candles contributed by the storekeeper. Everyone was present, the children noisily happy and the old people as usual recollecting some former Christmas.

"Jo should be here by now" said the Squire, as if everyone were not well aware of the fact.

"I guess he had a pretty hard trip. That was a bad storm yesterday," contributed the storekeeper.

"What was that noise at the door? Open it and see, will you?" the Squire

asked the third parent of the community.

He did so and in dropped Jo, the drum and dolls rolling out upon the floor where they were snatched up and carried off joyously by the happy children. The Squire lifted Jo and carried him to the counter where he was made as comfortable as possible. Pale and insensible he little looked like the man who had started four days before on the journey to Quebec.

On the Squire's pouring some whiskey down Jo's throat he stirred and slowly opened his eyes. Glancing feebly around he noticed the tree, glowing with the candles. By its side were the children, unconscious of anything wrong, admiring their new treasures.

He looked long and earnestly and then smiled. "Isn't it pretty? I got the toys, didn't I?" The Squire answered yes, with a break in his voice.

"I see a prettier tree, way up there" and pointed towards the smoky ceiling. "There's golden steps leading up it and people are walking up it all the time * * * * I see a man at the head of the stairs. Oh! he's such a pretty man. All in white. He's giving crowns to everyone and as he touches them—pretty wings appear." Jo's voice sank lower. "He's saying Jo, Jo. * * * He wants me. I'll come—good bye—I'll come."

Thus passed away worthless Jo amidst the beating of the drum and the cries of rapture of the girls on the beauty of their new toys.

CARLOS K. McCLATCHY, '10.

CHRISTMAS

*Sleeping through the sultry day,
The shepherds guard their flocks by night;
And gazing far into the East
They see a soft and shimmering light.*

*Behold ! It glows yet brighter, and is still;
It is a beaming silvery star;
Lo now it beckons them, to come
And follow, to that village far*

*Where in the manger, in a lowly cave,
Jesus, the Christ is born;
And the dark, cold, December night,
Brings the first Christmas dawn.*

*Another scene ! with lights ablaze
On marble altars, decked with gold;
He comes to us, the Child Divine,
As came he then in days of old.*

*Peace on earth,—good will to men,
The greeting that he gives;
A benison to rich, to poor,
To every soul that lives.*

W. Veuve, '12.

THE FOUNDING OF THE MISSION SANTA CLARA

[Oration delivered by Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, S. J., President of Santa Clara College, November 19, on the occasion of the raising of a Memorial Cross to mark the second site of Mission Santa Clara.]

Far away in Spain, the mother and the nurse of so many men of lofty purpose and indomitable energy and generous resolve, one band after another of young Franciscans in their Catalonian Convent were in training for the Apostolic life. Prayer, labor, watchings, study, penance planted deep in their hearts and nourished the virtues of Apostles,—deep, sincere faith, profound humility, boundless courage, springing from an absolute trust in Divine Providence, ardent love for God and, springing from this, a love for mankind as wide as the world.

From across the seas they beheld during their long hours of prayer and study and toil the hands of the poor savages stretched out to them imploringly and eager, dark faces gazing at them and deep in their souls they heard their cry and it was the cry "of the children asking for bread with no one to break it to them." In these poor aborigines, despite their uncouth features and degraded life, they recognized their brethren, children of a common Father, who is in Heaven, man like themselves, made to the image of God, redeemed by the blood of His Divine Son, destined to be one day sharers in His kingdom and His glory.

Already had these brave youths

bade farewell to the pleasures and comforts of home, and now at different times, they bid farewell to the lovely hills and valleys of sunny Spain and sail far across the sea where their advent will be in benediction for all ages to come. Their names are blazoned on the scrolls of purest, noblest fame,—de la Pena, Viader, Murguia, Magin Catala, Crespi, Lasuer, Jayme, Palou and the guiding, sustaining, uplifting spirit of them all—Fra Junipero Serra of blessed and glorious memory.

When the Padres came hither it was not in quest of gold nor of the wealth of fruit and grain hid in our virgin soil, nor drawn by our charming climate and a scenery unsurpassed in the world. Far higher their aims: they came in quest of souls, created to the image of their Maker, redeemed by the Blood of the Redeemer. Wherever they went they gave to valley and stream, to mountain and bay the beautiful names which we all admire, the names of heroes not such as the poet sings:

"Who marched through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."
Nor such as

"Heaped the shrines of luxury and pride
With incense at the muses' flames."

But of true heroes, men and women

of noble and pure lives, who wore themselves out in the service of God and of their neighbor. To the mountain on which our famous Lick Observatory is built they gave the name of Santa Ysabel, to our beautiful valley the name of the gentle Clara of Assisi, to our streams the names of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe and San Jose de Cupertino, and to the Pueblo which is now the Garden City of this wondrous valley the name of San Jose de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, blending the name of the mother of the Redeemer with that of His foster Father, and to the mountains which shield us from the sea the name of Santa Cruz—holy cross.

Two of this brave band of Franciscans, Padres de la Pena and Murguia, raised the old mission cross and laid the foundation of Mission Santa Clara on what is now known as Laurelwood farm, the property of Peter J. Donahue, Esq., at a spot two miles and a half to the northeast and called by the Indians Socoistica (Laurelwood), or Thamien. After the destruction of the mission buildings by a flood they came hither and on this very spot 126 years ago today Padre Junipero Serra and Padres de la Pena, Crespi and Murguia erected once more the historic mission cross, hewn from the redwoods of the Santa Cruz mountains, and laid the foundation of the second mission of Santa Clara. The old mission cross, as you know, stands in front of the third mission church, sheathed in wood to save it from the ravages of time. The memorial cross here erected is fashioned

out of one of the beams of the third mission church, erected in 1818, with a portion of the original mission cross inserted in it.

Under the sheltering arms of this cross here in our valley did the saintly Franciscan padres gather the dark-skinned natives and, announced to them the glad tidings of salvation, and under the shadow of the same mission cross Christianity was born and civilization saw its dawn. And rightly was it so. These sons of St. Francis had been taught in the school of Jesus crucified. They were men such as St. Paul spoke of "crucified to the world and to whom the world was crucified." In their prayers and contemplation they had constantly seen, as a holy writer has said of apostolic men of all times, two worlds under their eyes, one radiant and alive with the light of charity, the other without love and buried in darkness and in the shadow of death. Between these two worlds on one of the loftiest summits of humanity they saw a cross and upon that cross with heart transpierced and hands extended towards them the God of Charity. These words instinct with beauty and power had for ages been resounding even to the vaults of heaven and echoing and re-echoing to the bounds of the earth, enlivening and rousing the human race. Of old God gave Himself a name all powerful, "I am who am," and men fell trembling with awe at His feet, but now He gives Himself a name which makes our hearts thrill with joy. "I am He who loves"; God is Charity. From

the cross, the scene of His shame and His triumphs, the cry issued. The apostles of all times have borne it to the ends of the world, and men were first astounded, then troubled and then moved; and as Peter and Paul and the other martyrs shed their blood, as their Master had done, men cast themselves upon the ground in humility and gratitude and took up the cry of triumph, "God is Charity." Under the mission cross, the symbol of the cross on which the God of Charity had died for all men, the Franciscans gave this same message to the wondering Indians.

The padres spoke to them in a language which all understood—the language of charity. Babel by the pride and ambition of men had confused all languages; Calvary had united them in a language taught "by one having authority and who spoke as no man had ever yet spoken," by Christ the Son of God, the victim of charity for His brethren. Under the mission cross these holy men delivered with unutterable earnestness their message from the God of Charity, and as these dusky children of the fields and the mountains listened they looked at the men who brought it. These men spoke the language of charity and they lived the life of charity. Men, they were utterly forgetful of self, identifying themselves with their poor, ignorant brethren; men of astounding patience, arduous labor, tender charity, who were father, physician, counsellor to them all. Is it any wonder that little by little the lesson of charity taught by such living examples

of its doctrine should sink into their minds and hearts? When they found their miserable huts giving way to substantial dwellings and saw their fields yielding bountiful crops, while herds of cattle and sheep roamed over the valley; when they found themselves well clad and fed and formed gently to habits of industry, they readily yielded themselves up to such teachings and, coming to the fount of baptism, were "born again of water and the Holy Ghost."

During a half-century the Mission of Santa Clara, under the shadow of the mission cross and by the loving care of the padres, prospered. It had in the Third Mission one of the largest, if not the very largest, of all the mission churches. It had the greatest number of baptisms (over 8000), the most abundant crops, the most numerous herds. The evil days came upon Santa Clara, as upon all the other missions. The Mexican Government secularized the lands and the Indians melted away before the eyes of the heart-broken padres, who would gladly have given their lives for them, and who were helpless to succor them in their hour of direst need. With their lands plundered, their goods confiscated, their homes robbed of peace and happiness, the remnant of the once happy Indians took themselves to the wild life of the mountains.

On this spot, made sacred by the footprints of these holy Franciscans, and sacred to the triumphs of Christianity and civilization, won in the care of the Indians, we have come today under

the auspices of the Santa Clara County Historical Society, composed of members of all religions and of none, to bless and erect the Mission Cross. Fit memorial it is to those brave, generous soldiers of the cross who came hither with Christ crucified on their lips and Christ crucified in their hearts and His cross in their hands. They marked the Camino Real of the Missions from San Diego on the south to Sonoma on the north with the mission cross. This was their standard, the banner of their King. They deemed it not superstition to uncover and bow the head or bend the knee in reverence to it any more than they would deem it superstition to honor the flag of their country. On a like occasion, when the original Mission Cross, after the fierce wind storm of March, 1902, had thrown it down, was set once more in position, my beloved predecessor, Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., well said: "Very strange that any man should deem such an action superstition in this century of enlightenment and in this land of liberty! Is it superstition to honor the flag of our country? to toss our hats on high and thank God that we are Americans? Ah, no! And wherefore? Because we are not honoring the material of which the flag is made, but the principles for which it stands; because we are but thanking God for the blessings of liberty, of peace and of national prosperity. But does not the Cross of Christ stand for all this and more? What liberty is there greater than the liberty of the children of God? What peace more desirable

than the peace of the true Christian life? What prosperity more eagerly sought for than prosperity along the lines of Christian morality and Christian heroism? I hail with great joy and deep delight the flag of my country when I meet it in a foreign land, and shall I not hail with deeper delight and greater joy the cross, the standard of my eternal country, that holy banner reddened by the blood of the Man-God for my salvation?"

We have with us today worthy brethren of the saintly Franciscans who planted here more than a century and a quarter since the Mission Cross—the Superior of the Franciscans in California, Rev. Father Theodore Arentz and his illustrious confrere, himself a missionary for eleven years amongst the remnant of the California Indians and who is now devoting his life to the writing of the history of all the Missions of Lower and Alta California—Rev. Father Zephyrin Engelhardt. They will repeat the ceremony carried out on this very spot one hundred and twenty-six years ago today by Fr. Junipero Serra in the blessing and erection of the Cross. The strains of the "Vexilla Regis", "the Royal Banner forward go" will be borne upon the air today as they were on that blessed morn. The Cross will once again extend its arms to welcome "all who labor and are heavy-burthened." It will speak eloquently to all who have ears to hear of the fruitful toils of the Franciscan Padres in the days of long ago for the Chris-

tianizing and civilizing of our valley. Defunctus adhuc loquitur, though dead he still speaketh, is said of the good man by the Holy Scriptures. Good men never die. In passing to life eternal their works live after them,—“though dead they still speak.” These heroes of God speak to us of generosity and unselfishness, of the purer and the nobler life of devotion to duty, of love for our brethren of all races and climes; they speak of the love of Christ Crucified; they speak of the joys of our true Fatherland, Heaven, prepared for those who love God and serve Him. Their words have not fallen on deaf ears. All over our beautiful California a wave of enthusiasm has passed for the “Ancient Landmarks” and earnest men and women have vied with one another in their efforts to preserve or restore the works of the Padres. This is, indeed, a labor of love, which is blended with a praiseworthy spirit of reparation for the white man’s treatment of the Indian and for the forgetfulness and neglect, if not, at times, even contempt with which the Padres and their work have been so long treated. The still living words of the Padres have not been lost on the Santa Clara Historical Society under whose auspices the landmarks of our valley shall be cared for and who by their commendable zeal have brought together today this vast assemblage of old and young, rich and poor, to do honor to the Padres and to raise a memorial in the Mission Cross to them and to their fruitful work. Members

of the Santa Clara Historical Society, in thus honoring the memory of the good Franciscan Padres, you are, in the opinion of all good men, honoring also yourselves.

One thought and I have done. When the Padres blessed and erected our Mission Cross first at Socoistica, “Laurel Wood,” then here at Greggersen, “The Place of Oaks” and later on the present site in front of the Mission Church, they reminded the Indian of what happened in the desert when, to punish the Israelites for their constant murmurs against Moses and against God, hideous serpents, whose venom burned like fire, fell upon the guilty and mortally wounded them with their fangs. God was moved to mercy by the prayers of Moses, the faithful leader of his people, and bade him make a brazen serpent and raise it upon a tree and promised that all who were bitten and who looked upon the brazen serpent should be healed. They taught the Indian that this was but a figure of another Tree on which was hung their Redeemer, who had, for love of them, become “a worm and no man, the reproach of men and the outcast of the people.” They bade them look upon him when bitten by the serpent of sin and they should be healed. So, too, if we, when bitten by the serpent of avarice or any other vice look up with faith and love to the Son of Man, who hung upon the Tree of Shame and of Triumph of which this Mission Cross is but the reminder, the memorial, we, too, shall be healed.

All honor, then, to the Padres, the intrepid and generous soldiers of the Cross, who from end to end of our beautiful California have planted the Mission Cross to remind us of a love beyond all love, to lift our hearts above the sordid things of earth and to fix them on the lasting and perfect things prepared in a better life for

those who love God and serve Him.

We hail you today, noble-hearted self-forgetting devoted Padres, and in the sight of men and angels we sing your praises. Your memory is in benediction. Of you all may we well say with Holy Writ: "The path of the just as a shining light goeth forward and increaseth to perfect day."

THE GIFT OF YEARS

*Each year, O God, that is granted
Is a gift divine to me;
For in it the seed is planted
That will bud in Eternity.*

*And I scatter my years as the sower
The seed from his swinging hand
Full confident that the Grower
Will bless in another land.*

*So let my years outnumber
The sands by the sounding sea—
If the pulse of my heart ne'er slumber
But beats with love for Thee.*

Thomas Lannon, '11.

THE MAGI

I

A purple silhouette against the dawn
 Of Christian glory, stands the caravan
 Famed in the books of man—
 The Magi and their camels gazing on
 Old Bethlehem, illumined by the star
 That led them from afar.

II

They journey on—they reach the lowly shrine,
 And Gaspar with bowed head and bended knee,
 Cries, "Lord, I bring to Thee
 The golden treasure of the Persian mine;
 My King Thou art!" To kings alone, of old,
 Tribute belonged of gold.

III

And then Balthasar, sage mature and grave,
 Knelt and adored, and at the Infant's feet
 Laid tribute rare and sweet;
 And spake: "This sacred frankincense to wave
 In fragrant clouds to Heaven, I bring to Thee,
 High Priest Who art to be!"

IV

Then, lastly, Melchior, patriarch, bowed down,
 Exclaiming, "Hail, Redeemer of our race!
 What suffering shalt Thou face!
 What grief between Thy cradle and Thy crown!
 My soul foresees the sorrows that shall be,—
 'Tis myrrh I bring Thee!"

V

Gold for the King, and incense for the Priest !
Myrrh for the Man of Sorrows! Strange and rare
The Magi's tributes were,—
Symbols whose mystery time has but increased !
Lo! with the Magi's homage, there began
Christ's kingdom over man !

VI

The day—Epiphany—hath told its tale.
O'er Juda's land the veil of night descends !
The Magi's story ends !
Their train—in distance dim as day waxed pale—
Is swallowed by the shades that, daylight done,
Deny their monarch sun.

VII

To lavish tribute on the Infant King,
As on the straw beside His crib they knelt,
What joy the Magi felt !
How happier we, though poor, that we can bring
Gifts far more valued—yet of love alone—
To Christ upon His Throne !

CHAS. D. SOUTH, A. M., '01.

MY FRIEND'S STORY

I was a tramp—not one who did not work, but one who worked only long enough to get money to move on. I had traveled from New York to Atlanta, from there to New Orleans, San Antonio, Vera Cruz, the City of Mexico, Los Angeles and San Francisco, before I finally decided to settle down there.

I got work as a carpenter on the new Flood Building and while there I became acquainted with one of the queerest characters I had ever seen in all my travels. He was a tall, strong Frenchman, also employed as a rough carpenter. As he spoke a very unintelligible English, and as I had picked up a good bit of French, we were able to converse pretty well—and this at once formed a bond of friendship between us. I found that his name was Mahon and that he had been out of France for about five years. I was new to San Francisco, so I inquired of him where there was a good place to lodge. To my surprise he told me that he was somewhat lonely and that if I wished to go halves on his room with him he would be glad to share it with me. This suited me nicely. So he took me to his room that night. I found that it was a pretty good room, situated on Post street facing Union Square. I moved my little baggage in and called it home. We got along together very nicely, though my curiosity sometimes was aroused to its utmost, for there seemed to be something about his past life that he did not care for me to know.

Some nights when he was in a mood for talking he would keep me up late, telling me queer stories of life in Paris. He was a devout Catholic, I learned from these conversations, but when I turned the subject to the persecution of the church he could not control his feelings. He would snatch up his hat and dash out, never returning until very late. I often wondered what he did on these occasions, when to my surprise, he invited me to accompany him one night. I did so, and it was hard to keep up with his furious stride. He seemed fiercely mad, and would mutter to himself—"Justice! Justice! The Avengers." He would look neither to the right nor left, but walk quickly on. Gradually his anger subsided, and in its place came sorrow. He turned about and made straight—to my astonishment—for the little French church on Bush below Sacramento street. There he sank down in prayer. Time passed, and only when I tapped him on the shoulder did he recollect that I was there.

Well will I remember the Christmas eve of nineteen hundred and five. Mahon's good life had reconciled me to the Catholic church from which I had been estranged and together we went to the little French Church for confession. It was all lit up and our hearts glowed with charity as we gazed upon the Infant Jesus in the crib, smiling upon us. Above him was a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin to which

Mahon paid especial reverence. After our penances were said we left.

Mahon seemed disturbed that night, by something, I could not tell what. And it was not to any surprise of mine that he proposed a ride to the beach, for it was one of his favorite haunts. The weather was ominous that night; huge black clouds rolled in over our heads to the city, the wind blew a hurricane, but Mahon appeared to delight in it. When we reached the cliff above the beach, we walked down to the water's edge and then away from the Cliff House. The wind nearly took us off our feet and we had hard work to struggle against it. Everything was pitch dark though we could see the gleaming light of the Cliff House in the distance. The waves advanced and retreated with a roar that seemed to shake the very sand beneath our feet. "Mac," said Mahon suddenly and it was the first word he spoke to me since leaving the car. "I saw a man today with whom I was mixed up when in France and who will kill me on sight. The story of my life, I want to tell you, because you have been a friend to me these past few years. Perhaps I may soon be gone."

I was startled, but at the same time I felt satisfied, for I was at last to hear the secret of my friend's life. And unconsciously as he began to answer my questions of surprise, we directed our steps to a sheltered spot among the rocks, well known to us from many a former evening spent in pleasant converse on the very brink of the Pacific.

What he told me there on that Christmas eve in his nervous, vivacious French as we sat there with our overcoats wrapped around us, and the winds howling and raging above us, and old Ocean booming in wrath in front of us, I cannot tell again in his own words. But I give it as my memory serves and as it photographed itself on my imagination.

* * * * *

In a low quarter of Paris late one Christmas eve a few years ago fifteen dirty, dissipated men were assembled in a room nearly as dirty and unwholesome as themselves. They were seated in a semi-circle with the exception of one man, who appeared to be more intelligent and careful about his person than the rest. He reclined in a big arm chair while before him was a desk upon which was a skull and a small book.

In answer to a question from one of the men he picked up the book and commenced to read—"Section 3 of Article I, 'It shall be the duty of each chapter of this organization, in order to show its hatred of the infamous thing to select one of its members to destroy some object of adoration in the Catholic Church. All names of members shall be placed in the skull and the third name drawn out by the President shall be his who shall perform the said destruction, and break the article designated by the members of the chapter; failure to be punished with death.'"

"Brothers, you all know the purpose of this glorious society 'The Avengers.' It was instituted fifty years ago this

night by Damilaviolle, who ended his grand career by breaking the crucifix in the church of the Sacred Heart.

We have long enough lived in darkness, Brothers. We will throw off the fetters of the church and eradicate from our minds the myths and lies of the priests. You are too intelligent to believe in things that never existed. I see by your applause, Brothers, that you agree with me. Well now, let us put our hatred into a more concrete form. I have carefully thought over the subject and I can find no object more appropriate upon which to vent our wrath than the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the little chapel of the Holy Mother. I use these names, Brothers, not in reverence but merely to designate the object particularly. What is the pleasure of the meeting, Brothers?"

Loud cries of "aye! aye!" "That's it!" "Smash it into smithereens!" plainly showed the wish of the assembly.

Only one appeared to disagree—a young man on whose face crime and dissipation had not yet fully removed the marks of piety and innocence probably inculcated by a good mother. He half rose as though about to speak and then sat down confused by the eyes that glared furiously upon him. The man at the desk noticed his behavior and turned upon him a shrewd glance.

"Surely you, Brother, who have been so zealous in the cause are not afraid to manifest your hatred? Oh! that is right, we must not offend Brother Mahon's feelings. He was altar boy or

some other tomfoolery at that church."

Brother Mahon arose.

"Brother, you mistake my motives. Nothing would please me more than the breaking of that statue. I move we proceed with the selection of a member to perform this worthy action."

The assembly growled their assent and in obedience to their wish the President placed the names of those present in the skull. Amid dead silence he drew out the first name.

"Brother Albert," he said. "The next is myself. I am sorry that I should miss so closely, such a glorious opportunity. The third is Brother Mahon."

The President rose in his chair and said, "I congratulate you for being so fortunate."

According to the custom, Brother Mahon left the room in silence to go to the church and perform his duty.

As soon as he was out of the room the President spoke.

"Brothers, I am sorry to have to suspect any one but I do not believe Brother Mahon is going to fulfill our instructions. You know the penalty—death. As a safeguard to ourselves and a warning to others, I appoint Brother Camille to follow close after him and if he fails to perform his duty—kill him."

A short, stocky man of repulsive appearance rose, pulled from his cloak a long knife, bared his teeth in a smile and quickly left the room.

Mahon was entering the church

when Camille managed to catch sight of him. He followed him stealthily. The church was dark, except for a few twinkling lights burning before the altars. Camille observed with satisfaction the prudence with which Mahon ascertained first that no one was present; and he smiled with pleasure as he saw him walk resolutely up to the statue which was enclosed within a small railing; but the smile changed to a look of wonder and displeasure, as he saw Mahon suddenly stop short and enter a pew facing the statue and there kneel down.

What thoughts were in Mahon's mind as he sank upon his knees in the church he had known so well when a boy! How different it all seemed! Then he came in prayer, now he was there to destroy that which he had venerated when a mere lad. How well he remembered the time when his mother, on Sundays, would kiss him and send him to serve the good Pere Gaston at Mass. And the statue? how he loved it *then*. The words unconsciously ran through his brain, "Hail Mary, full of Grace." But then it was all a myth, a lie! Had not the learned man of "The Avengers" told him? Surely he must know! Mahon raised his eyes. It was not a myth. It was not a lie. The Blessed Virgin looked upon him in all her beauty. It seemed as if a halo were around her head and there was a heavenly light in the eyes of her who bore the Son of God on Christmas night. And was he to break the statue of her who gave to the world such a priceless

boon? By the Holy Mother! he would not. He would quit the crowd of godless men that were dragging him to ruin.

Then he arose as if refreshed and approached the railing; he dropped upon his knees in prayer and thanksgiving—He hears the quickened steps of some one behind him. He turns and recognizes Camille with a frightful scowl upon his face.

"What is this foolery? Why do you not break this mummy, this idol, this crazy thing?"

"I'm not going to do it. The Blessed Mother has given me grace to see my evil ways. Change your life, and—"

"Curse you, I'll break it for you," and with a bound he cleared the railing and reached for the statue. The penitent grappled him from behind and they both fell, Camille on top.

"I will kill you, you cursed traitor," and he whipped out his knife. The knife was in the air. Mahon looked calmly at it. It flashed down, but before it could reach its mark, Mahon in one supreme effort stopped his hand. A fierce struggle ensued, and in the conflict Camille was thrown against the pedestal of the statue. It came crashing down upon him, and he lay still.

Mahon rose and felt the heart of Camille. It had ceased, and no more did it send the life-blood throbbing through his veins. Camille was dead!

"The poor man's dead. The Blessed Virgin saved my life," he cried, and

then overcome with terror he fled from the church.

This was the gist of the story as he told it to me, that stormy Christmas Eve out by the Cliff House Beach. Knowing that The "Avengers" would never forgive him, but track him to his death, and fearful of any complications with the civil authorities over the death of Camille, he had fled the country and had come to America, gradually making his way to San Francisco.

We retraced our steps to the Cliff

House and thence to the terminus of the Sutro cars. We were fortunate enough to get the last car into the city. Poor Mahon! I don't know what became of him. I was called away out of the State shortly after to my dying mother's bedside, and on my return could never find a trace of him. But I'm thankful for his influence. He made a better man of me and set me on the right track. And on Christmas eve my thoughts often revert to him and his strange story.

HAROLD A. MCLANE '10.

THE OLIVE TREE AT CHRISTMASTIME

*'Tis Christmas, and the olive tree
 Beneath its precious load
 Bends low in silent majesty
 Above the dusty road.
 'Tis Christmas; lo! our Peace is near!
 Silence! e'en now He's passing her—
 O! olive tree O! tree of peace!
 O name not misapplied!
 Bend low, bend low, nor ever cease,—
 'Tis meet the sign to the signified
 Bend low in holy fear.*

Victor E. Salberg, '10.

FAREWELL TO 1907

*Goodby old year,
I cast you now aside
But not without a tear,
Old year,
But not without a tear.*

*You brought me many friends,
Old year,
And while you reigned
I made them dear.
I grieve to see you go,
Old year,
I grieve to see you go.*

*You taught me a new song,
Old year,—
That song had never reached
My ear
Were you not here—
I ne'er had learned to love
I ne'er had known the depth
Of Cheer—
Ah! there it is, a toast I hear,
Goodby, old year!
Goodby!*

A. M. Donovan, '10.

A STIRRING CHRISTMAS

It was two days before Christmas. The short December twilight was already falling, brought on earlier than usual by the gloom of a waning storm. Three lumber camps nestled in sheltered spots upon the hillside some three miles apart. No. 1 in the center containing thirty men; No. 2 on the right and No. 3 on the left containing twenty-five men each. Now and then during a lull in the storm, the position of the mill could be recognized, revealed by the lurid glare which the sawdust pit far away in the bottom of the gulch, had begun to cast upon the snow clad hill sides.

The snow flurries hissed and roared among the pines surrounding a small, natural clearing at the top of the ridge. This clearing, some ten acres in extent, formed the principal feeding ground of a flock of wild turkeys about fifty in number, among which was a large white gobbler, a rarity much discussed by the men of No. 1. The day before, a turkey trap fifteen feet long, ten feet wide and four feet in height, made of small saplings, had been built and baited by them with the intention of catching a few birds for their Christmas dinner.

"Well, I don't care what you say about this storm, and that we had better wait till tomorrow, I'm going anyhow," Bill McGuire, the chosen leader of No. 1, said to some of his comrades. "You fellows have no more sand- than

a pack of jack rabbits. 'Spose you're 'fraid you'd get your fingers froze. The way that fellow from No. 2 picked up his ears and got to asking out of the way questions when we told him about the trap we'd built, makes me think that we'd better keep our eyes open if we want our turks. That's why I'm going now. Come on, Jim, you'll go, won't you. Show 'em you're no baby."

"All right, Bill, I'll go, seeing that you're so set on it," the person appealed to responded and a minute later Bill and his companion so muffled up as to be almost unrecognizable began their one mile climb to the clearing, a good half hour's walk in the snow.

About the same time as this was happening at No. 1, three shadowy forms emerged from the gloom of the surrounding forest and rapidly approached the trap.

"Some in here alright," the leader exclaimed, then added, "and that big white gobbler is here that they talked so much about."

"How many?" asked one of the companions, "I can't see them from this end."

"Seven! Pass along the ax, lively."

"Here you are, now what are you going to do?" the other questioned.

"I'm going to knock the end of a sapling loose so I can crawl in and hand 'em out," the leader replied; then ordered, "as soon as I knock the end loose, Jack, you lift it up, and, Mike,

you stop them from getting out on us. Are you ready?"

"Sure."

A sharp rap from the ax followed and the end of a sapling on top came loose and while Jack lifted it and Mike shooed vigorously at the turkeys the leader slipped in.

Then ensued a scramble well worth watching. The turkeys didn't seem to relish the idea of being caught and made their plans accordingly. For fully five minutes the leader of our trio crawled about in the cramped quarters of the pen making desperate springs at the turkeys whenever he got them into a corner; but they deftly eluded him and ran to the other end of the trap leaving him to wind up against the wall cursing and clawing the empty air, while his companions outside jeered at him for his slowness and clumsiness. During the whole time only one poor luckless turkey was caught and that by an accident.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, as he at last paused for breath, "I can't do anything this way, give me a club."

"I don't know about that, seeing as you're kicking up such a circus in there you ought to keep it up for our benefit as well as that of the boys in camp. Oh! won't they laugh when we tell them about this! Talk about your Sambo and his funny noises he wouldn't hold a candle with you. Wow," and the speaker rolled in the snow convulsed with a fit of laughter for which he was liberally reviled by the man in the pen.

"Are you going to get that club or

not? If you were in here you wouldn't think it was so cussed funny," he angrily demanded.

"Thanks, but we'd rather see you there you look so pretty alongside your wild brethren. Well, I guess I'll get the baby a club," Jack finally assented, and disappeared into the woods reappearing a moment later with a stout stick an inch and a half thick and some two and a half feet long which he handed to the man in the trap. Armed with this instrument he was able to kill the turkeys as they rushed past him by a blow upon the head or neck. Then he passed them out and crawled out after them and while the others bled them, he engaged himself in wrecking the trap.

By this time the others had finished their task and stood ready to start with the turkeys slung over their shoulders. Then with the parting remark, "Won't those No. 1 fellows be mad when they find this out," they were swallowed up into the surrounding darkness.

An instant later with hearts full of anticipation Bill and his companion broke through the bushes bordering the other side of the clearing and approached the trap. When they reached it the sounds that they gave utterance to would have made any decent minded person wish to take chloroform or something of a like nature and forget all about this life, for a time at least.

Having given vent to the greater portion of their rage and grief they walked around the ruined trap and followed the tracks now fast filling with snow till

within a third of a mile of No. 2, little thinking that when they struck off through the woods to gain the trail running between the two camps that the makers of those tracks were a short hundred and fifty yards ahead of them, laden with a precious burden.

The men back in camp No. 1, having grown tired of waiting had already begun to eat supper when without even stopping to shake the snow from his clothes Bill burst in upon them, followed by his breathless but equally excited comrade, and shouted, "Thunder! trap smashed to the devil, snow all tramped down, blood and turkey feathers all over, we followed the tracks within half a mile of No. 2"—followed after a short pause by a strange variety of angry cursing as the men awoke to the fact that their trap had been smashed and the turkeys it must have contained stolen.

"Now, what are you going to do about it anyhow?" Bill shouted when the men began to cool down a bit, "I say, let's go over there and clean their cussed shanty out for 'em and get our turkeys back right now. Come on!" and followed by every man in the crew he made a rush for the door where they were stopped as suddenly as they had started by the cook who stood with his back against the door and said, "Say, Bill, don't be a fool. I want to get those turkeys back as bad as you do. If you go over there now and clean 'em out, which you can do easily enough, you wouldn't be any nearer to those turkeys than when you started. They'd

be sure to expect something in the shape of a raid in case we should get wise. Don't you forget it they wouldn't be fools enough to have 'em in camp to-night. Take my word for it they're hidden somewhere in the woods. Better wait till tomorrow, and send over a spy to find out where they are, then go over and clean out their old camp for 'em, I'd like to have a hand in it myself; 'sides it would be better to clean 'em out and get the turks back at the last minute so that they wouldn't have time to get any more for their Christmas dinner."

The men assented and returned to their places and after supper began to talk it over among themselves as to what would be the best plan for getting those turkeys back from No. 2.

Early the next morning a council of war was held the result of which was that Jim Rogers, a youth of eighteen putting in his first season at lumbering, and Chester Goodwin, a six-foot man named "Red" on account of the auburn tint of his hair, were elected as spies.

An hour later saw them stretched flat upon their faces in the thick brush which ran within thirty feet of the back door of No. 2, eager listeners to the following conversation which issued from an open window.

"Guess those fellow in No. 1 have found out by this time that their trap is smashed," a voice remarked.

"Yes,—I wonder if they could follow the tracks here, they may not be quite filled up, 'cause it quit snowing within

an hour after we got home," another replied.

"If the snow didn't, the wind did. If they could come here now and see the turkeys they couldn't prove anything," the first speaker rejoined.

"Yes, they could by that big white one," the other answered.

"I didn't think about him. I wish we'd accidently on purpose lost him on the way home, we got more now than we need anyway; hope he doesn't bring us bad luck. It wouldn't do to take him out into the woods now and hide him again 'cause there is just a slim chance that they suspect us and might have a spy round here somewhere."

"I wish we'd kept them hung up in the woods, they'd be safe there anyway in case they should take a notion to come over here and search the place. Every time I think of it it gives me the creeps," the other rejoined.

"Best thing to do then is not to think of it. I would"—the rest of the conversation was drowned in a fiery chorus of some of the men.

"Let's have a look at that storehouse, they may be there," whispered Jim from his hiding place.

"That's where they are most likely to be." Red assented, and together they crept around to a spot where the storehouse shielded them from the view of any who might be watching; then a short swift run and they were safe beside a boarded window.

"Hang it! I wish we could get around to the other end, the window is open there," Red growled, after a

vain attempt to peer in through the cracks.

"Go to the end and give me 'hickey' 'case you see anyone coming this way. I'm going to cut a peek hole. It won't take more than three minutes; my knife's like a razor, I just sharpened it yesterday," Jim whispered excitedly.

"Do it and be quick then, we're liable to get caught there any minute and running doesn't agree with my health as well as yours," Red replied as he obeyed the order.

A few minutes later the peep hole was finished and there in plain sight hanging upon the rafters were the turkeys showing clearly against a sunlit back ground.

One look was enough and as they turned to regain the shelter of the woods, the door of the bunk house opened and someone started to come towards the storehouse. The pair of spies froze in their tracks. If he should look around that corner it was all up, they thought.

"I think it's the cook or somebody coming to get some stuff out. The minute he gets inside the door scoot for the brush as fast as your legs can carry you and don't make any noise or fall, or our hash is cooked," Jim whispered.

A few seconds of intense mental agony which seemed to them an hour and a key squeaked in the lock. The door opened and the person, whoever he was stepped inside—in a trice the spies were off and a couple of seconds later they flung themselves down among the bushes to watch the results, having

no fear that their tracks would be noticed as the snow was crisscrossed with many trails. A few minutes later and the man came out, locked the door after him and tramped back to the house bearing on his shoulders a sack of flour.

"I say, let well enough alone. Let's go back home. If we hang around here much longer we'll get caught sure. Let's sneak," Red said.

"Yes, the sooner the better," his companion answered, and in a few minutes they had put a good stretch of wood between them and No. 2. About half-past eleven they reached camp where their report caused much excitement.

The afternoon passed slowly diversified only by a spirited snow fight on the part of some of the younger members of the crew.

About seven o'clock, the moon by this time having arisen, the men filed out into the open and lined up, even the cook joining, avowing that he wanted to have a chance at that thieving gang at No. 2. The only weapons carried, if indeed they may be termed weapons, were an ax and a sawed off crow bar.

Now through open glades lit by the shimmering moonlight, now through the gloomy woods the strange procession passed silent as so many ghosts, save when some one tripped over a branch or stubbed his toe against a projecting rock and vented his outraged feeling in muttered language.

When within a quarter of a mile of No. 2, a small sapling standing beside the trail was cut down and trimmed off

to be used as a battering ram to force in the door of No. 2, and then the order to start was given the men packing the pole upon short sticks between them and a few moments later halted within the edge of the roads surrounding No. 2.

Jim and Red armed with the axe and crowbar now ran forward into the shadow of the storehouse. A few moments work and two boards were silently laid upon the snow and Jim crawled in through the opening thus made. A short time later bearing the turkeys upon their backs they regained the friendly shadows of the woods.

The men under Bill then marched out in front of the shanty and began to take their places along the pole for a rush when the door opened suddenly and somebody thrust his head out and observing the preparations going on called, "What do you want out there?"

"To clean your shanty out for you, you pack of thieves," Bill shouted back.

The door was quickly shut and the men inside began piling everything movable against it when the pole propelled by a dozen of the strongest men in No. 1 struck it knocking it from its hinges into the center of the room.

Three minutes later after a desperate rough and tumble fight the men of No. 1 remained in undisputed possession of the Bunkhouse at No. 2, its former occupants having taken to the woods by way of the back door. The turkeys were then brought in from the hiding place in the brush and strung upon a pole and after three roaring cheers for No. 1 that woke the echoes they started

for No. 1. They reached it about ten o'clock bearing the turkeys along in triumph.

Next day as they lay around smoking and digesting their Christmas dinner which you may be sure was a big one Bill remarked, "Well I guess them fellows over in No. 2 are pretty sore

just about this time. If I ain't pretty badly mistaken they had common pork and beans for their dinner. Bet we are getting cussed for a few and hang if I care, that's all the good it'll do 'em," and the rest assented in a variety of ways.

NORMAN BUCK, '12.

THE CHRIST-CHILD KING

*O, the Angels sing,
And tender-sweet are their strains,
While heaven and earth with their praises ring
O the Angels sing,
And the Christ-Child King
On his new throne reigns,
O the Angels sing
And tender-sweet are their strains.*

Anthony B. Diepenbrock, '08.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Another year has almost passed from us—gone out of our lives into a vast infinite eternity of the past, unapproachable, unredeemable, and from whence it never again can rise except in the good or evil we have done.

O the deeds of the past! how few of

us would care,—nay dare—to dig up the sod of time and display them! Yet there, indeed, lies the secret of our lives, deep, deep, there! However, the past is nothing compared with the future that is to come; the past is dead while the future is springing into life.

Let us gird ourselves for it then, every way—intellectually, morally.

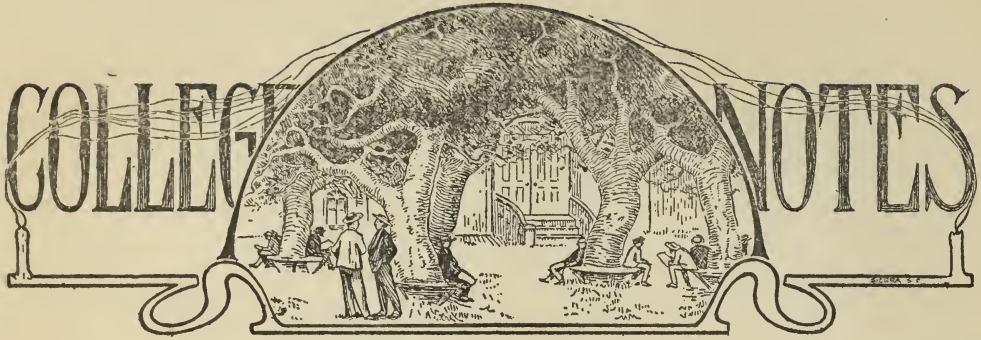
But away with such thoughts of gloom! The passing of the old year, if somewhat tinged with sober thought, brings us also the dear, ever dear Christmas-tide and the hour when the Babe was born who was to become King of men's hearts. The time is too joyful to be desecrated by thoughts of sadness. Let it bring cheer into the heart of every man of good will, for it is the birthday of the new-born King, the bearer of the greatest message of love that the world could ever receive. Let us rejoice and hail the Child who was to reign in the house of Jacob forever,—in the home of the human heart. Sing with the angels, and give glory to God on high, for the Savior of the World is born! Kneel and prostrate yourselves, with the lowly shepherds,

for the Star of David illumines the heavens.

Before we leave the Sanctum, and close its doors for the Christmas-tide, there is one duty that awaits us, a duty of sincerest pleasure: it is to extend to all in the name of the REDWOOD, the kindest greetings of this joyful season. Trite, threadbare, worn and imperfect as it may be, we wish all our friends, our Rev. President, our Vice-President, our Faculty, our Fellow-students of the present and of the past, a happy, happy Christmas and a thrice happy New Year.

Trite, thread-bare, worn and imperfect as such a formula of good will may be, still it is the best, and provided it is sincere and heart-given, it is really the most perfect gift of this joyful Christmas-tide.

ANTHONY B. DIEPENBROCK, '08.



The Play

A large audience gathered in the College Theater Thanksgiving eve to witness the production of "Santiago", with which were combined an operetta, "The Schoolmaster", and a laughable sketch by our College comedians, McKenzie and Aguirre. Though the expectation of the audience had been raised to the highest pitch by the accounts of the success of the dress rehearsal the day before, it was surpassed by the performance itself.

Twenty youngsters sang their sweetest in the operetta in chorus to solos from Aguirre, McKenzie, Shafer, Mayerle and Hancock. They were all applauded to the echo, for in addition to their beautiful singing, the school scene was so naturally acted that it seemed real.

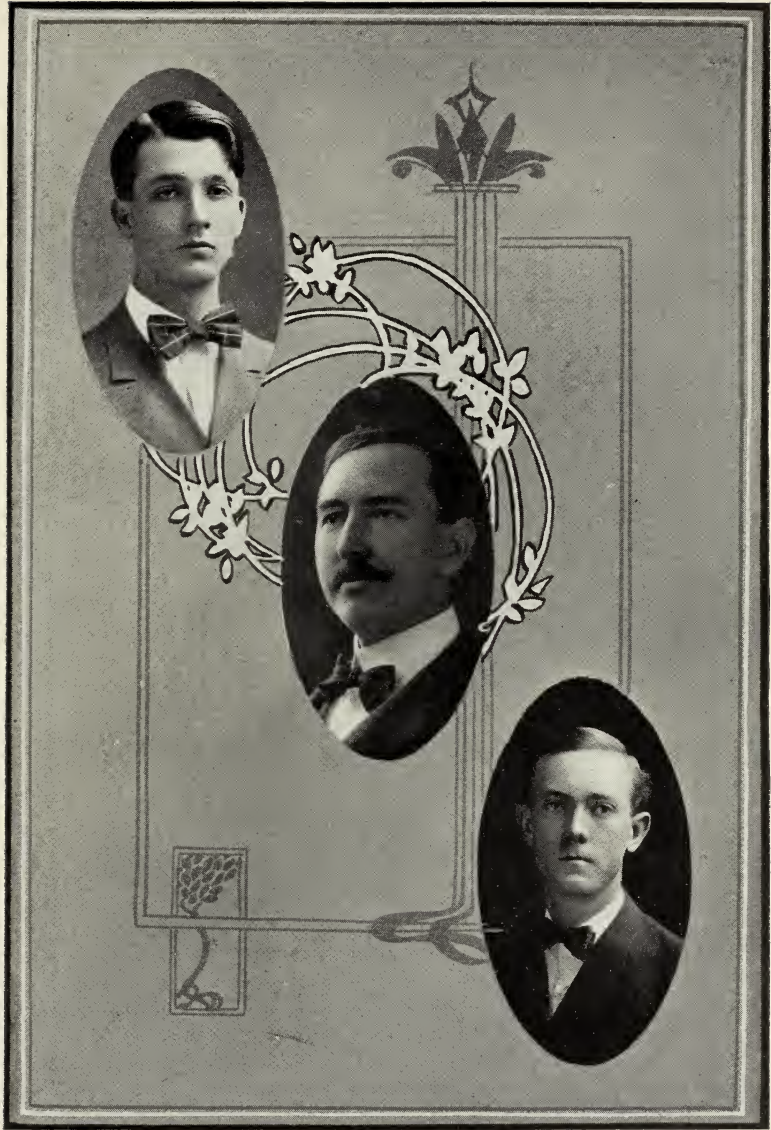
Club swinging and gymnastic exercises, by classes under the direction of Professor Sparks, astonished the audience by their skill and endurance.

The clever little sketch by Aguirre and McKenzie called forth rounds of applause and its excellence was much

enhanced by their singing. The sketch was a clever take-off of scenes from Sherlock Holmes' detective plays. The audience was kept in a roar of laughter throughout the sketch by the witty jests and repartees which abounded in the parts.

"Santiago", the drama written for the occasion by Chas. D. South, was a decided success. From the opening scene to the fall of the curtain the intense patriotism and heart-interest of the play were fully appreciated. The description of the battle off Santiago as seen by the party on the promontory was sublime. It seemed as if it were really occurring—so well were the parts taken; and the deep booming of the guns and the excited cries of the party on the shore were so realistic that one wished to go out there and help our Jackies.

The banquet scene in the last act is one to be remembered. Round the table were gathered fourteen guests in evening dress. Beautiful chandeliers shed a subdued light over the table, loaded down with all kinds of refreshments. The entrance of Sparks and the finale, "For he's a jolly good fellow"



CLEON P. KILBURN, '08
Stage Manager

CHAS. D. SOUTH, A. M., '01
Author of "Santiago"

FLOYD E. ALLEN, '08
Business Manager

made a grand effect not lost upon the audience.

The character of Sparks was taken by Ivo G. Bogan, who excelled even his usual good acting. He felt the part and his acting was realistic. He was well supported by Chas. Gallagher in the character of Rags, a Bowery newsboy, the faithful little friend of Sparks throughout all his misfortunes.

Robert Twohy sustained well the character of McShade, a newspaper correspondent, who in his undeserved success looks down upon his brothers of the pen.

Captain Blunt, a skipper with a heart in the right place, fared well at the hands of Floyd Allen, whose strong and decided manner of speaking fitted well the part.

Harry A. McKenzie made a hit as Sergeant Kelly, a bluff old soldier to whose mind anything of the United States spells perfection. His replies to Baron Von Spieglehauffer (George Mayerle) and Major Bragg (Richard Birmingham), representatives of Germany and England, were good samples of the superiority of Irish wit.

The descriptions of the Santiago battle by James Daly as Lieutenant Rush were very good though delivered a trifle too dramatically. L. J. Murphy amused everyone as McDuff, a tragedian of the ten, twenty, thirty type out of a job. Lee as a comedian, holds his own, we think, with his elder brethren of the professional stage.

F. M. McCarthy, F. M. Heffernan and J. K. Jarrett upheld the parts of repre-

sentatives of rival newspapers in good style.

August M. Aguirre did well as President Cable of the Consolidated Press. We only wish Augie had a longer part.

C. J. Smith, as a Cuban spy, bore out his character very well by the ferocity of his appearance which was terrifying in the extreme.

So great has been the success of the entertainment that the Dramatic Club has been requested to repeat the evening's pleasure at the Victory Theatre in San Jose, for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church. The date has not yet been determined.

A Well-Merited Presentation

A pleasant entré act of the Thanksgiving entertainment was the presentation of a handsome gold match case to August Aguirre. August during the past seven years has been conspicuous in every branch of College activity. During the Passion Play he was stage manager and many of the wonderful scenic effects of this as well as other college plays are due to him. Hence, the Fathers and students took this first public occasion since the recent Passion Play to show their appreciation. Mr. Fox, S. J., as President of the Dramatic Club, and on behalf of the Faculty and Student Body paid a short but earnest tribute and concluded by reading the following inscription which is artistically engraved on the present:

To August M. Aguirre, A. B. '07.

From the Fathers and boys of
Santa Clara

In appreciation for generous services
Passion Play
1907.

Although "Augie" was thoroughly surprised and for the time overcome by his emotion, still he recovered himself sufficiently to express neatly his devotion to Alma Mater.

November 19, 1781-1907

On the 19th of last month, the students of the college attended in a body the exercises, held under the auspices of the Santa Clara County Historical Society, to commemorate the second site of Mission Santa Clara. A large number of people had gathered on the site to attend the exercises and to witness the rearing of the memorial cross. As rain began to fall soon after the ceremonies commenced, Rev. Fr. Gleeson offered to the President of the Society, Professor Clyde A. Duniway, the privilege of the College Auditorium, which was accepted.

The following program was carried out:

Music, Santa Clara College Band; Introductory Address, Prof. Clyde A. Duniway, Leland Stanford Jr. University, President of the Santa Clara County Historical Society; Oration, "Birth of Christianity and Dawn of Civilization in Santa Clara Valley," President Richard A. Gleeson, S. J., of Santa Clara College; Raising and Blessing Memorial

Cross, Very Rev. Theodore Arenz, O. F. M., Choral music by Santa Clara College Boys' Choir; Poem, "The Mission Cross," written by Charles Francis Walsh, S. J., read by James R. Daly, '09; Address, "Footprints of the Padres," Rev. John W. Dinsmore, D. D.; Music, Santa Clara College Band; Address, "Junipero Serra, Pioneer of Pioneers", George Wharton James, Litt. D.; Address, "Historic Activities," Hon. James D. Phelan; Song, "America," by the audience, led by Santa Clara College Band.

It will be interesting to know that the cross which was raised on the second site of the mission, is composed of beams cut from the roof of the third and present mission church in 1884, when at the request of His grace, the most Rev. Archbishop Alemany the old church was restored. Into the center of the cross has been let a piece of the original mission cross erected by Fra Junipero Serra in 1777.

Dr. James' Lectures

FOUNDING OF OVERLAND MONTHLY

From a personal acquaintance with the people who were instrumental in its founding, Dr. James told us of the birth of the Overland Monthly, famous for being the first literary periodical of California and still better known for its publishing Bret Harte's stories which thrilled the world with the rough gallantry and good nature of early Californian mining camps.

The Overland Monthly was edited by what was known as the Literary Trinity, composed of Bret Harte, C. W. Stoddard, and Ina Coolbrith.

We should admire the abilities and perseverance of these three Californian geniuses who overcame cynical critics and presented to the world what it never suspected, a clever magazine that portrayed the lights and shades of California life in all its simplicity, ruggedness and beauty, in language worthy to be called literature, and literature of the highest class.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND EDWIN MARKHAM

Joaquin Miller and Edwin Markham, and their works was the subject of Dr. James' lecture on November 5th. A personal friend of these two men and a thorough student of all their works, Dr. James was well fitted for his task.

Everyone is familiar with the production of Edwin Markham, "The Man With the Hoe," the depth of thought and sonorous verse of which created such a sensation many years ago.

Markham, the poet of the country and the common people, and Miller, the poet of the Sierras, are two men whom California should ever honor and rank among her first sons.

THE POETRY OF INDIAN BASKETRY

A common, dirty-colored Indian basket had, before Dr. James' lecture, appeared

to us all as something extremely prosaic but viewing it by his knowledge of the Indians and their basket designs, it became poetic, expressing the Indian's inmost thoughts, beautifully and simply.

When an Indian woman conceives an idea pleasing to her she perpetuates it by designing it on a basket. Dr. James exhibited from his large collection many beautiful specimens expressing the Indians' idea of God, of the after life, of truth and falsehood. To the writer the lecture contained a moral:—Nothing is so small or common-place but some beautiful thought is connected therewith.

THE CALIFORNIA HUMORISTS

Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Bos Brown, famous all for wit and clever stories, were discussed by Dr. James on November 12th. At the time when these men wrote, California was, as it is now, the home of every race under the sun and consequently on account of the differences of languages and customs, many comical situations resulted which the humorists did not fail to crystallize into stories that have since gained them widespread popularity.

The Nature Writers of California was Dr. James' theme on November 26th. He treated it in his usual clear forcible manner and impressed upon us that we should endeavor to read this class of literature, for California, if it could boast of anything, could well boast of offering to the Nature writer scenery

unsurpassed—from the gentlest and the balmiest to the fiercest and most rugged.

On December 3rd was delivered the lecture entitled "The Modern Novelists of California," the last one of the series.

We are sorry that there are not more to come, for Dr. James was a favorite with us. A deep student and thinker he had full control of his subjects and presented them in such a simple and yet instructive manner that we were captivated. Dr. James understands, moreover, what few other lecturers do when treating with an audience of boys—that he must appear to be as one of them and not estrange them by a show of superiority. The best thanks for Dr. James' efforts and the thanks that he will appreciate the most is the assurance that his lectures were followed by the students with a lively interest and that they are animated with a new loyalty for their State by his admirable exposition of the wonders of its literature and the beauty of its scenery.

Junior Dramatic Society

The weekly meeting of the Junior Dramatic Society was taken up with a subject not only of hotly contested interest to the members but also of deep concern to many of their elders. The debate read: Resolved, That suffrage be granted to women. The affirmative found ardent advocates in the persons of Mr. McCabe and Mr. Watson, while the negative received ample support from Messrs. Forsythe and Heney.

Mr. McCabe spoke in glowing terms

of the rights of women, impressing upon his hearers the fact that women were often borne down and crushed by the tyranny of jealous men, who endeavor by all manner of means to hide and obscure their talent, power and influence.

Mr. Forsythe, the first negative, took occasion, on his first appearance, to cover himself with glory. He declared "that woman's place by right and by propriety was not the polls but the home. There, her talents stand in bold relief; there, her influence exercises royal sway; there, in that realm of love is she the mistress and queen. Take her from that sphere and you rob her of that sublime elevation of character and refined feeling that knits and binds in strongest affection the beauty and simplicity of domestic life."

Mr. Watson tried to patch up the shattered arguments of the first affirmative, but all to no purpose, for Mr. Heney broke through them, thus rendering a double victory for his side. Alas! many may remain unconvinced.

Before the debate Mr. Barry read an essay on "Motions." He handled this dry subject in a most vivacious manner and has given to Parliamentary Law an interest never before seen by the members. Mr. Shipsey gave an elocutionary rendition of "Bill and Joe." It was all that was desired and more.

At our next meeting the subject of the public debate was given and discussed by the members. The teams were also picked and the date arranged. The debate reads: Resolved, "That a classical education fits a man better for

a business career than a commercial one." For the affirmative Mr. Heney and Mr. Ford have been selected and for the negative Mr. McCabe and Mr. Hirst. The debate is to take place shortly before the holidays. As an added incentive to industry a prize of ten dollars is to go to the winning team. Besides the debate proper there will be the regular program of the Junior Dramatic Society. Mr. Forsythe will be Critic, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Essayist and Mr. Lohse, Speaker. About the contestants themselves but little need be said. They are all well known as skillful and accomplished debaters and we may rest assured that whatever the outcome of the debate will be, both sides will have done credit to themselves and to the society.

Philosophers' Day

The time honored custom of the Philosophers' picnic in honor of Saint Catherine, was duly observed last Tuesday, December 3rd. Messrs. Allen, Diepenbrock and Lappin were appointed a committee of three to make arrangements and the success of the day proved that they were well chosen.

At eight o'clock, twenty-six merry philosophers started out in a large bus under the care of Father Ricard to rest

their weary brains from the hard work of syllogisms, the survival of the fittest and other knotty problems that perplex the ambitious student.

With a loud yell from all on board the bus started to the villa. The way was enlivened by a few songs and the ousting from the bus of a few refractory singers.

A grand dinner had been prepared for them by the committee, to which they did more than ample justice. The choicest of viands had been secured for them and recollections of less savory dishes were lost in the enjoyment of the present. After dinner the philosophers retired to the shade of the large oak trees to digest their meal—analytically and synthetically.

The afternoon was spent in wandering about the hills and the discovery of such major and minor premises as enable us to draw our conclusion that the day was profitably and pleurably spent.

On the ride home each and every one was subjected to a course of vigorous treatment calculated to remove all doubts that the philosophers were not in a happy mood. It was observed next morning however that even Philosophy does not lighten the burden of getting up on the morning after a strenuous day.

CARLOS K. McCLATCHY, '10.

ALUMNI



George William Garside is located at Juneau City, Alaska, following his profession of mining and civil engineer. He was United States Surveyor of Nevada for fifteen years, and for the past twelve years has held the same position in Alaska.

Thomas Francis Fox, B. S. '90 has been elected City Attorney of Lompoc, Cal.

Maurice J. Collins, B. S., '89, is in Oakland, Cal., practicing dentistry.

Engaged in mining with headquarters in San Francisco is Chas. C. Colburn, B. S. '80. During President Harrison's administration he held a most responsible position in the United States mint.

J. F. Marten, ex-'04, a former Assistant Business Manager of the REDWOOD, paid us a visit recently. He looks hale and hearty after his travels.

Belmore Felix Brisac, B. S. '76, has a prosperous insurance business in San Francisco.

Isidoro Joseph Cereghino, B. S. '89, A. B. '90, holds the position of Coin Teller in the United States Treasury situated at San Francisco.

Located at Silvana, Washington, in a growing shingle manufactory, is Guy Connor, A. B. '01. While here Guy was the star of the baseball world, and represented his Alma Mater on the first team, for a term of four years.

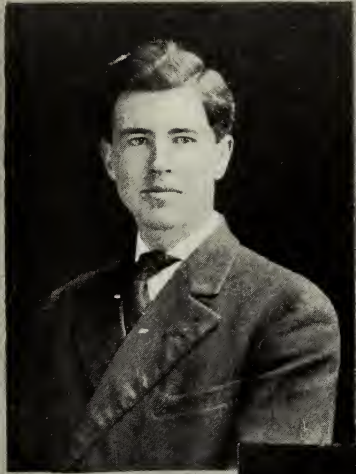
E. R. Hogan, with us last year, has bought an interest in the Smith Sporting Goods Company at Tucson, Arizona. At the recent election of officers of the Knights of Columbus in that city "Ned" was elected to the position of Financial Secretary.

Godfrey C. Buehrer for many years Music Instructor here, and under whose direction the famous music of the Passion Play was rendered, has accepted the position of organist at Stanford University.

William J. Maher, Com. '05, dropped in amongst us last week. "Willie" is now traveling for the wholesale jewelry firm of Mathew, Mahon, San Francisco.

Holding a responsible position with the San Francisco Call is J. I. Bradley, B. S. '87.

HARRY P. BRODERICK, '08.



RUGBY OFFICERS

H. P. BRODERICK, M'g'r.

W. H. HOWARD, Coach

H. A. J. MCKENZIE, Captain



This is the joyful season of peace and cheer upon earth when kindness and good fellowship should most abound. Therefore we shall throw our editorial ax aside for the present and treat our contemporaries in the kindly manner which the spirit of Christmastide demands. Someone has very aptly said, "In the worst of us there is much good, and even the best of us cannot afford to throw stones." We shall act upon this principle, striving to discover the merits of the several exchanges which we examine. This should be no great task for we can confidently say that in every magazine which has reached our table this year the good has been more than sufficient to counterbalance all the failings.

The exchange editors of *The Villa Shield* have thrown down the gauntlet to us in a most flippant manner and we make haste to pick it up lest the valor of the Santa Clara boys be considered unequal to the daring shown by the maidens of Villa de Chantal. We may say truthfully that of all the exchange columns which we peruse each month none has a higher place in our esteem than our contemporary from Illinois.

Under the able guidance of Elizabeth Moss, Julia Davis and Hazel Dooley—perhaps some distant cousin of our own—this department has become one of the most interesting features of the magazine, full of spice and ginger all its own. Keep up the good work, girls. We were glad to learn that at last you have a sunny sanctum in which to do your writing. We hope it contains a stove for the frosty winter months. Miss Durnin's story, "The Turn-table," is very cleverly written. We also admired the little quatrain by X, but we regretted to see that Y and Z contributed nothing this month. We hope to see some of their work in the next number. To conclude we must congratulate the business managers on the number of ads which they have procured. How do you manage to do it girls? Our business manager would like to know.

The Wesleyan Lit for November is just what one would judge it to be from the cheerful air of levity in its entire make-up, a magazine devoted chiefly to the lighter forms of fiction and of verse. Perhaps it is even a little too light but at any rate it furnishes a pleasant relaxation after some of its

more weighty contemporaries. "After the Storm" is a fair example of the fiction of the *Lit.* The plot, in its salient features, is an old one, but it is clothed in new garments and set before us in an interesting and amusing way. The ending, especially, is very cleverly worked out. A descriptive essay, "The Blackmore Country," adds a note of seriousness to the magazine. "A Gypsy Love Song", which we copy below will serve to show the character of the *Lit's* verse.

The jubilee number of the *Fordham Monthly* in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its birth, proved both interesting and instructive. Naturally much space is given in this issue to letters and reminiscences of former members of the staff. These serve to accentuate a point which is only too often forgotten by the undergraduate, the value in after life of the training received while writing for the college magazine. *The Monthly* also contains several poems of more than average excellence. From these we have copied "The Props of Life," whose prosaic title does not begin to indicate its beauty. We considered the pictures of former editors and staffs to be particularly appropriate for such an occasion. They add greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine.

THE PROPS OF LIFE

It was my joy in life to find
 At every turning of the road
 The strong arm of a comrade kind,
 To help me onward with my load.

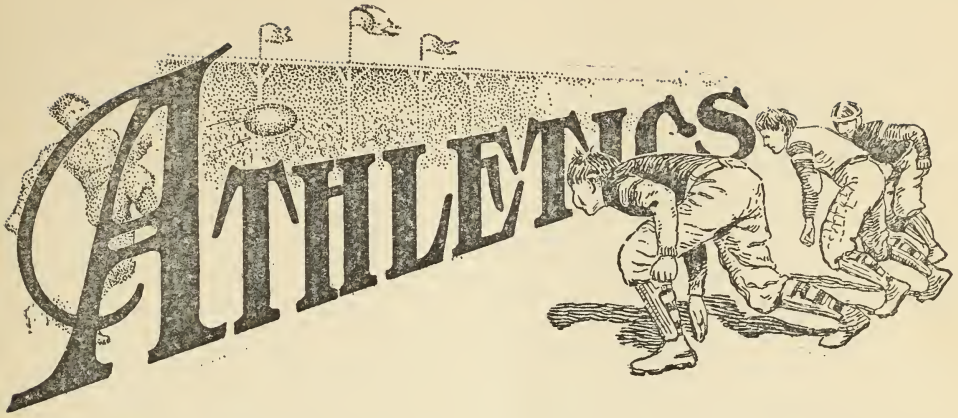
And since I have no gold to give,
 And love alone must make amends,
 My only prayer is, while I live—
 God make me worthy of my friends.
 J. CLARENCE FEENEY, '11
 —*The Fordham Monthly*

LIFE

Life is like a garden of flowers,
 Dew-washed and newly sprung,
 And there's fragrance in the sun-kissed
 bowers,
 When one is young.
 But the flowers are all sere and faded,
 The bowers lone and cold,
 The sunny walks are dim and shaded,
 When one is old.
 S. H. LYLE, JR.,
 —*The University of North Carolina Magazine*

A GYPSY LOVE SONG

Sad, sweet purple twilight:
 Hush of the opal hills:
 Lament glow of my firelight!
 My soul with longing thrills.
 Life is cold and sear,
 Oh, that my love were here!
 Beloved, the waves of your tresses
 Shame the twilight shadows deep;
 Warmly the wood-flame presses
 More warmly your passions sweep.
 Cruel miles between, dear,
 Oh, love, that you were here!
 Sad, sweet azure twilight,
 Brooding caress of the hills,
 Silvery shafts of the starlight,
 My soul with longing thrills
 To feel your warm lips near,
 Oh, love, if you were here!
 CLINTON F. WILDING,
The Wesleyan Lit.
 M. T. DOOLING JR., '09.



Football season is a thing of the past. True, it will be a topic of conversation for some time to come but even this desultory tribute to its memory will fade when we usher in Santa Clara's predominant athletic branch—baseball. But there is still one more important Rugby event to chronicle—our game with the Barbarians of San Francisco. A very large crowd attended, lured by the beautiful weather and the prospects of a good game. The famous Barbs placed on the field the best Rugby team seen on the Coast this season. Stars from all over the world played in the line up. Some of these were: Sharp, Elliot, Buchanan, Phillips and McWalters, men well known wherever Rugby is played.

Fowler kicked off for the Barbarians and the ball was returned to touch. On the throw in our opponents gathered for a dribbling rush and after some hard play which ended in some clever passing Scott carried the ball across for the first try of the day. Elliot kicked a very difficult angled goal. On the drop out Santa Clara rallied and a punt followed

by a return kick saw the crimson backs fairly started on a clever pass-advancement of the ball, but Spence intercepted a pass and a little later the ball was scrummed. After a clever heel out by the Barb's forward division, Elliot, Buchanan and McWalters made a sensational run for a try. After some loose play on our part and several penalties Sharp secured the ball and darted across our line for another score. In the second half Elliot made a sensational run, passed to Price and several of the other Barbarian backs which netted them another try. A little later our forwards got on the ball for a dribbling rush and after some clever manipulation succeeded in scoring a try. Elliot was easily the star of the day. His kicking, passing and head work were the features of a game replete with features. For the red and white McKenzie, Allen, Aguirre, Murphy and Twohy were the stars. Coach Howard was well satisfied with the showing made. Mr. Unmack who refereed remarked the general improvement of the team and predicted a bright future for the game here in Santa Clara.

Now that football is passed every, body turns to baseball and prospects have been discussed with more than usual interest. Manager McKenzie and Captain Kilburn have begun even at this date to formulate plans for a banner season. Eight veterans of last year looks pretty good for a starter and some very promising new men makes things look better still. Those returned to College who represented us in '07 are: Captain Kilburn, Freine, Broderick, Lappin, Salberg, Watson, Peters and Shafer.

MERVYN S. SHAFER, '09.

THE TEAM, '07

Let it flash above the Campus
 The bright banner of the team—
 It is eloquent with story
 And our victory is its theme!
 In the year of Noughty Seven
 We the boys of S. C. C.
 Did our part in sturdy Rugby,
 All Collegians will agree
 To the team that won the pennant
 Here's a cheer three times and o'er
 May the coming years as proudly
 Show our triumph in the score!

WALTER I. SWEENEY, '12.

Second Division Athletics

The football season has come and gone and now the youthful athletes of

the Second Division have begun to turn their attention to basketball. The first impression was that basketball was a girl's game, but all thoughts of this nature were dispelled when the game was given a trial. Although practically all the boys in the division play and enjoy the game only one organized team has been formed. This team being the only one on the field has claimed the title of "Junior" and stands ready to defend the name. The members of the Junior team are R. Flood, M. Lohse, Sherzer, E. Nolting and L. Ford. They have fitted up a nice little court, built goal posts and marked the boundary lines. Games are being arranged with Belmont and Andersons.

A week or so ago the "All Stars" baseball team journeyed to San Francisco to play a team from St. Ignatius College. Through some mismanagement the team which appeared to play the "Stars" was far larger than had been anticipated. Nevertheless the Santa Clara boys determined to play them and succeeded in holding their opponents down to a score of eight to nothing, which was excellent, considering the relative sizes of the two teams.

L. FORD, '10.



OFFICERS OF BASEBALL TEAM

CLEON P. KILBURN, '08 Captain

HARRY A. J. MCKENZIE, '08, Manager

JAMES RYENES, Coach

Photo by Bushnell

The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. VII.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 5

THE SLAVE

Bound by the chain
Of moral fear,
And blown by the wind
Of a bleak, sere
Despot's reign,
He acts!
He has no will!
He has no mind!
But the cataracts
Of frenzied fury fierce
Pouring down upon him, still
Drive him on to endless toil,—
And brutal toil!
His heart is deadened by the pierce,
Of vast deep hate,
And his soul has seen no love.
Man? Once! Now beast by fate,
But yet this ultimate goal
Is high above
The iron master of his soul.
Anthony R. Niepenbrock, '08.

“THE WISE MEN”

In the Christmas number of the Harvard Monthly there appears a little one act play, “The Wise Men.” Since it was a Christmas play it seemed fitting that it should occupy the first place in a Christmas number until after I had read it, and then I wondered how and why it had ever gotten into the magazine at all; for in plot and execution it is most unchristian. I began to read it expecting to find the never dying mystery of the birth of Christ and the worship of the Magi treated in a new or interesting way and what I did find was a dreadful travesty, a pitiful mockery of the truth. Who are the wise men? A vagabond, a socialist, a mystic—a truly wonderful trio, fit and worthy successors to the noble Magi of old. And what an awful blasphemy is done the Person of the Divine Child! It is an open and uncalled-for insult to the millions in this country professing the Christian religion.

A child of doubtful paternity is born in a New England barn on Christmas eve and three cynical, sneering men, outcasts and haters of society hail him as a possible saviour, a Christ-child. This in brief is the plot and this is a Christmas play! How different from this was the veneration, the rational veneration of the Eastern Kings at the feet of the infant Christ. It is only by comparing the two that we can realize the pitiful contrast: the wisdom and reasonableness of these ancient wise

men, and the lack of reason and stupidity of so-called modern wise men. Let us then briefly consider the history of the Magi.

We may well suppose, and history will attest as much, that at the time in which the Magi lived the whole eastern world was in a state of unrest and expectation. There were among them many prophecies and traditions concerning the advent of a saviour. Many of them vague and shadowy it is true, but all supplying food for hope and longing. Besides, there were many Jews scattered throughout the world, merchants and traders then as well as now, who were in some degree, at least, centers of light to their neighbors. From them must have come the more definite prophecies of the Jewish prophets which would assure the people that the wonderful event was close at hand. All these prophecies taken together could not fail to have their effect. Many people in the East must have looked forward to their fulfillment with something more than idle interest. There must have been many good people among them who longed for the promised Redeemer with all the yearning of their hearts.

Imagine the Magi then, brilliant men and leaders among their people, perhaps—for so the legend goes—even kings. They knew all these prophecies, among them that of the unfortunate Balaam. “A star shall rise out of Jacob

and a scepter shall spring from Israel." They were versed in astronomy as indeed were all the Eastern races in those times and we can imagine them searching the heavens night after night for some token that the promised one had been born. At last a wonderful new star gleams in the heavens before their delighted eyes. Here is the fulfillment of Balaam's prophecy. The Saviour has been born.

They must then have debated among themselves as to what was best to be done. One among them more unselfish and more firmly convinced of the truth than the rest suggested that they undertake the journey to Jerusalem to find the new-born king, and pay him homage. Faint hearted ones among them must have protested and hung back finally refusing to go and left the three, firm in their purpose, strong in their belief, to travel to Jerusalem alone. They left everything, home, friends, interests and started on the long, tedious journey that would lead them to the one they sought.

A few months later they appeared in Jerusalem and startled King Herod and his court by their naive, simple question: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come to adore him." There is little wonder that "King Herod hearing this, was troubled", for Herod was a usurper and tyrant of the cruelest sort and very justly hated by his people, and any claimant to his throne might well prove not only popular but very dangerous.

We are led to wonder then at his next step; for he publicly called together "all the chief priests and scribes of the people and inquired of them where the Christ should be born." This move showed little of astuteness and kingcraft, for Herod might well have taken measures quietly to put the usurper to death. Instead he gave the matter the greatest possible publicity and all Jerusalem knew of the question and its answer. However we are not concerned with Herod's statesmanship, suffice it to say that the question was put to the priests and the Magi received the authoritative answer which they desired. "But they said to him, in Bethlehem of Juda. For so it is written by the prophet, and thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, are not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel."

The Wise Men confirmed and strengthened by this information continued their journey, rejoicing in their hearts, to Bethlehem. "And behold the star which they had seen in the East, went before them until it came and stood over where the child was."

How according to reason was the action of the Magi, and in contrast to it how foolish appears the action of the other *wise* men. The Magi lived in a time of unrest when all over the world there was a belief that a saviour would soon be born. They possessed a weight of prophecy which tended not only to strengthen and to confirm their belief but to make it absolutely certain. A

wonderful star appeared in the heavens which their knowledge of astronomy told them was above nature, supernatural. On their arrival at Jerusalem they are informed of the exact birth-place of the Child by the priests, men who above all others should know. And finally they go to this place, guided by the marvelous star, and find the child as they had expected.

Were the Magi then wise and reasonable in following the star? or was their action a piece of foolishness to be contemned and pitied by the wise ones of today? Was this Babe they came so far to see a mere ordinary child?

After events certainly show that they were wise. That Child to whom the star led them, grew up and worked incontestable miracles, nay the greatest of miracles, for He raised himself from the dead. History proves this, if nothing else does.

Moreover, men so believed in this little Child and in the miracles that He wrought and in the doctrines that He preached that they suffered torments and death for Him and for His doctrines. The number of these martyrs goes, to say the least, far, far into the thousands. Mankind never acts thus for a mere man.

Moreover, the most prudent and wise men that have existed during the twenty centuries that have intervened since the birth of that Child and our own day have adored that Infant whom the Magi adored, and their gigantic intellects, irresistible in their search for truth have rested in Him and His doc-

trine as calmly and as peaceably as the infant in the arms of its mother.

On the other hand these modern wise men, the vagabond, the socialist and the mystic acclaim a fatherless waif the Christ-child, because as one of them says "He is any child." For them there was no wonderful manifestation in the heavens, no weight of prophecies, no assurance of the scribes and priests. There is no holy mystery about the Child's birth, no miracle. "Here is the ancient, brutal miracle of birth, nothing more"—I am quoting from the play—"The child is any child; Mary, any woman." And yet three men, three wise men, hail him as a savior, a Christ-child in their sneering, cynical way and "pray to him in their fashion." Without a single motive they acclaim this Child a Christ and yet they are *wise* men.

It may be wondered why I have treated this play so seriously. It was because these three *wise* men represent to me a type, this play seems to me to be an expression, an open voicing of the tendency to scoff at all religion. These three *wise* men are but a type of a growing class of people who are drifting toward atheism, who are restive of religious restraint. They sneer at present creeds and are ready to accept any new faith, not because it is sound, not because it is reasonable, but because it is novel, because it is untried.

The appearance of this play in the *Harvard Monthly*, a magazine which must represent at least a large part of the students of one of our leading an_d

most influential universities, serves to indicate how wide-spread and deep-rooted this evil has really become. It might be interesting to remember in this connection that John Harvard was

a protestant minister. How uneasy might be his sleep if he could know of the wonderful progress of his school!

M. T. DOOLING JR., '09.

AN EVENING IDYL

The sun in sinking to his lowly bed,

Has over every hill and vale a radiance spread.

The mountain tops are bathed in brilliant hue,

And o'er the plain a softening light is shed

Which e'en though old is beautiful anew.

The loitering sunbeams glide among the trees

As though to catch some shadow unawares.

*Then leave—e'en as a master, 'witched by the trem-
bling keys,*

*Lingers longing that the last sweet chord may never
cease—*

Then darkness still and deep creeps on,

And another day is done.

Edward H. Wood, '08

THE STORM AND SHIPWRECK

AENEID, BOOK I, 85-110

When thus he spoke these words of lordly pride,
He struck with whirling spear the mountain side.
Forthwith the winds, as though in stately bands,
Rush from the vent and blow through all the lands.
They press upon the sea: the deep transforms
Its face; and fierce with winds replete with storms,
The ocean heaves its depths and loudly roars,
And rolls vast billows to the distant shores.
The groans of men then follow sad and drear:
The riggings break, the crews are seized with fear,
When suddenly the clouds obscure the skies
And snatch the light of day from Trojan eyes.
Dark, dismal night now broods upon the deep.
The heavens thunder, streaks of lightning sweep
Across the drear expanse of sable clouds,
And threat'ning death o'erhangs the stricken crowds.
The limbs of Aeneas are loosed with sudden fright;
He groans and starward lifts his hands in plight:
"O thrice and four times blessed, ye sons of Troy
Who died 'neath fathers' gaze, 'neath walls with joy!
Thou son of Tydeus, bravest of the Greeks,
Why could I not, midst foemen's loudest shrieks,
Have fallen on dear Ilium's lovely plains

By thy right hand, and bled from all my veins?
Where Hector lies, struck by Achilles' dart,
And great Sarpedon, wounded to the heart?
When Simois rolls the shields in waters clear,
And lifeless frames of men, who knew no fear?"
While speaking thus, the shrieking north wind jars
The sail and lifts the billows to the stars.
The oars are smashed; the prow then turns aside;
The ship exposed, now feels the angry tide:
A mass of water follows in a heap.
Some hang with dread on this vast, surging steep;
To others, yawning waves disclose the land
Amid the swell, that rages with the sand.

HARDIN N. BARRY, '11

"CHUCK" FOWLER

When the doctor told Chuck Fowler that he had lung trouble and advised him to go south for awhile, Chuck revolted and swore that nothing could make him take to the arid plains of Arizona.

"Not so as you could notice it," he said, "I'm not strong for getting out among the uncivilized just yet. I can't shoot straight enough. No desert home for mine."

But the doctor insisted.

"You'd better go, Fowler. I know it's pretty hard, but you've got your health to save, and that's your one chance. You're in your last year here, and of course you hate to lose your sheepskin, but you've got to do it and the sooner the better."

Fowler didn't see things in the same light the doctor did, and said so, but when he went to his room and told his room-mate and chum, he was forced to see the right side of the question.

"Well, Chuck, I'm sorry, you know that, but you'd better do as you're told. You look badly. I've noticed it all along. I didn't like to say anything, you're so devilish touchy about your looks, but now it's out and I say go. I hate to lose you, Kid, and so will we all, but the old Doc knows what's what. Do it old boy. Pack up and go. It won't be long and you'll feel the better for it in after years. You've got nothing to keep you except the degree, and you can afford to lose that; even if you

couldn't, you ought to look out for your health first. Come, old boy, is it go?"

"Well, I guess I'll have to, Spud, I don't want to, but you're right. It's better to be dead in that country God forgot, for a little while, than to be dead for keeps here. I'll go."

Next day found Chuck at the depot awaiting the south bound train. With him was his chum. He had bidden good bye to all his friends at the college. He had been called away, he said, and didn't know just when he would be back.

"Well, Hartley," he remarked, as he boarded the train, "Here goes for my Robinson Crusoe stunt. Ye gods, man! I love to think of a year away off down there in that no-man's country! nit. Write often and tell me all that goes on. It's good I've got this letter to that rancher or I'd be like a Freshman in a Senior meeting down there. So long, big fellow, there's the bell."

"Be good, Chuck, let me know how you get on. I know you'll be O. K. in no time."

A warm hand clasp and the train pulled out.

* * * * *

"Dis am yo' station, suh," said the porter as he removed Chuck's suit case from under the seat. Chuck stretched himself and prepared to leave the limited.

As the train stopped he got off and looked around.

"Well, by George! this isn't so bad. There's a real house over there and I don't see guns on everybody. There's a restaurant too, which reminds me that they took the dining car off up the road there somewhere. Me for it. I guess I don't look very spry. I thought the porter would need a pick and shovel to dig me out of my berth this morning after crossing that desert. But then I'll do," he concluded as he surveyed his person with a semi-satisfied air.

After he had eaten his dinner he started down town to look for the address the doctor had given him. He was not long in finding it. On being admitted to the office he gave his letter of introduction to Mr. Evans.

"Well, sir, I'm glad to know you, Mr. Fowler. Sit down. Shake hands with Dr. Scott, Mr. Fowler. When did you get in? This morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is my old friend Fenton? Well?" and then he continued, not waiting for an answer, "It's years since I saw him, years, sir. Remember him, Scott? Dr. Fenton, used to be here years ago. Fine man, Mr. Fowler, fine man. Doing well, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, very well, Mr. Evans."

"Well, you don't look the part of a sick man. Eh, Doctor?"

"I don't particularly feel it but they insisted on my coming and so here I am."

"Now, let's see, Mr. Fowler. I presume you'd like to go out to the ranch and live? That's what Fenton recommends. Well, now, there are two al-

ternatives. To go out and work with the men, or to go out and live on the ranch, there's a difference you know, which do you wish to do?"

"I don't know much about the work but if you think I could ever get the idea in my college bred system, I'd like to try, sir. I can ride a little but that's about all."

"Well, sir, go out and find out; there's lots of room to learn in and there's lots to practice on out there. If it doesn't work, why quit and try the other. My foreman's in town and you can go out with him tomorrow. Say, Scott, why don't you go out now and take that hunt. Take Mr. Fowler along. I can't get off now and there's your chance for company."

"By George! believe I will, Evans. How's that suit you, Mr. Fowler, a week or two after big game before you buckle down?"

"Just right, Doctor, I'll be mighty glad to go."

"All right, sir, it's a go. Come on and we'll go to supper now. So long, Evans, I'll see you before I leave. Come on, Mr. Fowler."

"Mr. Evans, I am much obliged to you, sir," said Chuck as he rose to follow the Doctor.

"Don't mention it, Fowler. Don't mention it. Hope you enjoy it. Good-bye."

"Goodbye. Kind of like my first boss," commented Fowler to himself as he joined the Doctor.

Next morning found Chuck on his way to the ranch, eighty miles from

town, with the jovial Doctor and the foreman.

* * * * *

"Say, Shorty, did you see what drifted in just now with the Boss. Gee he's cute and his mother dresses him swell. Looks like a picture I seen once of a yap at some college. His pants sticks out on both sides like water-bags on the Kid's donkey. Let's go and see if he bites." The two cowboys ambled up and were introduced as Shorty Miledy and Joe Mayer.

"Glad to know you," said Chuck, as he shook hands with the two men. Then the foreman explained.

"He's out to stay awhile, boys, comes from California. Goin' to learn the trade when he and the Doc get through killin' all the deer that Doc didn't get last time he was out. That right, Fowler?"

"That's about the ticket," laughed Chuck, "if there's any puncher in me and I hope there is.

"Say," remarked Shorty, caressing his right hand, as the foreman led Chuck and the Doctor away, "did he break your grabber or did he just bend it like he did mine. I thought he needed it worse than I did for a minute, he come so near taking it."

This was Chuck's introduction to the Evans' ranch, the largest and most prosperous estate in Arizona.

Then he spent a fortnight with the Doctor in the mountains, hunting. It was glorious, the wildness of it all and the natural beauty of this place that he had pictured as a bleak and barren des-

ert. Then the Doctor was just such company as one reads about on a hunting trip. And while Chuck was saying in his inmost self that the doctor was a "Prince" the doctor was confiding to the embers in the camp fire that Fowler was a mighty fine young man and he liked him.

Soon Chuck's liking turned into a kind of love for the life he was leading. The long house, part wood and part sun-dried brick with its low wooden fence, the corrals, the stables, the quarters of the men, and the more sumptuous house of the foreman became more natural, and it seemed homelike before he knew it.

He never did look sick, as Mr. Evans had told him, but now he lost his sick feeling. His face and hands became tanned and anyone who had said he was good-looking before would now have changed the word to handsome.

At first he could ride pretty well but that was his limit. Shorty said he handled a rope about as well as an old cowboy like himself would handle a salad fork at a Busterbilts dinner party, "which", concluded Shorty, "wouldn't make Busterbilt compliment me on my table manners."

Fowler learned quickly, however, all the details of a cowman's life. How to rope, to sleep on the hard ground, to go hours without food or water, to stay awake at night and watch cattle in the rain and above all to go to sleep when he got a chance. Everybody gave him a helping hand. His breezy ways, his ever cheerful smile and his, to them,

unique college slang and stories, made of every man, woman and child on the ranch a firm friend.

Then for nine months he worked as a cowboy, riding the range every day, and losing every semblance of his sickness. Then the foreman quit and Mr. Evans told him to take charge. He did, to the utter satisfaction of all the men. His college clothes had long been laid away and in their stead reigned corduroys and blue shirt, and the low shoes faded into forgottenness before the high boots.

The college man was gone, leaving only the culture and the learning; the cowboy came—without roughness or uncouthness and improving the strength that had made Chuck the mainstay of the Varsity eleven in his Junior year, before his sickness.

* * * * *

Summer came and with it came to the ranch Mr. Evans and his family, Chuck knew of the family but had never met any of them except Mrs. Evans. The girls were in the east at school, and the boy was in California.

When they all came, Mr. Evans insisted that he come and stay with them, but Chuck declined.

"I can come down often, Mr. Evans, you know, and really its too much of an imposition. Then I'm well settled up here and I'm afraid I'd be spoiled for the winter."

"All right, my boy, as you wish. You're always welcome though."

Then it was that the tranquility of Chuck's life was broken in upon though

at first he didn't know it. The breaker came in the person of Miss Gwendolyn, the younger daughter of Mr. Evans.

Chuck was standing one day, at the gate of the corral looking at some horses and talking to Shorty.

"Mr. Fowler, what horse can I have to ride?" Chuck found his hat in his hand and his eyes looking at a remarkably pretty girl of about twenty.

"Miss Evans?" he asked.

"Yes," she said and held out her hand. He took it. "I waited for Tom to bring me up but he was so slow, I came alone," she smiled.

"Perfectly right. Shorty, catch Bay please for Miss Evans." He saddled her horse and she left on the first ride of her vacation.

After that she took many rides but not alone. Chuck managed to be going that way quite often.

One night Shorty stood watering his horse at the hydrant in the middle of the yard when Chuck appeared on the way to the house. A white collar shone in the twilight and the corduroys were gone, also the boots. Shorty smiled.

"I wondered how long it 'ud be", he remarked. "Took just about two weeks speakin' correct like. Say Ed," he asked of a fellow-on-looker, "Did you happen to see an onery little cuss around here with a bow and arrow. He took a shot at the boss and from the looks of things he must a hit him."

* * * * *

Summer was over and Miss Gwendolyn

lyn went back to town with her father and family.

Everything was again as it was before, a little more lonely for Chuck perhaps. His letters now to Hartley told of a pleasant summer and a new name found its way into them. Also when a few days later Shorty took the mail to the little postoffice at the store, he looked at one letter the boss handed him and then winked slyly.

"Did you put on the shiny shoes and the baloon pants when you wrote this?" he asked as he bolted through the door, followed by Chuck's foot.

Sometime afterward the boss hitched up the team and announced his intention of going to town for a few days.

"You take charge, Shorty till I come back. I'll be here in a day or so. See Martinez about those horses while I'm gone."

"Say." broke in Shorty, irrelevantly, "that little cuss cupid sure hits hard don't he? It may be all right but I'll take mine with a shot gun if it's just the same to everybody."

The buckboard made more than one trip to the city that winter and each time Shorty's smile increased. He was the only one who dared say anything, or even smile in public, but then Shorty was a fixture and a privileged character on the ranch.

Then there happened an incident that changed things. Chuck had been out on the round-up, and glorying in his strength and health, had not taken care of himself. A cold settled on his lungs and he went back to the old

state, a slight pain and an incessant cough. He tried from then on to take care of himself and regain his health. He was still big and apparently strong but he felt that all was not right with him.

* * * * *

Summer came again and Chuck knew that it would bring Gwendolyn. He lived in expectation of the event. One day he was coming home just as evening was settling. The big bay horse he rode moved evenly along. Chuck let the reins fall over the saddle-horn and lost himself in a reverie wherein he traveled back to his school days and he sang softly to himself the "Boola Boola" of his college. He topped the hills that bounded the valley across from the house and looked up. He drew in a breath of the sweet free air and stopped the horse.

Lord! it was grand to his eyes.

The valley lay beneath him. To the south he could see the fields of hay and through it all ran the river. To the north the mountains rose out of the valley and stretched away, infinitely far. Across from him where the foothills began again he could see plainly in the summer evening the ranch, the place that he called home. The sun sank behind him. He took off his hat and the soft wind blew refreshingly in his face and on his head. Then he saw far off behind the house a wagon coming. He watched it a minute then the beauty of the scene fled from before him. He forgot he was the foreman of

a ranch, and not a free wild college man again. The big Bay was startled into a six foot jump by the yell that issued from his generally quiet rider. "It's Gwendolyn", and then the spurs dug deep and the bay stretched out in a race for the ranch house.

The Evans family arrived and Shorty was unharnessing the team when he looked out on the valley and paused in the act of unhooking a trace.

"Somebody coming," he said. "Coming some too. Wonder who it is." Then after a pause, "It's the boss—must be Indians after him."

He waited for him to come up. Chuck dashed through the gate.

"Here, you Shorty take this plug, slowest thing I ever rode." Chuck slid off and broke for the house.

"Slowest thing he ever rode," repeated Shorty, blankly. "Fastest horse on the ranch—wonder what's hit him. Another ride like that and old Bay would be the slowest horse on the ranch unless the rest all died. Say," he shouted, "come back and unsaddle this horse." But Chuck had disappeared into the house. Shorty continued his unharnessing, "Well," he said, "As I remarked before, if it's just the same to everybody I'll take mine with a shot gun."

It was then that Chuck began to realize how much a part of his life Gwendolyn had become and he saw he had found favor in her eyes.

His health did not improve. He cared for himself but seemingly to no avail. He did not get well and he be-

gan to feel that he was not going to. A strange something which he could not explain, arose to haunt him. It was then when he was convinced that his case was hopeless that he realized that he must give Gwendolyn up. True to all that was noble in his nature he resolved to forget her. He had gone too far now but he must turn back and repair the damage he had done.

It was a harder task than he ever imagined it would be. He stayed away from the house as much as possible but met her often necessarily. She made it harder for him. Not knowing why he held himself aloof she reproved him gently and he could not answer her questions why.

Then one day came the climax. He was at the house and they were alone. All the feeling in the girl was aroused. She told him of his neglect without any reason. If there was a reason she deemed it her right to know it. The affections of a woman should not be roused only to be left to die for want of attention, she had told him. Then the man forgot all but that he loved her, and through his mind ran the thought, "I will get well." He declared his love and she accepted it giving himself into his embrace and her love into his keeping.

Then Chuck sought Mr. Evans in his study. He found him sitting before the fire.

"Mr. Evans," he asked, then paused and blushed like a school boy.

"What's the matter, been running? You're all red in the face."

"No, sir. Mr. Evans have you ever thought of Gwendolyn—er getting married?"

Chuck expected him to be surprised but he wasn't.

"Yes. I always thought she would get married some day. They generally do. Her mother got that notion once."

"Well er—did you ever er have any choice for her?"

"That's her privilege, my boy, to choose. Not mine. If she loves a man and he is worthy, why I'm not in the game at all. Her mother had that choice. I remember well because I wasn't just what her dad fancied as a husband for her. Since then I've always been rather glad she had the say."

"Well," smiled Chuck, "I just came in to say that she said 'yes' to me and I want you to say I'll do. You know that I'm—that I'm—"

"You're worthy. Is that it?"

"Yes. I guess that's it."

"You know best, my boy. You know how your health is. Go tell her mother she will be glad to hear of it." He held out his hand.

"Thank you," said Chuck, as he took it and squeezed.

Dad squirmed.

"Well," he smiled, as Chuck tore out the door, "he'll have to treat the old man better than that." He sat down nursing his hand.

Next day Chuck started for town. He said he was going on business but

when he arrived he went directly to the doctor's.

* * * * *

Shorty went down to the well next morning to get a bucket of water and met Gwendolyn.

"Good morning, Gweny. You look mighty happy for an ordinary mortal."

"Yes", she said, "I feel awfully happy, Shorty." She seated herself on the opposite side of the well and watched the bucket as it slowly sought the bottom. Then she asked without looking up. "Shorty, when will Mr. Fowler be back?"

"Oh," said Shorty, "um hum, I don't think he's coming back."

"What!" she said, and then blushed and hung her head.

Shorty broke into uncontrollable laughter. "I hope," he sputtered, "he'll find the County Clerk in. If he don't he may be delayed an hour, and that would be awful, wouldn't it?"

"Well," he continued, as he rolled a cigarette, "I knowed it all along ever since he put on that high collar and them abbreviated shoes, and doused the corduroys the day you come. I knowed it, but say, Gweny, you're sure luck. You could a looked all over the country and you wouldn't a found a man who is more of a man."

Shorty pulled the bucket up to the landing and held out his hand to her across the well. "He's all the good, all the goods," he said, "but he aint gettin' the worst of it. You'll be happy and so'll he or else you're both mighty hard

to please and you'd better pack up and get a pass to heaven cause the earth aint good enough for neither of ye." He picked up the bucket and waddled off.

"Thank you, Shorty," she said. "I know it."

* * * *

Chuck arrived in town and after putting up the horses he went to the Doctor's.

"Hello, Fowler. Glad to see you. How is everything?"

"Fine, Doctor, fine. I came in on purpose to see you. I want you to examine my lungs. I want to know just how they are."

"Oh!" said the Doctor. "Certainly come in."

When Chuck came out some time later, his face was white and his step unsteady. The Doctor followed him out.

Chuck shook his hand. "Goodbye, Doctor. Thank you, I ought to have known it. I'll go now. You'll excuse me." He staggered down the steps and into the street.

"Poor boy! He's mighty young and it's too bad, too confounded bad."

Chuck sought the hotel and his room. He could not sleep but paced the floor all night.

"How can I tell her?" he repeated over and over again. "How can I tell her? Why did I lose my head? Why wasn't I more of a man?"

He sat on the edge of his bed and tried to think. It occurred to him that he might go away and never come back

but he cast the thought away. He wouldn't be a coward again. He would go back and tell her and then leave. He knew it would break her heart and she would always think him a coward, but he must do it.

He left for the ranch next day late, as it was hot and he wished to save the horses.

That night as he rode along he thought, and his thoughts almost drove him mad—but he wouldn't turn back.

The spirit of the night stole on him and he dozed. He had had no sleep the night before. Soon he slept.

He awoke with a start and felt for the reins; they were gone. The light buckboard was bounding over the road at a terrific rate and he made out the horses in the early dawn running at their utmost speed. The lines were gone and he had no way of stopping them. He half stood up when the frightened horses reared to the side. He lost his hold and was thrown out upon the pebbles of the small dry creek near the road.

Shorty found him next morning and they took him to the ranch house, unconscious. Shorty went for the doctor.

When he got back next day the doctor gave no hope.

"Concussion of the brain and a fractured skull," he said. "Can't live to-night."

Gwendolyn neard the news calmly and only looked harder at the face on the pillow before her. Then they left her alone with him.

She knelt and put her arms around

his neck and kissed him tenderly on the lips.

His eyes opened slowly and he smiled recognition, then they closed again.

He left the earth not because it

wasn't good enough for him nor because heaven contained all his happiness, but because the Lord had been good to him and saved him a great pain.

IVO G BOGAN, '08.

HIS LAST DISCHARGE—A PICTURE

*'Twas but a soldier lying
 In solemn grandeur dying
 On the trodden field.
 He heard no more his comrades' shout
 Nor aught he saw or felt about
 Save loneliness. Yet without
 Complaint or murmur he was dying
 Dying for his native land
 Just waiting for the last command
 To march. But why enlarge
 The picture? his last discharge
 Had come and while o'er him stood
 His gallant steed—
 A friend and shield
 In the hour of need—
 He signed it with his blood.*

A. T. Leonard, '10

A SONG

*Gold from the depths of earth's dark mines,
Gold of the rising sun—
These are but dross to the gold that shines,
In your rich-gleaming hair, sweet one.*

*Blue of the sunlit summer skies,
Blue of the dancing sea—
Bluer your lovelit, laughing eyes
As they playfully rest on me.*

*Red of the sunset's afterglow,
Red of the sparkling wine—
These cannot match the tints that show
In your cheeks and your lips divine.*

*God has not made a work more fair
On earth, my love, than thee.
How happy am I in thy snare;
How wretched, were I free.*

M. T. Dooling, Fr., '09

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

For the beginning of the Taylor-Bobston feud the oldest inhabitants of Tennessee must be questioned; the oldest file of dusty papers must be consulted, and even then it is clouded and obscured by faulty memories and prejudiced accounts. As can best be ascertained, the grandfathers of the Taylors and the Bobstons were both engaged in the lucrative occupation of illicit whiskey making in the heart of the Tennessee mountains. In those olden days they were true and faithful friends, helping each other successfully to evade the Revenue men.

But each one's character is so different and passion so strong that life does not always run smoothly even between friends. The old story repeated itself, a small misunderstanding and friendship fed the fire of hate. It came about in this way. To the mind of a Tennessean there are three things worth striving for, a woman, a horse and "moonshine." A beautiful jet-black mare, as one informant is careful to say, was claimed by each. A quarrel followed.

One day old man Taylor was found dead on the trail with a bullet through his heart. His sons carried the body home and laid it on the rude bed in their cabin. The male relatives were called and there with their hands upon the heart of their dead kin swore before heaven perpetual enmity and revengeful death to every Bobston. The

moaning of the aged widow and the weeping of the daughters was the accompaniment to this primitive but effectual mode of retaliation. Taylor's son as nearest kin killed Bobston and the sanguine feud became one of the bloodiest in the history of Tennessee. Uncles, brothers and relations of every kind were implicated. The custom was to shoot on sight and to go out of the way to meet a man of the opposite side.

Through two generations the killings had gone on. The honors were about even. Not one man of either faction had died a natural death. Most were found on the trail where they had been shot. The relations immediately scoured the country, resting not until the death of one of the enemies satisfied their vengeance. The only unpardonable sin that the Tennesseans recognized was the death of one of their party without returning the favor. That sin had never been committed.

The dead usually left a large family of children who were taken care of by their relatives. The boys were raised with a rifle in their hands and hatred in their hearts until they were old enough to carry on the bloody warfare. The girls were taught to cook and to teach their children that the meanest thing on earth was a Taylor or a Bobston, as the case might be. They learned this so satisfactorily that two or three times they emulated the example of their brothers and had the honor of

putting a notch in their rifle-stock. But the Tennessean honor prevented any injury to women. Their husbands or fathers suffered the penalty.

The long line of killings depleted the two families to three members, the only survivors of the feud. Old man Taylor's side of the question was upheld by his great grandson, Bob Taylor. For the last three years he had been in Kentucky but had now returned, it was asserted, to settle the feud.

The Bobston argument was supported by the grandson of the original Bobston. He was now a man of about sixty, white-bearded and with long flowing white hair, a tall straight man who still retained a good deal of his youthful strength. The only other heir of the enmity was his daughter, a dark-haired, laughing-eyed girl of eighteen, fresh, strong and lithesome from her mountain life. The old man with his daughter's assistance ran his grandfather's "still", deriving a good trade from the thirsty inhabitants of the country-side. The still was perched on the mountain to which only a small rough trail led. It was an old cabin, rugged and picturesque. A large porch in front commanded an excellent view of the valley far below. For several hundred yards the steep descent of the trail could be followed by the eye, thus giving the old man an opportunity to hide all traces of his occupation if the visitor were unknown. The porch was the old man's favorite place. On summer days as the light was waning and the houses in the valley were becoming blurred and in-

distinct he would sit with his pipe and dream—of settling the feud, for he longed for the return of Taylor's only descendant.

It was on such an evening as this before the darkness had fallen that the old man and his daughter were sitting on the porch.

The little valley spread itself before them, quiet and peaceful. The houses and barns could be seen and every now and then the cattle could be heard lowing as they were complainingly driven into the milking sheds. Several good housewives blew lustily upon the horns that summoned the men from the fields to their evening meal.

Their noise awakened the old man from his reverie. He gazed at his dreaming daughter for several minutes and then spoke.

"Mary, if I die before this Taylor comes back you will kill him, won't you? His father killed your grandfather—but I got him."

He did not wait for an answer but dropped into a reverie again. The girl did not reply. The brown eyes flashed forth hate.

"Oh dad, I forgot to get some water from the spring. I'll go and get some now."

The old man watched her admiringly as she disappeared into the house, presently returning with a bucket in her hand. Down the trail she went running rapidly with all the buoyancy of youth, the empty bucket rattling in her hand. Half a mile to the spring. She went bounding along, her light feet

scarce touching the ground, her blue gingham dress flying out with the wind. Reaching the spring she bent over the clear pure water, a beautiful picture unconsciously admiring her image.

"Excuse me." She turned hastily around and encountered a young man on horse-back. Her quick eyes noted that he was handsome, well-built and sat his horse well, a thorough mountaineer.

He continued. "Can't I help you fill that bucket? I saw that you were having some trouble."

A faint blush overspread the fair cheeks as she saw the idle bucket on the grass and remembered admiring herself in the water. "No, thank you."

"Where do you live?" the horseman persisted with the freedom of a mountaineer.

"Up yonder on the trail." A peculiar light shone in his eyes.

"And you?" asked the owner of the rich brown eyes.

"Oh—over in the cabin over the hill. Do you come often to get water here?"

"Every evening about this time. I have to be going now. Dad is waiting for the water. Good-bye."

The man mounted his horse and watched her around the turn. When out of his sight she put the bucket down and sat on the mossy bank. He was good looking. Good rider, too. She wondered if he would come again. She hoped so. She did not see many men and this one was especially interesting. With a sigh she picked up the bucket and trudged slowly up the hill.

The next evening at the same time she took the bucket and though it was not needed went to the spring. She had not told her father about the man. Why, she did not know. She did not know his name. It is an impertinence, aye, a crime to ask a stranger's name in the Tennessee mountains. They are a refuge to many fleeing from the law but Mary had not respect for the law.

She reached the spring. Would he come? The faint, slow hoof-beats of a horse came from a distance. As the rider came in view Mary was busily engaged in filling her bucket. He dismounted.

"I was just riding by. Glad to see you. It is so lonely over the hill all by myself."

They sat down on the grassy edge of the pool and talked. Time flew by and the darkness came down. They parted but with the promise to meet again.

Night after night went by and each saw them side by side happy in the company of the other. Love comes quick near to nature and Mary realized that she loved this man. His deep glances told full well he returned it.

One night as they sat thus with the darkness coming down and the stars peeping out in the sky he sat dreaming, gazing far down the valley. Lights twinkled in the farm-houses and one could imagine that he saw the family around the sitting-room table. Only the barking of a watchful dog interrupted the night's stillness.

Suddenly he turned towards the girl

with all the simple strongness of a mountaineer, tenderness in his voice.

"Mary, I love you. Will you be my wife?" He waited not for the answer. He crushed her to him in a warm, passionate embrace. Their lips met for the answer and he read in her brown eyes a faithful devotion.

Happy and contented lovers, they sat thus for a long time whispering little nothings.

"But, dear, I do not know your name. Tell me."

The man's face grew hard.

"Dear, forgive me. Let bygones be bygones. I loved you from the time I saw you kneeling by the spring. My name is Bob Taylor."

She sprang out of his arms, fire in her eyes.

"Bob Taylor! Of the race with whom we have always fought!"

"Dear," he interrupted, "what does that matter? We love each other. Why should the quarrels of the past, quarrels that we hardly know of, come between us? I have known who you are, but love has overcome hate. Let us marry."

"Marry the man with whom my father is fighting? Of the race who killed my brothers, uncles and grandfathers? Never, never. I hate you—I hate you."

She fled up the trail, her heart torn by conflicting emotions. The hatred of generations was in her blood, she remembered all the wrongs her family had suffered but still she knew she loved this man.

The man sat by the spring gazing

moodily after the fleeing girl. He had formerly thought of dropping the feud and becoming reconciled with old man Bobston, but now all the latent hatred burst forth, he would fight to the end. Still as he mounted his horse he cast a mental curse upon a feud that had deprived him of Mary. He had found out that there is a lot in a name. But he would see Mary again—and he would kill the man.

After this Mary always went to the spring in the morning. The twilight held such bitter emotions that it would have pained her to see the valley houses fade away in the darkness and think of what had been and what might have been.

One afternoon as her father and she sat upon the porch, he suddenly rose.

"Come on down to the spring with me, gal, I want a little walk. Here, carry my rifle. I'll take the bucket."

He led the way down the path. The girl followed leisurely, picking a bright flower here and there. She loitered behind swinging the heavy rifle. Her father was already at the spring, the tall gaunt frame bending over the water.

When about fifteen feet from the spring her keen eyes noted something shining in the gleam of the dying sun. She was nearly hid from it by a thick clump of bushes that extended to the edge of the spring. She stepped behind them, peering around the end.

She saw Bob Taylor, a rifle in his hands which he was loading. What was he going to do? My God! her father at the spring! The loading was

nearly done. What should she do? She glanced at the rifle in her hands. Her father or her lover? Which should die? From where she stood she could easily pick off Taylor. Should she do this or allow her father to die? There was no alternative. Her brain grew sick. She loved both men, but Taylor was her enemy.

Taylor's rifle was nearly in position. Slowly her rifle went up. The bead was upon her lover's head. Her finger tightened on the trigger. My God, no! She threw down her rifle and plunged in front of her father. A shot rang out and Mary fell, her heart's blood ebbing fast.

A shout of despair from Taylor and a cry of rage from the father.

"I'll get you, Taylor, if I have to go the end of the world. I would kill you now but my daughter is dying."

No answer from Taylor. He knelt by the girl stupefied gazing into her eyes.

"Mary, Mary, speak to me."

The brown eyes opened.

"Dad, don't fight. There is enough blood on the family now. Bob, I love you and forgive you. It was all an accident." The voice came weaker. "I am dying. Promise me you will never fight, you two. Promise me, dad, please."

The old man's face relented. He rose extending his hand. The young man took it and over the body of the innocent victim the feud ended.

The brown eyes smiled the last smile and the soul departed with the light, for darkness was coming down and the houses in the valley were hid.

CARLOS K. McCLATCHY, '10.

MISSION DOLORES

On taking up the history of any Mission of California, a thousand and one noble thoughts naturally arise before the mind, some of the old Padres themselves, others of their Missionary work. First of all we see the good Padre Serra trudging along on his weary way, with a light heart, from the very center of Mexico to Southern California, paying no attention to an ulcerated leg and trusting for his safety in the Providence of God. Again, we are struck with the great missionary zeal of Padre Crespi; who when half that famous expedition in search of Monterey, were sick, and the remainder could hardly move their tired limbs, cried out, "Let us move onward and if we die we shall die doing our duty to God." However the history of the Missions are full of heroic instances, and as this essay is to deal with Mission Dolores, as the Mission of St. Francis Assisi has always been called I must limit myself to the circumstances pertaining to it.

Mission Dolores is of special interest to all the citizens of our country since from it has sprung the great metropolis of the Pacific to which after the awful disaster of two years ago great nations sent their sincerest sympathies, accompanied by their outward aid. It is, however, of more interest to a native son and a resident of the beautiful city itself. Such a one regards San Francisco as an idol, and she is the object of his cherished hopes, and as Mission

Dolores was the foundation of San Francisco, he loves it as the cradle of her greatness.

In treating this essay, I shall divide my remarks into four parts or rather shall treat of four different topics, first, the re-discovery of San Francisco in the eighteenth century, followed by the founding of the Mission; secondly the Indian and Mission life; thirdly, the Secularization of the Mission, and fourthly, the Mission as it stands at the present day.

When Spain had decided upon founding a settlement in Nueva California Don Galvez was appointed Visitador General and Padre Serra was chosen by the College in Spain to be the President of the Missions. The list of settlements and missions being decided upon, it was shown to Padre Serra. He, on looking over it, noticed that the name of St. Francis, the founder of the order to which he belonged, was not there. Turning to Galvez, he said, "and for our founder St. Francis, is there no mission?" To which Galvez replied somewhat ill-temperedly "if St. Francis desires a Mission let him show his harbor to us and *there* shall be his Mission." On account of this speech the circumstances which I shall now relate regarding the expedition in search of Monterey seem providential.

The Mission of San Diego Acalta having been founded, preparations were made for the founding of another mis-

sion which was to be named after St. Carlos Borromeo. This second Mission was to be established at Monterey, a description of which place, Vizcano had given when he had visited there a century before.

Everything being ready the expedition left San Diego July 14th, 1769, under the leadership of Gov. Portola. Fray Crespi and Fray Gomez accompanied the expedition as chaplains, and it is due to the former's diary that we know so much regarding the march. The party proceeded directly north along the coast and on October 1st came in sight of Monterey, though they did not recognize it.

As a great many of the party were sick and the remainder sorely needed rest Governor Portola resolved to remain there awhile. In the meantime different scouting parties were sent out, but still they failed to recognize the place. Accordingly on October 7, the expedition moved forward, still in the hope of finding Monterey, and on the 31st of October, 1769 they mounted the ridge of San Pedro and behold! they gazed down upon the outer bay of San Francisco, and on Point Reyes in the distance.

It is clear that Padre Crespi regarded this bay as the one named by Ceremen in 1595, as the bay of San Francisco. The party now recognized that they had passed Monterey, but nevertheless they resolved to remain a few days in the vicinity. Several bands were sent out to scour and explore the country around. However finding their provis-

ions running low the expedition shortly after decided to return to San Diego. Thus San Francisco was rediscovered in 1769.

The court of Spain deciding that a fort should be founded on San Francisco Bay sent orders that Colonel Anza, who was then in Mexico, should enlist twenty families for the purpose of settling in San Francisco and that he should draw ten married soldiers from the Government troops. These settlers were to receive free rations for five years and the working men among them were to receive pay for the first two. Means of traveling were to be furnished at the expense of the king. Accordingly in Sept. 1775 Colonel Anza's party all gathered at Horcasitas, in Sonora. On the 20th they started on their journey. Colonel Anza was to command this expedition but to be under the authority of Gov. Rivera.

Anza showed himself a very prudent and considerate commander on this expedition. He sent small parties across the desert at a time in order that the scanty wells that existed along the route might not be all drained at once. On this journey through Southern California, he found the Indians as friendly as those of any other place.

The expedition finally reached San Gabriel on January 4, 1776. Here it was delayed for a while on account of the Indian wars in the south, which Anza had to help quell. However he got back as soon as possible, and continued his march north. He soon reached Monterey, but here the expedi-

tion was again checked, for Colonel Anza took ill and was unable to continue the journey.

As soon as he was well he set out again and in several days reached Mountain Lake and crossed over to Fort Point. Immediately he selected this place as the position of the settlement. The party after exploring for several days returned to Monterey, for no news came from Rivera what to do.

Arriving there, Anza received orders to do nothing in regard to the founding of San Francisco. Seeing that a quarrel was inevitable between himself and Rivera, Anza honorably resigned his position to Lieutenant Moraga and returned to Mexico. Anza had shown himself a courageous and honorable leader, and was much beloved by his subordinates, and when he resigned he left a party that was very much attached to him.

Rivera acted abominably in all this matter. Even after Anza had gone, he ordered that the settlement of San Francisco should not be made. But as the settlers who had come from Mexico to found San Francisco had become restless for their own homes, and as it was the command from the Viceroy in Mexico that San Francisco should be founded, Lieutenant Moraga resolved to disobey the orders of Rivera, and to found the Mission anyway. Padre Serra also was anxious to found a Mission there and encouraged Moraga's resolve.

Moraga then gathered together the expedition and proceeded toward San

Francisco. Padre Serra appointed two Padres to accompany it; they were Fray Palou and Fray Cambon. He, moreover, entrusted to Padre Palou the founding of the Mission. The expedition reached San Francisco June 27, 1776, and the whole party encamped on the side of a lagoon which was called Laguna de los Dolores.

Before the little band had left Monterey, a ship, the San Carlos, had arrived there with supplies for the presidio of San Francisco. The captain promised to sail from San Francisco just as soon as the provisions, etc., for Monterey were unloaded. In the month of June, then, he turned his vessel northward for the bay of St. Francisco.

Now, the settlers in San Francisco, while they were eagerly awaiting the San Carlos's arrival, were not idle. They went out and cut the lumber with which to build their houses. Lieutenant Moraga chose the spot where the fort was to be, and there, even after years have gone by, it exists today and is known by its old name, the Presidio. On July 20, the majority of the settlers moved from the lagoon to the Presidio and began to erect their dwellings. The Padres, however, resolved to remain where they were, and as Moraga had a sufficient number of men at the Presidio to protect it from the Indians, he allowed the Padres six soldiers to assist in cutting up lumber for their church and dwellings.

On the 17th of August, the San Carlos sailed into the harbor through the Golden Gate. The Captain allowed

his sailors to land and help in the building of the dwellings.

On Sept. 17, the chapel at the presidio being finished, and as it was the Feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis, mass was sung there by Fr. Palou and after it followed the official foundation of San Francisco as a Spanish town. All the presidio was draped with bunting procured from the San Carlos, musketry was fired off, and the day wound up by a feast given by the Lieutenant.

On October 4, the Mission church was finished but as two parties were out exploring, there was no formal dedication; only Low Mass was said. The wanderers, however, returned on the 7th, and on the 8th, Padre Palou celebrated High Mass before the whole settlement, a few sentinels, however, remaining to guard the presidio. High Mass being finished, a picture of the Seraphic Founder, St. Francis, was carried around in procession and finally hung over the altar.

Fr. Palou says it was a very joyous day, but he regretfully adds that the Indians were not there to enjoy it, for they had fled a short time before on account of the attack of some of their neighbors.

They did not again return until 1777. On St. John's day of that year, the first three Indians were baptized. From then on more and more were converted and when Fr. Serra visited the mission on October 4, 1777, he had the consolation of saying Mass in the presence of seventeen converts.

The Indian Mission kept on prospering right along. On April 25, 1782, the corner stone of a new church was laid. In it were buried a picture of St. Francis and several relics of Saints.

The Mission's largest population was in 1820, when it contained 1253 Indians. These Indians had their own gardens, all the buildings were of stone, even the houses in which they lived. The habitations of the Indians, which were long, low houses, lined several streets.

However, even as early as 1790 there were 551 baptisms, 205 deaths, and the number of neophytes was 428. There were in the Mission 2,000 head of large stock and 1700 head of small stock.

On December 31, 1831, the whole number of baptisms was 6,998, of which 3,715 were adults, 2,829 Indian children, 454 children of settlers and soldiers. The largest number of animals owned by the Mission was in 1805, when the number was 22,663. From these numbers, we see that the Mission, during its existence, was a very prosperous one.

Now, let us go back to the eighteenth century, before the coming of the Padres, and take a brief look at the Indians as they roamed wild and unrestrained their native fields. Their primitive natures, luckily for them, was far from the Epicurean. Bear, deer, grasshoppers, lizards, and snakes, alternated as a diet with acorns, mesquite beans, the fruit of the pine, and a certain food they called Chia. They would prepare acorns by pounding and

grinding them, passing them through a sieve and washing them. Chia is a seed something like our birdseed. This they would pound and grind and then mix with water. It formed a very bulky substance and was very nutritious. Warriors would take just a little of this in the morning and it would last all day. Mesquite beans they would bury in the ground to remove the repugnant odor.

As to religious matters, the Indians, though not idolators, were very superstitious. They believed in so-called medicine men. They thought if they ate the leg of a deer they would become fleet of foot and if they ate a snake they would imbibe its subtle and gliding qualities.

Now let us see how these Indians were taught by the Mission Padres. Early in the morning they were summoned by the ringing of a bell. All, old and young, heathens and Christians, were obliged to attend. The Padre read morning prayers and a chapter of Christian Doctrine. Corresponding exercises took place in the evening. The morning exercises were more for adults, the evening for the children. Catechumens who were preparing for marriage or for the reception of the Holy Sacrament were requested to be exceptionally diligent in the attendance at these instructions. On festal days and Sundays special care was taken that no one was absent for mass or the sermon. This last was generally some thought from the Gospel or on one of the Holy Mysteries, the language being adopted

to the understanding of the untutored people to whom it was addressed. After mass the roll was called and one by one the Indians walked up and saluted the celebrant: in this way any one's absence could be easily detected.

The Padres acted as peace makers between the Indians and taught them to live in brotherhood and peace.

For the purpose of furthering the spiritual advancement of the Indians the Padres undertook to supply their food, for if the Indians had to obtain food in their own way they would be scattered all over the mountains and thus would be unable to attend the spiritual instructions. Accordingly the salaries allowed the priests by the government were spent on implements of farming which the Indians were taught to use.

In time the poor Indians became carpenters, masons, butchers, herders, etc., and the women became expert in weaving, sewing, in work in the kitchen, and also in making candies.

But these good times were not to last. The sad day of Secularization dawned upon the Missions. Many attempts had been made to secularize them but it remained for the years 1834-35 to see it fulfilled. Orders came that the land should be seized and divided among the Indians. Mission Dolores at that time was worth \$61000. If ever any of this money was divided among the Indians, no record of it was made.

From the secularization of the Indians we see what damage is done when men

in lust for gold take hold of the things of God. Within a short time after the Indians were turned loose from the paternal hands of the Padres they sank lower than they had been previous to the Padres' jurisdiction. There is a law in physics which reads that reaction is as great as the action. This law may be applied here to the Indians. They had been taken up from their low conditions by the Padres, taught religion and how to lead a good life. All is going on well; then behold a profane hand interrupts the noble work and the poor Indian is turned loose again to follow his own instincts, and now, to mingle with the whites. We see how it ended with them. They became good for nothing, vagabonds and slaves to the white men's whiskey and there is no use telling how most of them died, for every one knows.

Now as to the property of the Mission. This was literally robbed from the Padres. Anyone that came along helped himself without as much as "by your leave." The Governor even loaned the Mission's property and it was never returned. So we see the Mission suffered severely from the secularization.

On June 25, 1845, Pio Pico issued a proclamation which said if the Indians did not immediately return to the Mission he would confiscate all the Missionary property. On February 16th his fraudulent attempt to obtain the Mission was antedated. The Archbishop, however, appealed to Mexico, his title to the Mission was recognized, and it

was returned into his hands and has remained under his direction ever since.

Suppose now we take a look at Dolores as it stands today. The old graveyard on the left is covered with high grown weeds, regardless of the numerous dead who lie beneath them. Then the old church itself. Its front or facade has been re-whitewashed and it gives a peculiar look to the old adobe walls. Inside we see empty niches which indicate where statues stood in years gone by. Above our head gleam the fantastical paintings of the early neophytes.

On the right of the church stood until April 18, 1906, a large, brick edifice known as the New Mission Dolores Church. On the afternoon of that awful day, not a stone remained upon a stone. The earthquake had razed it to the ground.—But long before this in the early days of the Mission there stood there a long, low adobe building, where dwelt the Padres and where all their necessities were stored.

Ah, Dolores, yours is a history. If walls could speak, what tales yours could tell of the old Mission doings under the Padres, of the turbulent days of '49, and lastly, of the great city which now surrounds you, great it was before the fire, and still greater is it to be. Yet what a contrast! Think of the day of 1798 and the present day. Then the Mission stood quiet and peaceful and there was no worship of the Almighty Dollar. But to-day? All around the old Mission the business and commercial life of the great mart goes on. But,

Dolores, God's protection is still with you. When the great fire of April 18, 1906, was raging all around you, He protected you. When the flames blazed up right across the street from

you, He seemed to stand out in front of you and say to them, "Touch not these walls, for they are sacred."

J. DEVEREAUX PETERS, '08.

TO MT. HAMILTON

*Let king and kingdoms wax and wane
 And tyrant thrones be turned to dust,
 But thou, still rear thy whiten'd crest
 Above the bounding main !*

*O King unscath'd by the ages' wear
 Untouched and grim, imperial stand,—
 A giant guard with heavenly eye,
 High o'er the vale of Clare !*

*And O may Clare still queenly be,
 A Sheba of old at a Solomon's Court,
 Laying her tribute of wondrous wealth
 Before thy majesty !*

Eug. F. Morris, '10.

THE SOLDIER'S CLOAK

It was in the depth of winter,
On a wild December day,
And the drifting snow-storm falling
Mantled deep the winding way.

Riding proudly with his comrades,
Was a trooper, strong and bold,
Muffled in his heavy garments,
Well protected from the cold.

All at once, he heard a moaning
Wafted o'er the whitened ground;
And the sight that met his vision,
Stirred his heart with grief profound.

Standing there in ragged clothing
With a pale and saddened face,
Called a beggar to the soldiers,
As they came with measured pace.

Loud they laughed and jeered in passing
At the wretch who asked for alms;
But the trooper, touched with pity,
Halts his steed,—the beggar calms.

Fain he'd give both food and shelter,
But alas! he has no gold;
Nothing, for this starving stranger,
Doomed to die there from the cold!

Then a happy, sudden impulse
Thrills the valliant soldier's heart,
And he vows that though 'tis painful,
Yet with comforts he will part.

Tossing back his flowing mantle
From his shoulders, like a lord,
Soon in twain he cuts the garment
With his tried and gleaming sword.

Gently placing then a portion
On the beggar's freezing form,
He revives his drooping spirits:
Bids adieu and breasts the storm.

While the Roman army slumbered
In their camp that awful night,
Lo! a vision of great splendor,
Burst upon the trooper's sight.

For our Lord in light of glory,
Sweetly called him by his name;
"Martin, see this cloak I'm wearing,
Dost thou recognize the same?"

And the lowly soldier waking,
Knelt with joy beside his bed;
But his King in gleaming mantle,
Smiled, and then the vision fled.

CLAUD F. MAINGUENEAU, '11

“THE WAYS OF A NIHILIST”

On a dingy side street of the city of St. Petersburg in Russia, lived an humble shoemaker, Michael Morovich by name, with his wife and son Nicholas.

The boy was a bright young fellow with an amiable, winning disposition that gained him many a friend and helped him to easily ingratiate himself into the affections of all. In fact, he was his parents' pride, and though they were no strangers to poverty, they yet planned great things for him in the future, and lovingly looked forward to the time when he would be the comfort of their old age.

Only a few weeks before, their neat, cosy little dwelling, with the shoe-shop in front, had been brilliant in honor of his seventeenth birthday. On that occasion, the friends of the family, who had gathered to celebrate the event and enjoy the open-hearted hospitality for which the good people were noted, felt the cheeriness of the lad's presence and conversation, and freely congratulated the father and mother on having such a promising son.

But, somehow or other, a gloom had of late settled on Nicholas: he wasn't the same; there wasn't that happy smile on his face, nor that merry ring in his laugh that made him welcome wherever he went; he tried hard to conceal the true state of affairs from his folks, but their loving eyes soon detected the change, and though they said nothing, they were yet grieved.

Ever since Peter, (nobody seemed to know his last name), moved next door to the shoe-shop, things went wrong with Nicholas Morovich. And yet this strange being who cast such a spell over the lad had nothing prepossessing about him; he was a dull-eyed, stupid-looking fellow, with shocks of thick straw-colored hair growing in bunches all over his head. He was tall, and of a heavy build; his smooth-shaven face and his ungainly ways gave him the appearance of an overgrown boy; still, his looks were deceiving. Indeed, unless one were told, it would be hard to believe that the fellow had rounded out his thirtieth year.

Whatever defects there were in his physical make-up, he more than counterbalanced them by the gifts of his mind. Without a doubt, he certainly was a shrewd, intellectual man; he knew his gifts too, and employed them to the best of his ability. Smooth and easy of speech, he had a convincing manner about him that invariably won over the unwary to his way of thinking. It didn't take him long to get acquainted with his neighbors' son Nicholas; there was a kindred something in both that soon brought them together and put them on familiar terms.

One night Nicholas had been in visiting his newly-found friend, talking familiarly of one thing and then another, when of a sudden an unwonted sparkle lit up the dull, sleepy eyes of

the man, and fixing them intently on Nicholas, he said:

"Say, Nick, you never heard of the Nihilists, did you?"

"No," was the startled reply. "Who are they?" "Who are they?" repeated Peter, with an air of astonishment. "Well, listen, and I will tell you."

Then he spoke in glowing terms of those infamous terrorists, putting them in the light of heroes and surrounding them with such a very halo of glory that the fascinated boy listened spell-bound. Peter told him that the Nihilists would be the saviours of Russia, and that the day was not far off when the noble oppressors would be overthrown and the poor people given the freedom that was by every right their own: moreover, he assured Nicholas that he himself might have a hand in gaining that glorious independence, if he so wished. Then, seeing that the lad was much impressed, he hurried on, lest he should lose his grasp on him. He called into play the workings of his fervid imagination, and portrayed in language of magic power, scenes of hardships and cruelty in which the poor and the downtrodden, and even the boy's own father and mother played no inconspicuous parts. He told him of Siberia, of all its torments and horrors, and finally wound up with a promise to take Nick to join the Nihilists, when he would be nineteen years of age, if he then felt disposed. As a last suggestion, he admonished him, when bidding adieu at the door, to tell nobody of what he had heard.

The son of Michael Morovich, the honest shoemaker of St. Petersburg, proved an easy victim for this oily, glib-tongued scoundrel. Nicholas was an impressionable youth, and having been born and brought up in the midst of poverty and subjection, was naturally enchanted by the glamour of freedom and riches that had been promised him if he would remain loyal to the lessons learned that night.

Each day Peter told him more and more of the future saviours of Russia, until he had prevailed upon him to become one of the sect. How Peter lived nobody knew, he did not work, since he was always around his home. Wherever Peter was, there invariably, Nicholas was also. The people used to remark that they were very good friends, and often wondered what brought about such warm attachment. All this time the man was priming the boy, till at length the two years passed, and the time came for Nick to realize his fondest wish.

So one night in the darkest part of the city, the two found themselves in the company of others, in a damp underground cellar, dimly lit by a few oil lamps, the feeble rays of which barely showed the faces of the occupants. The new recruit, seated by Peter, looked them over. In one corner huddled together like frightened sheep, he espied some women. Could it be possible that women were mixed in this too? he asked himself. Yes, they were women; but how different from the women he had known! Wild-eyed,

yellow-countenanced creatures, who looked as if they expected to be struck dead any second by some supernatural power. What a picture they presented! Disgusted, he shifted his gaze to the men. They looked as frightened as the women, but more vicious. Were these the noble people who were to save Russia? He doubted it.

His attention was now called to the leader, who was rapping for order on the table at which he sat. Unlike most of those present, he wore no beard; instead of this a shaggy, black mustache, curled fiercely at the ends, gave to his dark mysterious looks an aspect all the more terrible. This sinister-looking man ruled supreme over these wretched minions, and Nick did not fail to notice their fear of him when they came to order at his call. Small wonder, indeed, for he was an agent from the main headquarters in New York, United States, and had powers that were to be respected.

The meeting is now in order, and after a few minor formalities, Peter proceeds to introduce Nick to the society as, "one who desires very much to help in the uplifting of his unfortunate country." All eyes sought the youth, and for a while he was the center of attraction.

The leader called to him and he arose and came forward.

"Your name?" he was asked.

"Nicholas Morovich."

"Nicholas! that hated name again?" he almost shrieked. "We'll change that." He paused. "Your name shall

be,—let me see—, I have it: 'Polava,' which means, 'the free one.' Now, place your hand upon this dagger, and repeat after me."

Again Nick obeyed, half mechanically.

The man resumed. "I solemnly swear,"

"I solemnly swear," came slowly from the other.

"By all that I hold sacred."

"By all that I hold sacred,"

"And by this dagger, our symbol,"

"And by this dagger, our symbol,"

"To uphold all the rules of our beloved society."

The boy repeated the last, and then a shout arose, while handshaking greeted him on every side; the ecstatic Peter, wild with delight, threw his arms around him, and clasped him in a joyful embrace. Then quiet reigned again, and after a few fiery speeches, and some remarks from the chair, the meeting broke up.

Nick's brain was in a turmoil and he had but a vague conception of the happenings of the night. Things did not seem to right themselves in the poor dupe's mind until Peter reminded him on the way home, by dint of great effort, that the next meeting was to occur in a week.

On the night arranged, they found themselves once again at the place of meeting. Peter told Nick, as they were hurrying along, that this night's meeting was for the purpose of picking a man to do away with a certain Russian official, whose presence in St. Peters-

burg was particularly odious to the society. Such a bit of intelligence was, to say the least, none too congenial for a lad of nineteen years, and though he regretted his foolish step in joining such a murderous band, and heartily wished himself rid of the business, he determined not to wince and thus be taken for a coward by his friend. He would put on a bold front and see the thing through to the end. But, tonight they were to choose a murderer,—a man to kill the Prefect of Police! Good Lord! what if he were chosen? He shuddered at the thought; but then,—he only stood one chance out of a hundred. What was the use of worrying? Peter did not seem worried. Thus, the unhappy youth consoled himself.

A few taps on the table soon brought order and the meeting was in progress. After the usual preliminaries the leader rose to state the occasion of the meeting,—just as Peter had said. Then the names were placed in a box, Nick's included, and the lottery was in readiness. The chairman was blindfolded, the box then shaken, and he started to pick out the slip of paper with the name of the destined assassin. It was a trying moment for those present, but especially so for the new recruit, who was unused to such scenes, and whose eyes fairly bulged out of his head in his anxiety. All craned their necks forward in order that they might hear the name at first reading. Slowly the paper is drawn, and slowly unfolded.

"Polava", the secretary read, as the slip was handed to him. All eyes

turned to Nick, who at that moment, with face deathly pale and forehead beady with cold perspiration, collapsed into the arms of Peter.

When he revived, he was in the street and Peter was half dragging, half carrying him homeward.

"It's all right, Nick," ventured Peter encouragingly. "I'll help you."

"Wha—what's all right?" he asked, and then like a flash his muddled brain cleared, and he began cursing alternately Peter, and then himself, staggering blindly on the while. When he reached home he flung himself upon his bed without undressing, and fell into a much-needed sleep.

He awoke late next morning in a better mood, and decided to go over to his companion, although he now hated him. With a show of indifference his would-be friend told him, whom he was to assassinate, and also gave him a bomb with directions how to use and safeguard it. Nick took it gingerly, placed it in his pocket and turning, walked out without a word. On the sidewalk he stopped to debate with himself. Should he do it, or not? He was bound by a terrible oath. Yes, he would try it anyhow; so he went to his post to watch for the victim.

Three long, weary weeks passed before he got sight of his quarry and then he saw him coming up the street in a four wheeler, attended by two mounted police. This was Nick's chance, it was now or never. He stood on the edge of the sidewalk nearest the street and

waited with the bomb in his pocket, tightly clasped in his right hand.

He made up his mind that when the carriage would be opposite him, he would throw the deadly explosive, run into a nearby alley, and trust to luck to escape. If he were caught,—well, he needn't think about that yet. Strangely enough, he did not feel frightened, only anxious. The carriage was coming nearer, it was almost upon him, he was about to hurl the missile, when, his heart sank within him, his courage failed, and he allowed the carriage to pass unharmed. Seated in it, with the official, were two little children—and the prettiest, Nick thought, he had ever seen. These were the Prefect's children, no doubt;—and he was to kill their father! Well, this decided him; come what might, he wouldn't do it.

He stood there where he had waited day by day for three weeks, while thought after thought, and idea after idea crossed his mind. He would fly the country,—but then he remembered. The Nihilists had agents in every country and he would only be ferreted out and killed like a rat, anyhow. Unfortunately, Nicholas Morovich was a young man in whom faith had taken no hold; in fact, from the moment he had allowed himself to be duped by the revolutionists, the voice of conscience ceased to warn him; hence it was not strange now that in the midst of all his sorrows the only remedy that presented itself to his mind was suicide.

"Lord! what a fool I was," he moaned. And then he shrieked,

"Curses on them all! I'll cheat them yet!"

He turned quickly and set off at a brisk pace down the street. He turned into an alley, then into another broad thoroughfare, again another alley, and he was home. He walked into the shop. His father was not there. Then he went into the kitchen, where hard at work, he found his mother.

"Ah, mother," he said, and kissed her. "Where is father?"

"He is visiting his sister, your aunt. But tell me, my son, what makes you look so pale and haggard?"

"Why, I don't know mother, unless it is the work."

Not daring to let his parents know that he had any dealings with the Nihilists, he had given them to understand that his long absences were owing to the fact that his work in the downtown factory often kept him after the time for closing.

"But don't worry, mother," he added, "I am going now to see Peter; I will be back soon, good-bye;" and kissing her again he started to walk out. At the door he stopped, looked back,—and then went on.

He stood on the sidewalk for a moment, took one more lingering glance at his home, and then walked speedily down the street. He was beginning a long journey, the destination of which he did not even know himself, but he expected to land eventually somewhere in the United States. He paid for his trip to Paris; from Paris he worked his way to London, from there he reached

Liverpool, and then stowed himself on board the first steamer bound for New York.

Landing with some difficulty in New York, he soon found employment in the Russian district of that city as a shoemaker's assistant.

Meanwhile, the Nihilists' headquarters in every part of the globe had been notified of his desertion; an accurate description of the lad was sent all over, but especially to the United States, for, they reasoned, that ten chances to one, he would go there.

They were right, and he was soon spotted. But, about the same time, young Morovich discovered this; and so, secretly packing his scanty belongings one night, he took what money he had and started West. He was bound for California, where he was advised to go by a countryman.

One day, a few weeks after, Nick found himself friendless and alone, in San Francisco, the great metropolis of the West. Again he sought the Russian quarters and first rented a small room in a cheap lodging house. Then with the aid of some kind-hearted men from St. Petersburg, whom he chanced to meet, he secured employment from the railroad as a day laborer. All went well and he was just congratulating himself on his escape from the fierce revolutionists, when, arriving home one night, he found a note pinned on his pillow, to the effect that he had been discovered, and was to die within three days.

Where could he go? what could he do?

Friendless and alone, in his despair, he cried like a child. Yes, it had come at last, he must kill himself, or be killed like a dog. Once more conscience re-asserted itself; he felt deep down in his heart that he was doing wrong, but he had so long neglected the gentle voice, that he paid no attention to this last reproof, and so, decided to be his own destroyer.

Accordingly, next morning, instead of going to work, he went to a nearby gun-shop, kept by a Russian, and bought a revolver and some cartridges. On returning to his room, the picture of despair, imagine his surprise and anger when he found this other warning on his table: "You die to-night." He read it and laughed a hollow laugh,—the laugh of a madman. "Yes," he said to himself, "I die to-night, but not,—not by their hands!"

All day long he sat in his room and watched the door, like a wounded animal at bay; at the least sound he was ready to blow his brains out.

Still, up till ten o'clock that night, no one had come. Maybe they were only trying to frighten him, he thought to himself. Then he heard a sound in the hall and his heart leaped. "Come on you cowards! come on!" he cried, as he raised the revolver to his temple. There was a knock at the door, then a shot, and Nicholas Morovich was dead.

Five minutes later the police came with the excited landlord, and burst

open the door. "Suicide" said one. "I thought so."

They went out, and after a while another trio of police came up and guarded the door, till the coroner had taken charge of the body.

The news of the tragic end mystified everyone; very little was known of the unhappy young man and the only real information that the public received, was from the following testimony of the landlord given at the inquest, before the jury brought in their verdict:

"This young fellow came to my place about three weeks ago, saying he wished to engage a room, indefinitely. I showed him a small apartment on the second floor, which satisfied him, and he rented it, giving the name of Paul Krakoff. I paid no more attention to him until yesterday, when I noticed that he came back to his room within an hour after leaving it, which was rather unusual, as he generally worked until five o'clock, in the afternoon. I

did not see him come out again during the day, and so at ten o'clock that night, when I was about to go to bed myself, I thought I would go up and inquire if he were ill. Arriving at his door, I was startled by a cry from the inside; I knocked, and, on the instant, heard the shot with which he ended his life. I immediately ran down and called the police; together, we forced open the door, which was bolted, and entering the room, found the young man dead on the floor, in a pool of blood.

Other than this, gentlemen, I can add little or nothing to the testimony already given. In my opinion, he was but another of those unfortunate young Russians, who come to this country expecting to get rich in a short time, and then suddenly finding themselves in error and utter misery, have recourse to this inhuman way of ending all their troubles."

EDWIN E. SIMARD, '11.

IN MEMORIAM

On Thursday, January 18th, death took from our midst a beloved friend and classmate, whose memory will fondly linger with us for many a year to come.

Those whose pleasure it was to have met Leo J. McKenna, will remember him as an affable, gentle-dispositioned young man, with a happy smile and a cheery word that brightened his conversation and endeared him to the hearts of all. Though only a little more than a year at College, the general sorrow that was evinced when the news of his death reached us, eloquently bespoke the hold he had gained, in that brief time, on the affections of professors and pupils alike.

Leo was an ambitious boy, full of lofty ideals and generously determined to make the best use of his stay at Santa Clara, so as to fit himself for a position his uncle had promised him on the completion of his studies. Ill health, however, kept him from realizing his fondest hopes, and in the full flush and bloom of early life, brought him to an untimely grave.

During the winter of last year, he suffered from an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism, that caused him to remain in the infirmary for almost three months. Though suffering intensely at times, he yet maintained such patience and good spirits that he was a constant

source of admiration to the infirmarian and all those with whom he came in contact.

After his convalescence, he threw himself into his studies again with such renewed energy, that despite his long absence from class, he succeeded, in passing the final examinations at the end of June. Leo seemingly regained his former health in the long vacations, and at their close returned to College with the intention of making this a banner year. But the old trouble was in his system and the chilling weather of the late autumn days, brought back the dreaded symptoms.

Acting on the advice of the President, Father Gleeson, and the attending physician, he returned to the home of his uncle, Mr. Daniel Murphy, in Los Angeles, hoping that the warm sunny climate of the southland would help him to ward off the old complaint. While at home, he corresponded now and then with his classmates and endeavored to keep in touch with the boys and their doings at College.

From Los Angeles, he removed to Needles in San Bernardino County, and was thought to be getting along nicely, when all of a sudden our hopes for his recovery were rudely shaken by a despatch announcing his dangerous condition. He sank rapidly and in two weeks' time, the rheumatism had so af-

fectured his heart that it became evident that the last hour was not far off.

During these days of long and patient suffering, his mind often reverted to his companions at Santa Clara, and he earnestly besought those around his bed to have the boys recommend his soul to God. He prepared for the dread summons with all the faith and resignation that characterized his truly Christian life, and having received the last sacraments of Holy Church, peacefully expired in the eighteenth year of his age.

While grieving over the loss of our departed friend, we are not unmindful of the anguish of his parents and relatives, and it is on this account that we subjoin a few resolutions, which we hope will serve as an expression of our sympathy to them and a tribute of respect to one whom we have loved.

Whereas, it has pleased the Heavenly Father to call unto Himself our beloved friend and companion, Leo J. McKenna: and

Whereas, he was a student whose

kindliness of heart and gentleness of nature we all knew and deeply appreciate: and

Whereas, he was an esteemed member of the Freshman Class of Santa Clara College, be it

Resolved, that we the students of this same class, realizing the great sorrow in which the death of our lamented classmate must have left his parents and relatives, and wishing as far as lies in our power to soften that grief, do hereby take this means of offering our condolence in their sad affliction and of letting them know that we sincerely hope that Our Lord, in His mercy, will give them the strength to bravely bear this trial: and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. and Mrs. John McKenna, and that they be recorded in the minutes of the class and printed in our College journal, THE REDWOOD.

DANIEL J. TADICH

PAUL E. MEYER

SETH T. HENEY.

The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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BUSINESS MANAGER

FRANCIS M. HEFFERNAN, '08

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

JOHN W. MALTMAN, '09

Address all communications to THE REDWOOD, Santa Clara College, California

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

From the recesses of our mind it returns to us that now with this issue we turn over our keys and deliver them into better hands. The executive power of the REDWOOD will be relinquished by us. And perhaps the most consoling thought is, cynically enough, that with

the turn of Time's great roulette wheel all fortunes must inevitably change.

We did our best by the REDWOOD and we feel that no more was asked or required of us. It has almost become a second nature to have in our hands its affairs and we loved it. We are then

tinged with more than usually somber thoughts—thus to leave it.

There are two thoughts connected with our departure that pave an easier way for us. They take, in a measure, the roughness from the way and smoothen it. The one arises from our feeling toward the REDWOOD and is merely that its future will be well taken care of. It takes away any apprehension that might have been, and makes us feel that it will prosper as never before. That is a consolation for us. The other is that our burdens are considerably lightened. We feel free in a way. No more shall we find it necessary to slave under the editorial lamp to get matter for a printer who will be impatiently awaiting more copy. And a thousand other small things will be lifted from us. Once more are we able to brace up.

But the prevailing thought is that as the merry waters of a rippling streamlet disappear forever in the mouth of some great yawning chasm, something now is to depart from our life. One hates to lose a thing in this way, knowing that what is gone is swept entirely and absolutely from us. We are all selfish in regard to such things, and indeed it must be in our nature, it must be human. We are loath to part with the thing even though there be something better before us, infinitely more serious, and compared with which this would be a mere insignificant trifle and toy. So now we depart and return again as a prodigal to the things that call for us,—our other duties. Therefore we must cease and bid adieu. We find it hard but still the great roulette wheel has so determined and we must obey. But—

Before going we find it our pleasure to congratulate most heartily the entering staff and tender our kindest wishes; indeed, the best we who depart can give is theirs.

A new periodical has at last been established at Santa Clara College. We, personally, remember a number of unsuccessful attempts at launching another paper here, and now seeing the realization of our hopes, are deeply gratified.

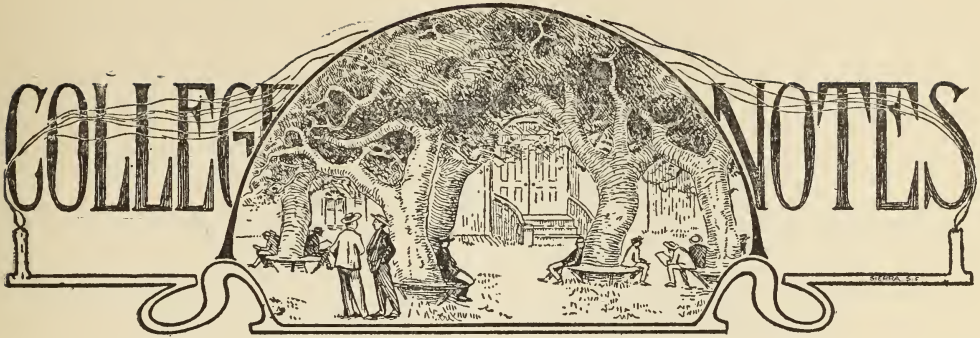
Destiny seems to have awaited the energy of Professor Charles D. South, A. M., before permitting an enterprise such as The College Press to be born. It took a great deal of patience and trouble, no doubt; for certainly the stream of difficulties to be bridged was great. Professor South overcame all obstacles, so now the long awaited advent is an actual thing of the present. The College Press, we cannot but notice, seems, too, possessed of a strong and healthy vitality, which should carry it deep into the years yet to come.

We have, for a long time, had a great need, indeed, almost a necessity, of a paper which would co-operate with THE REDWOOD in "knitting closer together the hearts of the boys of the present and past," and assist in stimulating literary merit among the students.

The old adage, "Two heads are better than one," may be fairly applied in this case, and without too great an extension we may exclaim that two papers are better than one.

The College Press is a bulletin of college affairs. It formulates, by means of its strong and vivacious editorials, the opinions of the students. THE REDWOOD, being principally a literary magazine, differs from The College Press, only in this. But, as may be seen above, we are co-operators; both aiming at one and the same end. So it is with great pleasure that we note the arrival of a literary brother. We welcome it sincerely and we wish it the best kind of success—the attainment of its end.

ANTHONY B. DIEPENBROCK, '08.



January 3, 1908, saw us back at College, though the usual few stragglers were of course, unavoidably detained. Old Santa Clara, with its peace and quietness, seemed good to us after the bustle and worry of the Christmas vacation. Of course that is not saying we did not enjoy our vacation. We should not have been real Americans if we had not, but nevertheless the peaceful security of our dormitory beds seemed a haven of rest, tired as we were by a surfeit of pleasures.

Nineteen hundred and eight had come and we all looked out upon a happy year. There was a new page of life before us, clean and unspotted. It rested with us whether that page should be filled with our good deeds and successes, or whether it should be blotted and marred with sins and failures. Most of us had our New Year's resolutions; whether they were made through the force of custom or from a sincere ambition for improvement time alone can tell.

We were soon reconciled to the regularity of the College if one exception is

made—that morning bell! The odious grating clang breaking in upon our peaceful dreams and recalling us to work is an implement of torture to which we can never become accustomed. We thrive and grow fat upon the proverbial College stew, we welcome Letter A, but never, never shall we learn to like that detestable morning bell.

LITERARY CONGRESS

Senate

The Senators convened in extraordinary session recently to deliberate on the challenge sent by our sister college from San Francisco. All formality was omitted and on the first ballot the following senators were elected from the midst of forensic fathers to contest for the coveted honor of representing Santa Clara in the coming debate with St. Ignatius College. Senator Bogan, Arizona; Senator McKenzie, San Francisco; Senator Allen, Berkeley; and Senator Dooling, Hollister. This quartet will meet the honorable Rep-

representatives of the House during the next month, previous to the final selection. At least two speakers of the competing eight in this try-out debate, will be selected to defend the honor of the college in her first inter-collegiate struggle on the intellectual arena.

Previous to this meeting of the Senate, Rev. Father Rector, President of the Literary Congress, called a special meeting of the executive board of the congress which consisted of Senators Allen, McKenzie, Dooling and Representatives Brown, Watson and Daly. Fr. Rector urged that both bodies take the debate earnestly in hand at once and work with disinterested fervor. Preliminary business and methods of selection were the salient issues.

Francis M. Heffernan will represent the Philalethic Senate on the committee of three whose duty it shall be, to attend to preliminary arrangements for the coming debate. A member of the House of Philhistorians and a representative of the faculty, who will act as chairman will complete the trio. They will confer with a like committee from St. Ignatius College at an early date. The question and names of judges for the coming tryout will then be decided.

House

Father Keany, Speaker of the House, called a special meeting January 24, at the request of Rev. Fr. Gleeson to decide several questions connected with the coming St. Ignatius-Santa Clara de-

bate. Committees from the House and Senate had previously determined that the best way to select a representative debating team would be to have a debate between four members from each body, the two debaters presenting the strongest arguments in the most convincing way to form the team that will meet St. Ignatius. To arrange the preliminaries a member from each body would with a third member appointed by the President of the Literary Congress, form a committee that would meet a St. Ignatius committee.

Before proceeding to this the names of students who had been proposed before Christmas for membership were voted upon resulting in the election of Messrs. McCabe, H. N. Barry and S. T. Heney. The new members were received enthusiastically and responded in clever appreciative speeches.

Numerous nominations were made for the debating team. From among this number of good debaters, Representatives James Daly, Harold McLane, Austin Cheatham and Edwin Lowe were selected as the House Debaters. Carlos McClatchy was elected to act on the committee that would meet the St. Ignatius Committee.

The House expressed the opinion that the question of the possible American-Japanese war would be a good subject for the House-Senate debate but it was not definitely decided. That was left to the committee composed of Representatives R. Brown, E. Watson and J. Daly who were to confer with the President of the Literary Congress,

Rev. R. A. Gleeson, S. J., and the Senate Committee next morning.

The instructive education that the House affords has been missed during the repetitions. The renewal of debates is being eagerly looked forward to by the members. The acquisition of the new members and the enthusiasm of the old foretell a most successful year for the House of Philhistorians.

The Redwood Banquet

In the Banquet Hall of the St. James Hotel on the evening of December the twenty-first, the members of the REDWOOD staff assembled to partake of the supper given by Mr. M. H. Diepenbrock, the father of the present Editor, in honor of those who will soon retire from the magazine. We found a delightful repast awaiting us and accordingly sat down to enjoy ourselves for a time.

At the invitation of the Toastmaster, Anthony B. Diepenbrock '08, Mr. Cornelius Deeney, S. J., Director of the REDWOOD, made a delightful speech, treating of the work of the past few months which had been exceedingly successful. Mr. Henry Brainard, S. J., one of the invited guests, also held our attention for a few brief moments by his entrancing eloquence. These two were the particularly remembered speeches, but, the others delivered by Francis M. Heffernan, '08, the Redwood Business Manager, John W. Maltman '09, Carlos K. McClatchy '10, and Harry P. Broderick '08, were also of no mean

merit. All in all the evening was a decided success.

As the chimes struck the midnight hour the merry party broke up amid the jolly singing of all present led by Francis M. Heffernan and Mr. John W. Maltman.

Those present were Mr. Cornelius F. Deeney, S. J., Mr. R. Henry Brainard, S. J., Mr. A. B. Diepenbrock, '08, Mr. Joseph Diepenbrock '11, Mr. Carlos K. McClatchy '10, Mr. Maurice T. Dooling '09, Mr. John W. Maltman '09, Mr. J. Devereaux Peters '08, Mr. Harry B. Broderick '08.

Reading-Room

The censors of the Reading-room have been replaced by entirely new ones. From time immemorial it has been the custom to have those act as censors who were neither good billiard or pool players so as to afford the members an opportunity to enjoy a game at the expense of the house.

At Xmas though, those who had been appointed in September were becoming so proficient from constant practice that it was deemed necessary to remove them and to put in their place less experienced cue-manipulators.

The new censors are: Head Censor, Ray; assistants, Dozier, Whiting and Simard.

Gymnasium

The cold weather and rain have made the gymnasium a popular resort these

winter months where the youthful Sandows can increase their chest measurements in preparation for the summer. President Duffy has overhauled all the apparatus and cleaned it generally so that now it is in good condition. He only wishes that those who enter his athletic pavilion should be a little more prompt in paying their dues. Treasurer McLane will be only too glad to accommodate those who desire to pay.

The following officers have been selected for the ensuing year: Director, Father Walsh, S. J.; President, George L. Duffy; Treasurer, Harold A. McLane; Censors, Howard Lyng, Daniel Tadich, Reuben Foster, Carlos McClatchy.

Golden Jubilee of Sodality 1857-1907

On December 15, 1907, was celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception in Santa Clara College. The occasion was fittingly marked by Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, an eloquent sermon, and the reception of new members.

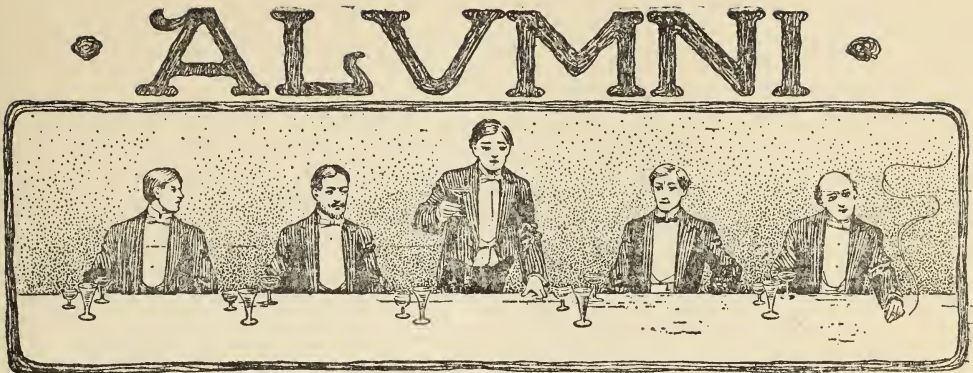
It was deemed well on this auspicious occasion to unite to the *Prima Primariae* in Rome, the Sodality of the Holy

Angels which had been established by Father Cicaterri in the year 1860 for the smaller boys of the College. By this union the members were made capable of enjoying the vast and rich indulgences open to Sodalists of the Immaculate Conception Sodality.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Father D. J. Mahony, S. J. of St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco. Those of us who were here at the time of the earthquake remembered him well, remembered the Father with his beautiful, mellow voice and kindly manner. The boys then conferred upon him the greatest honor in their power. They asked to have him preach often. The old church would be quiet and still, every boy listening intently with upturned face to the soothing eloquence of which Father Mahony is a master.

On this occasion he had not lost any of his old power. Every word of his upon devotion to the Blessed Virgin was followed. His words and looks seemed to lift his youthful audience aloft. They grasped his ideas and resolved to follow his suggestions. No one it is sure went out of the chapel without feeling helped by the sermon of Father Mahony.

CARLOS K. MCCLATCHY, '10.



We were very sorry to hear of the illness of our friend and alumnus, Dr. George Wharton James. A severe bruise which he received while traveling in the Grand Canyon developed into a bad abscess, and it became necessary for him to undergo an operation. The sympathy of Santa Clara is with Dr. James in his misfortune and we sincerely hope he will speedily recover.

We cannot avoid quoting a line or two from his letter to one of the Fathers. It shows very well his deep affection for Alma Mater. "Santa Clara," he says, "is more than a 'place' and 'institution' to me. It is an abode of loving hearts whose warmth and sincerity I have felt and still feel daily."

While speaking of Santa Clara and that feeling of warmth and friendliness which an old boy perceives on crossing the threshold again of Alma Mater, the words of Martin Merle spoken the other day, come to our mind: "I used to wonder," he says, "why the old boys were so anxious to return and revisit the

scenes of their college days; but now I know it and feel it myself. There is a spirit of home about the old college that has an irresistible fascination for every one that has passed through its halls." Martin is paying us a visit for a few days. He has just put the finishing touches to a new drama entitled "In Old California." It treats of life in California in the Missionary Days, and no place seemed more appropriate to conclude his drama on this beautiful subject than in the old Mission College at Santa Clara.

A very welcome visitor last month was Hon. Joaquin Urrea. He comes from Alamos, Sonora, Mexico, where he is engaged in business. For fifteen years Mr. Urrea was a member of the municipality of Alamos, Mexico. He entered Santa Clara in 1878 and graduated in 1883. His professors at the time were Fr. Tardella in Philosophy, Fr. Bayma in Mathematics, and Fr. Cicchi in Analytical Chemistry. He and Fr. Cicchi had a very pleasant chat

and together inspected the Chemistry Museum—Fr. Cicchi's stronghold. Mr. Urrea placed his two boys in the college.

John O'Gara, A. B. '92, A. M. '93, dropped in a Sunday or so ago from Los Gatos where he was enjoying a little rest. That he needs it and is well entitled to it will be readily admitted when we recall to mind that he is Assistant District Attorney of San Francisco.

This month sixteen years ago, in 1892, Santa Clara lost in close succession two of her famous professors. Rev. Fr. Bayma, the famous mathematician, passed from this world to his heavenly reward on February 7. The beloved Fr. Young had preceded him thither three days before.

We are very happy to give our readers the following letter from Mr. C. P. Rendon, a student of the seventies, now a successful Attorney and Counsellor at Law in Stockton, Cal. Anything from the old boys of the days that are past will be readily and gratefully received in these columns. We earnestly request them for the sake of old times to drop us a line when they find the opportunity. It will always be welcome and the space is at their disposal. The letter of Mr. Rendon is as follows:

Stockton, Calif., January 15, 1907,
The Redwood,
Santa Clara, California.

Enclosed you will please find my personal check for \$1.50 the subscription due for the ensuing year.

I find REDWOOD my most consoling visitor, and in that pleasure I am joined by my family. It conveys to me the whereabouts and vocation in life of many with whom I attended the old school. It did me good to have read of the progress of the Literary Congress and to have again called to mind the dear old Padre Father Young, beloved by all. I can see him now seated as our presiding officer with his kindest disposition and radiant face reflecting the soul of honor and comfort, and with that fatherly demeanor drilling us in the senior dramatics, and moving about the college the happy medium of peace and pleasure.

I am also reminded of our old lovable Prefect, Father Carreda, whose detective talents permitted none to escape his vigilance. He once made me pay a visit to letter "A" that caused me never to return again.

On the whole the reminiscences told of some of the old boys and days, more than recompense me for the small output requested for REDWOOD."

Very truly yours,

C. P. RENDON.



NEW BOYS AT RIDINGDALE

**THE GUILD BOYS PLAY AT RIDING-
DALE**

REV. DAVID BEARNE, S. J.—BENZIGER
BROS.

These two story books from the pen of Father Bearne are decidedly interesting and will prove a healthy source of pleasure to the young folks.

NATURAL SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY

**NATURAL INTRODUCTORY GEOG-
RAPHY**

REDWAY AND HINMAN—AMERICAN BOOK
COMPANY

These geographies are designed for the course in elementary schools. The central idea of these text books is the earth inasmuch as it is a dwelling place for *Man*; and thus it is shown intelli-

gently how man's activities are influenced and largely controlled by his physical surroundings. The books are profusely and exquisitely illustrated.

**THE SACRAMENTAL LIFE OF THE
CHURCH**

BY REV. BERNARD J. OTTEN, S. J.—
B. HERDER

The object of this little book is twofold: "to set forth in simple language the teaching of the Catholic Church in regard to the Sacraments of the New Law; and to bring within reach of the general public the argument upon which said teaching is based."

Whoever is acquainted with any of Father Otten's works knows that this little book is simply and elegantly written, very readable and very instructive. Anyone will draw profit and pleasure from a perusal of the work.

MAN AND THE APE ARE THEY
COUSINS?

BY FRANK MCGLOIN

This booklet, which is taken from a series of lectures given by Frank McGloin, treats, as can be seen from the title, of the old question of evolution. The main arguments for both sides of the question are briefly and clearly given, and judging from these one will immediately decide in favor of the negative. The author very nicely concludes the lecture with the following: "Man occupies a position absolutely unique in nature. However much he may in part resemble lower forms, as a whole these lower forms resemble man as little as a shadow resembles the substance. His immeasurable superiority over all other visible beings bespeaks him the favored creature of God and justifies the contention that he holds a special relationship to his Divine Maker,

far higher than the one existing between the Supreme Lord and that great dumb world which is under man's dominion."

INDIFFERENCE OR WHAT IS MOST
WORTH CARING ABOUT?

BY L. J. WALKER, S. J.

The purpose of the author in this interesting lecture is to find out "what is the *reasonable* position to take up in regard to the various objects which claim our care and affections."

He says "It will follow that we must care for something; and the question then arises, what is it most *reasonable* to care for?"

The author now goes on and fixes up a method of testing the various objects of choice and thus applies certain tests to them. On the whole the lecture is very clearly given and decidedly interesting.

J. DEVEREAUX PETERS, '08.



We are writing exchanges for the last time. With the next number this department passes into other hands. Before we go then it is but right that we should say a few words of farewell.

To the man on the campus, the fellow in the yard, the exchange department appears in the light of an arduous task, a burden. The very thought of reading a stack of college magazines each month appals him. Why not, when he can often scarcely be prevailed upon to purchase a copy of his own college monthly. But he is wrong. We have found it not a burden but a pleasure. It has been to us a source of education, a help in many ways. The exchange editor gets a view of the college world, its customs, merits and shortcomings, from the inside which cannot but be broadening. He finds much to admire and much to praise and he learns if his heart is in the work, not only to be fair but to be lenient. In the worst article there is often a spark of merit. It is his duty to ferret it out and hold it to the light. In his criticism sarcasm should find no place. When on occasion he finds it necessary to censure or condemn it should be done in a kindly,

helpful manner. In short his word should be constructive not destructive. This has ever been our aim and if at any time we have failed of our purpose it was not done from intent. If our exchanges have never received much benefit from our work we least have gained a great deal from our exchanges and so we are loathe to leave them. We hesitate and yet we must, so let us say farewell.

As we glanced about our littered table undecided which magazine to take up first an innate trace of chivalry in our nature, probably descended to us from some knight errant ancestor of ours who sometime during the middle ages rampaged over Europe in a half a ton of rusty boiler metal searching for damsels in distress, rose to the surface and whispered in our willing ear not to forget the ladies. So we cast our eyes about our desk in search of an attractive looking woman's college magazine and found it in *The Tattler*. When we looked inside the cover of this fair visitor from the south we at once found out that its attractiveness extended beneath the surface. It opens with a "college song" which is remarkable

alike for its lofty sentiment of love and veneration for the alma mater and its melody of versification. If Randolph-Macon has no other college song she could not do better than to adopt this one. The Rescue is a story of unusual strength and power dealing with the old elemental passions of hatred and love softened at length by pity for a helpless child. The leading character, an outcast, a ruined man, is very skillfully and strikingly drawn but an unfortunate obscurity in the ending detracts somewhat from the effectiveness of the whole. However it is a story in which the few defects can well be overlooked. "The Coachman and the Waiting Maid," despite its title does not contain one word of backstair gossip. It is just what we always expect and seldom fail to find in a woman's college magazine, a remarkably graceful love story. *The Tattler*, on the whole, ranks high among our exchanges. We can point out but one failing and that is a slight one. Most of the articles—among them the two stories that we have mentioned are unsigned and under the rest we find only an uncommunicative and cryptical "10." Surely the writers should not hesitate to sign the names or at least their initials to articles which find a place in such a magazine.

While we are in the south we must speak of two other magazines, the Carolina twins, we have dubbed them, *The University of North Carolina Magazine* and *The Carolinian*. When we received *The University Magazine* we were struck at once by the astonishing

change in the hue of its cover. The last time it came to our desk it was arrayed in a royal, a screaming dress of purple. This time it entered demurely, clad in a sombre shade of brown. An explanation was not long wanting. We find the editor relinquishing the gorgeous cover with some regret to silence the protests and criticisms of "various willing or unwilling subscribers." He says further, "We confess to a sort of fondness for that cover, since it has so nobly borne the burden of criticisms that otherwise would have been impatiently distributed." We can sympathize with you, Mr. Editor, although it is hard to see why any subscriber should criticise the body of your magazine. Verily the old adage must be true, "No man is a prophet in his own country. You can clothe your magazine in flowing yellow or the patriotic red, white and blue and we will welcome it with open arms just the same for the wealth of good reading that it contains.

What impressed us most forcibly in *The Carolinian* is the richness and melody of its verse. On the very first page of the book we found a "Christmas Song" which led us to hope for a great deal in that line and the rest of the book did not disappoint us. "The Last Feast in Babylon," a poem of over seventy lines in length, presents a splendid word-picture, if we may use this overworked term, of magnificence and sensuality heedless in the midst of the enjoyment of pleasure even of the approach of death. It contains a splendor of imagery and word-painting

that one would scarcely expect to find in the work of a college student. "The Tennessee" is also a poem of great merit. There is something in the smoothness and musical quality of the versification that reminds us of Poe at his best. Unfortunately the complete poem is too long for insertion here.

Our little friend *The Touchstone* after a long absence has once again returned to the fold. We are glad to welcome it back; for we had begun to think that it had willfully deserted us and such a thought was not entirely soothing to our sense of vanity. Besides we remembered that though it contains only a little as a rule, that little is usually good. *The Touchstone* contains two excellent poems, "Renunciation" and "Afloat." We can praise the former unreservedly but the latter seems to shadow forth the idea of a former state of life in the lines

"And like a golden horn from the unknown
Past ages, brings deep memories."

The writer's meaning is not quite clear to us. Perhaps the memories he speaks of are only those of this life. A short story, "The Chump," loses none of its interest because it is written by one of the Professors. It is a clever little story, inspired as are so many by that troublesome rascal, Cupid, and as usual he wins out in the end. We have but one criticism to make against *The Touchstone*. It has fallen into the

same difficulty as *The Tattler*. Many of its articles are unsigned.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Blue and White, Villa Shield, The Dial, The Holy Cross Purple, The University of Virginia Magazine, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Xavier, The Columbia, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The University of Texas Magazine, The Georgian, The Carolinian, The Cornell Era, The Yale Lit, The Harvard Monthly, S. V. C. Student, St. Ignatius Collegian, The Normal Pennant, Stanford Sequoia, Wells College Chronicle, The Kalends, The Minnesota Magazine, The Fleur de Lis, The Boston College Stylus, The Xaverian, The Columbia Monthly, The Springhill Review, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Pacific Pharos, The Tocsin, The St. Thomas Collegian, The Nassau Lit, The Wesleyan Lit, The Laurel, The Dartmouth Magazine, William and Mary Lit, The Mercerian, The Tattler, The Amherst Lit, The Bell, The Young Eagle, The Marquette University Journal, The Exponent, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Collegian, The Bowdoin Quill, The Georgetown College Journal, The Haverfordian, The Fordham Monthly, White and Gold, The Palmetto, St. Mary's Messenger, The St. Jerome Schoolman, The Columbiad, The Touchstone, The Mount Holyoke.

MAURICE T. DOOLING, '09.



Baseball

"Sleep on, thou dear old foot-ball
Through Base-ball's loud acclaim;
Sleep on, thou proud old spheroid,
The Queen of sports doth reign."

Here we are once more at the dawn of baseball, the permanent and best loved sport of Santa Clara's athletic category. The successes of the football team are now past memory lessons, while the prospective victories of the 1908 varsity keep the student fan aglow with that yankee stuff which rushes up and down the spine before any big athletic contest and is termed in common-parlance COLLEGE SPIRIT. That's right, fellow-students—we need it now as we have used it in the past. It has pulled us out of the sea of defeat time and again. Santa Clara spirit took the championship away from the doughty St. Mary's team not so very long ago, and this in spite of the fact that the inexorable critics had conceded all points in our opponent's favor.

Hanibal is esteemed the greatest of generals not because he gained victories

but because he made an army. The same to you Jimmy Byrnes, and a little bit more. You not only made one of the best nines Santa Clara ever had but you have already made a flash in the pan with the nucleus present. You sure have competition galore and it will take all your baseball philosophy before you select the big nine. The students realize your colossal task, so go ahead, Jimmy. Your word should be law. You have all that is necessary for a sterling nine, viz: activeness, valor, excessive pride, speed, endurance, and baseball brains, in the many candidates who have signed the first call of Captain Kilburn, and we feel confident, (not over-confident) that Santa Clara's enviable name will emblazon the amateur (not professional or semi-professional) championship pole.

And now for a few remarks on the zealous students who are struggling nip and tuck for the honor of base-balling their college to victory. Equity tells me to mention first Santa Clara's faithful captain,] Cleon P. Kilburn. Kill

has indeed a wonderful record for a college pitcher—it is quite unnecessary for me to extol his past achievements here for they are all well known to ye gods of fandom. Suffice to say from the critic's standpoint, he is as good as he ever was and will do the bulk of the box work this season and when he is not on the mound the task will be up to Archbold, a comer of no mean ability, and Wee Johnny Jones, a starter with some class. On the receiving end we are having a merry battle between Bud Twohy, a brother of the famous Jim of last year's campus, who possesses not a little of the family essence in the base ball line. Right after him rubbing for the place comes the only Gussie Donovan, whose earnest work is always evident. Over at first base Harry Broderick is king of the realm. He is playing the game as of yore and hitting 'em hard at the plate. Rube Foster and Si Watson make a pretty race for second sack. The Rube is playing a great game. Watson also pulls them in with lightning-like rapidity. The outcome here is a toss up. May the best man win. They have brought the trustworthy Baby Lappin in from the field this year and he is surely playing gilt-edge at the intricate corner. Vic Salzberg at short stop has everything: speed, arm, eye, judgment, and should from present indications be the peer of college short stops.

Out in the gardens there is such an abundance of good material that the elimination to three seems almost impossible. There is smiling Griff Kennedy, the giant foot-ball star who hits

the ball as hard as any of Santa Clara's famous sluggers. He is also a neat fielder and the possessor of a strong arm. This boy Rapp from San Mateo has made good from the jump and should prove the find of the year, before Father Time calls a halt. Rastus Peters, who made his letter last year is playing a snappy game just now and will make a strong bid for the select few set. Last but not least, comes Tom McNally, who should be dubbed old reliable. His earnestness and conscientious work are present at all times. This is backed up by an abundant supply of natural baseball talent.

Now it is up to you, gentle reader, to pick the team, it is worse for me than a Chinese puzzle.

Games will in all probability be played with Stanford, Berkeley, San Jose, (state leaguers), St. Ignatius College, Olympics and others. The regular schedule is not as yet ready for publication.

Say, fellows, this new athletic club has some class also and it is under her colors that the next best team in the college will play. The organization is certainly a democratic one, for they have every good man in the yard under their wing and those who are not, who do not participate in the athletic activities of the club, are with it in spirit and at all times render their moral support. A crown of olives should be placed on the head of the trio who seem to be the moving spirit of the enterprise, namely, Chas. Brazell, Harry Gallagher and George Duffy. Every branch of athletics from peanut rolling to heavy weight lifting will be on their card. But all joking aside, they surely will have a rattling good baseball team. I should create a disturbance here on paper if an attempt were made even to enumerate the candidates who came out for the primary practice. Baby Lappin of the first team will coach the young

blood. The result will undoubtedly be a team of giants. Charlie Brazell will handle the managerial duties. Swimming, track and field sports, hand ball, basket ball, foot ball, boxing, music and elocution are some of the things in their large tobacco box. You must be a law-ful student to become a member of the Outlaw Athletic Club.

Basket Ball

Basket ball has taken rapid strides to the front during the last few years. Santa Clara, always abreast of the times, has taken an active interest in the game and found it more than up to expectations. The Juniors' team is an exceedingly clever quintet; they have trimmed everything in the yard and won the only outside game they played by a safe margin.

It is hardly probable though, that a first team will be organized this winter owing to the strenuous baseball schedule which will naturally cut deeply into the recreation hours of those who will likely make the team. Let us hope however that the sport will be taken up later on in the season. We would suggest that the Junior team stick together, for in a year or so they will make a basket ball five that this or any other college will well be proud of.

Tennis

There is no small number of tennisites in this yard; but what is the matter with the tennis club? Why don't you hold a tournament? Give the racket swingers a chance. Whoop it up you knights of the net!

Swimming

As we mentioned before in these columns that a swimming tournament would be held, we wish to verify that statement. The tourney, which will be a handicap affair, is scheduled for some time in the hot weather, when-

ever that will be. So all ye dolphins get your water wings off the shelf and prepare the way for the coming splash.

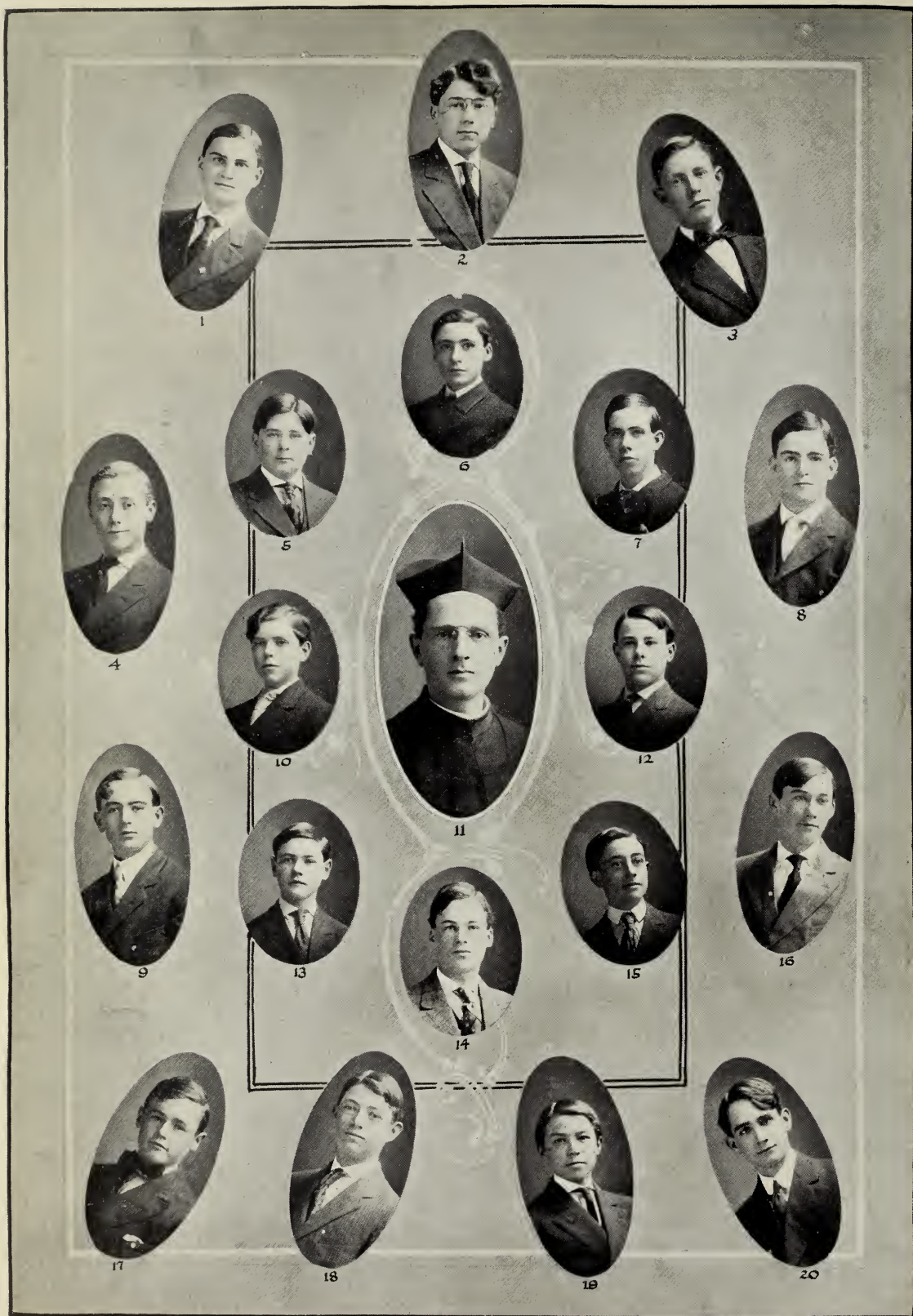
H. A. J. MCKENZIE, '08.

P. S.—This sounds like the inevitable of the feminine scribe, but its contents will justify the use of this girlish device.

The return of Merve Shafer, a radiant stellar of baseball firmament, brought copious joy to the hearts of college enthusiasts. Merve has worn the college coveted emblem for several seasons, at all times proving a valuable function in the personnel of the nine. His work behind the rubber is perfect, the only fault being the nipping of would-be baseball stealers with his trusty arm.

Pudgy threw a bomb into our midst, when he came through the yard door singing softly, "He is a cousin of mine," and sure enough followed by his larger kin who needs no introduction to the realm of fandom. We don't have to stretch our compliment an iota when we claim that this boy Art Shafer is the peer of any college short-stop in the United States. We refer the skeptics to his authentic record in the college baseball archives. To the Missourians we say, "go out on the bleachers and you sure will be shown."

But while we are intoxicated with joy at the return of the star cousins we must sympathize with coach Jimmy Burns, for these new arrivals make his task almost insoluble. It is indeed too bad that we cannot carry two catchers. Everyone will agree that Bob Twohy has class and will surely prove an efficient backstop before the round red ball sets many more times. In any country experience is always a lesson. All other things equal this might decide the race. None of us will relish the job of final selection, so whatever Jimmy says let us lend, at least, our moral support for the man who does ever the unpleasant things which must be done.



JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Photo by Bushnell

1. Fiacro J. Fisher. 2. Fred O. Hoedt. 3. Donald W. Forsyth. 4. Frank A. Walterstein. 5. Norman G. Buck. 6. Thomas J. Lannon, Secretary. 7. George A. Morgan. 8. Wm. I. Barry. 9. Francis R. McGovern. 10. Lewis B. Ford, Vice-Pres. 11. Rev. Richard H. Brainard, S. J., Pres. 12. Marcel P. Lohse, Serg.-at-Arms. 13. Robert J. Flood. 14. Ernest P. Nolting, Treasurer. 15. Arthur J. Watson. 16. John A. Feehan. 17. Edwin J. McCarthy, Librarian. 18. Edwin Shipsey. 19. Frank D. Warren. 20. Rafael J. Scherzer.

The Redwood.

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No. 6

THE IRISH HARP

*He loved the twang of the cord that sang
At the winged arrow's flight,
And the music ring of the vibrant string
Was the warrior-soul's delight.*

*Less sweet the song when the shaft sped wrong,
But sweet beyond compare
When the arrow flew on its errand true,
To the bowstring's martial air.*

*The warrior's heart with the magic dart
Of love was pierced, and then
His conqueror queen made the bow, I ween,
New chords and beauty ken.*

*So eons ago from the string and bow
Came the harp that Erin played,
While the brave songs sung when the harp was young
Out of hero-souls were made.*

Charles D. South, A. M., '01.

“MODERNISM”

A new “ism” seems to have sprung into existence in our day; new in name merely but not in signification. For the past few months Modernism has occupied an important place among the topics of conversation of Catholic and Protestant alike; it has been launched forth among the public and commented upon in newspapers, periodicals and pamphlets; it has become the subject of earnest and anxious inquiries of the people in general and Catholics in particular, all on account of the Papal condemnation of September last visited upon that so called new doctrine. To give a strict clear-cut exposition of Modernism would indeed be a difficult task; difficult because its advocates have not formulated any set system of belief whereby it could be met in open ranks and combated; on the contrary its tenets are so scattered and so diverse that in the Papal Encyclical alone there were mentioned some sixty-five articles picked up here and there from different Modernist writings.

But is Modernism anything new and does it put forth any advance or discovery of the age in matters of religion? The name is deceptive and its principles are not by any means new. They are the same old things that have been popping up and characterizing heresy from the first ages of Christianity to the present time. Its errors in Philosophy and Theology have been set at naught time and time again, only to appear in

some new form and under some new name. But we may go further and add that Modernism is the climax of all heresy for it is the most vicious and far-reaching, doing away with completely the whole edifice not only of Catholicism but of Christianity. Hence it was that Pope Pius, as the Father of Christendom took such an active and timely part in the affair, for he was fighting the battle of the Church, of the Church and Christianity.

The Modernist idea of God is strange enough indeed; so strange in fact that it is known only to the exponents of the system that uphold it. Ask a Modernist who is God? And if he answers consistently he will say that he does not know merely because he has never had any experience with such a being. Push the question further and ask why is it necessary that we should always have experience in order to know and he will answer that it is unscientific to act otherwise. But cannot we affirm something definite of the nature of God from the workings of reason; moreover from Revelation and the supernatural manifestations that have taken place in the past and still continue to take place in the present? The Modernist will answer no; first, because science was not the same then as now; our age is an age of progress consequently we must live up to that age and forget the foolish and unscientific methods and practices of the past; secondly, because

it follows conclusively from the first that history likewise must vary and taking into account along with this the pious beliefs the more credulous have woven around events of history, there must be set up a criterion by which we can distinguish how and what things actually were from things that people have made or perhaps wished to be.

But what about the action of God in the universe? Did He make me? Did He make the bodies I feel and see around me? Does He keep up the action of the planets in their revolution around the sun causing the seasons to come and go with regularity? The Modernist will answer no, because such action is entirely out of the range of sense perception and that therefore it is unscientific to give credence to such a thing.

The Modernist God and the way of finding Him out is peculiar indeed. He is not the God that mankind has been accustomed to and worshiped from the beginning; He is not altogether in entity a being exterior to us but rather something inherent in us, of a sensuous nature indwelling as it were in the heart as the object of a special religious sense. If you wish to know anything about God you must look to that sense for Him and even then the knowledge you obtain will not be very great and to say the least accurate. The religious sense, they maintain, is far superior to science and history in the search for God because it is something with which everyone is acquainted and has had experience, whereas science and history

are not anything that we can place strict reliance upon, since they do not fall under the senses of each one; moreover, because history is to a great degree false and science variable.

But what does Modernism make of Jesus Christ? He, the second person of the Blessed Trinity conceived for us and made man? Who became flesh and blood to redeem His people? Who came on earth, lived with them, supped with them, comforted them in their troubles? Who performed many wonderful works, cured the sick, made the blind to see, raised the dead to life and with whom Christianity is most intimately associated? It makes of Him a mere man with nothing of a supernatural air about Him; a mere person of history. He was a good man, possessed of great virtue, went around among the people doing much good, but that is all. He knew not that He was God, neither was He nor did anyone else of the time imagine such a thing. He was merely the "Christ of History."

The Christ of Faith is an ideal Christ and never existed as such at all. He is simply the outcome of of a multitude of pious beliefs that have been accumulating since the days of the Christ of history in Judea. He worked no miracles; He founded no church and if history attests it, it must be discarded as false. The idea of miracles is preposterous for nothing can be accepted that does not fall within the range of sense perception and if they that lived at the time saw anything of a supernatural

character the only explanation is that their senses deceived them or their faith got the better of their reason. The Church, they maintain, was not founded by Christ but by a body of ordinary mortals experiencing in common similar religious sensations.

If we glance back over the Holy Scripture we shall find many instances recorded where God directly and indirectly made known Himself to the people revealing to them through the Patriarch and Prophets in the Old Law and Jesus Christ and His Apostles in the New Law truths pertaining to Himself and to His holy religion; where He spoke first to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise; where He promised Abraham that the Saviour of mankind would be born of His posterity; where amidst the flash of lightning and peal of thunder He gave the tables of the law to Moses on Mt. Sinai. Finally coming down to the time of Christ and His Apostles we were made acquainted with the Mystery of the Incarnation, the last supper, and the death of Our Lord, the very foundations of Christianity, which moreover were pre-figured and fortolde by the Prophets thousands of years before. All this and we may say the whole of Revelation, Modernism rejects, casting from it everything of the mysterious and supernatural, leaving merely what can be comprehended by our finite powers.

Hence we see the disastrous effects that Modernism tends to work in matters of religion; it undermines Christianity, nay the very idea of God; it revo-

lutionizes entirely what mankind has believed and acted on from the beginning and substitutes something wholly at variance with and repugnant to reason and faith. Of what use is Modernism if it will lead us so far from the paths of truth? if it will degrade the very thing that makes us what we are? if it will disregard intellect and make man a being of sense little different from the lower animals?

We must discard Modernism because of the doctrine it holds in regard to truth. Truth, Philosophy tells us, is eternal and unchangeable and rightly so. Let us illustrate. Man, for example, contains in his essence animality and rationality; thus he did when first placed on earth; thus he does now and thus he will until the end of time. Was he any more or less a man then than now or he ever will be? Certainly not, for if any of his essential constituents were altered in the least he would no longer be man but some other being. But this is in reference only to actual being. What about man before he or anything else existed? Was it any more or less true that animality and rationality constituted his essence when he was in mere potency and before time was? Certainly not, that was true from eternity. Imagine then, the folly of trying to suppose that a thing true in times gone by is not true now, and what is true now will not be true for time to come. It is absurd on the face of it, and such a doctrine is a deathblow to science. Applying this principle to

the truths of religion we conclude that they also are unchangeable; that they hold now the same as they did in past ages, and will continue to hold for time to come.

Modernism seems to lay much stress upon the errors of history, particularly with reference to matters of religion, contending that pious beliefs without any foundation whatsoever crept in gradually one by one, and in the course of time were put down as facts. This is as we have seen the origin of the Christ of faith. To counteract these so-called errors a criterion was set up which on a priori principles rejected entirely the supernatural and left only the natural.

But let us for a moment consider the conditions requisite in order that history be reliable, and then determine whether or not the same conditions are present in history pertaining to matters of religion, particularly the supernatural. It must be (1) Authentic i. e., really the work of the author to whom it is ascribed; (2) Intact i. e., just as it left the author's pen without any addition or change; (3) Veracious i. e., the moral qualities of the author and the circumstances that accompanied the production of the book must be sufficient to place it above every suspicion of error and falsehood. These three conditions may be proved to advantage by what we call the internal and external criterion.

The former includes the style of the author, the character of the narrative and its agreement with other events of the time and place in which the author

lived; the latter and by far the more important includes the testimony of contemporaries, continuous public tradition etc. Then again when we have the same facts attested to by different peoples speaking entirely different languages, of different pursuits, conditions in life, ends in view and the like, then to refuse to accept such facts, would be irrational and entirely at variance with the nature of man. The value of the argument of independent witnesses does not consist so much in the fact that all should be guilty of lying as that all should lie consistently. Moreover, where the story is in any way intricate and is told substantially the same throughout without any previous arrangement, then it is well nigh impossible that it should be false. Besides the testimony of history and tradition, we have other sources of knowledge of past events, such as monuments, historical remains, medals, inscriptions, documents etc., and when all these things corroborate one another we can have full certitude with regard to the attested facts.

We intend here to take the Holy Scriptures for their historical value and to show merely that the fact that God made Himself known to mankind, or in other words that He gave a Revelation, is a matter of history which to deny would necessitate a denial of all history. We shall consider first the Pentateuch, the principal part of the Old Testament, containing those events that transpired from the creation of the world up to the death of Moses. Then secondly, we

shall consider briefly the Gospels showing that what they contain actually occurred and that all is borne out fully by legitimate testimony.

(1) Moses is really the author of the Pentateuch. (a) This is universally affirmed by the Jewish people ancient and modern and by the Jewish historians of ancient times, secular and religious, as well as by the sacred writers. The people were in possession of these books since their deliverance from captivity and they always maintained that they were the work of Moses "who led them out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage." (b) The Samaritans who separated from the main tribe one thousand years before the coming of Christ, and who besides bore an intense hatred against the Jews, testified to the same thing, and never once in all that time was the authenticity of these books contested or doubted about. (c) Writers of other nations, the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans accepted them as coming from the hand of Moses, and scoffers at religion of ancient times, —Celsus, Julian the Apostate, and Porphyrius—never questioned their authenticity. (d) The great antiquity of the books is shown forth in regard to the things to which they testify, and the descriptions given in Exodus are in perfect keeping with the character and customs of Egypt at the time it was written. This, moreover, is confirmed by modern discoveries. (e) The Pentateuch was the foundation of the Jewish customs, laws and religion, so that it is well nigh impossible that the peo-

ple should be in ignorance as to its authorship. Who has not heard of Mosaic Law and who would deny that it came from Moses?

(2) The Integrity of the Pentateuch. (a) This follows immediately from its authenticity. (b) Any change would have produced a corresponding change in the laws, manners, or customs and would not have been met without some opposition on the part of the people. (c) Flavius Josephus testifies that the people were so familiar with the Pentateuch that they knew how many times each letter was repeated in the volume, and that the book was considered Divine, consequently no one would think of adding to or taking from it in the least. (d) In case of a change, there would be no end of comment on the part of the Samaritans. (e) The Greek translation of the Septuagint, made 277 B. C., long before the fulfillment of the prophecies concerning the Messiah, further confirms it.

3. The Veracity of the Pentateuch. (a) Moses was not mistaken; for most of the events recorded happened in his own day and were something that he had immediate evidence of and in which he himself bore a conspicuous part. Further, the longevity of men in early times facilitated the transmission of such events. (b) Moses did not wish to deceive, for he is represented as a man of sterling qualities to such an extent that the Jews placed the utmost confidence in him and accepted his book as their rule of life. His style moreover proclaims his character. (c) Moses could

not have been deceived. The facts to which he testifies were mostly public and of great import. These he describes in all their details and in one place addressing the people says "Remember the great things which your eyes have seen. You have seen with your own eyes all the marvels which the Lord has accomplished." Then again many of the great Jewish religious and civil feasts had their origin in the wonders worked by Moses on behalf of the people.

We shall enter now upon a consideration of the New Testament, concerning ourselves simply with the Gospels and endeavor to show as in the case of the Pentateuch, their authenticity, integrity and veracity. The Gospels are taken merely because they have mainly to do with the Christian religion, being records of the birth, life and death of Our Lord, the founding of the Church and other facts most essential to Christianity and Catholicity.

(1) The Gospels are authentic, (a) all Christians, Catholics and heretics are unanimous on this point and many Rationalists among whom are Reus, Holzmann, Schenkel, Reville and Michel Nicholas, to whose advantage it would rather be to disprove the fact. (b) The testimony of the early Fathers of the Church is almost without limit, and they all agree to the fact that the Gospels were written by the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in the first century of the Christian era. (c) The first heretics agreed as to the authenticity of the Gospels. (d) Pagans such as Celsus, living in the second

century, Porphyry in the third and Julian, the Apostate, in the fourth, although they tried to refute Christianity, never questioned the authenticity of the Gospels. (e) The Gospels are in perfect accordance with the customs, laws, and manners of the times and are such that eye-witnesses alone could have composed.

(2) The Integrity of the Gospels. (a) The Gospels have been reviewed in four or five different countries, in different languages by a multitude of learned scholars; the East and the West were scoured and nothing was found to cast the shadow of a doubt on anything held as certain before these investigations. (b) The Gospels were held too sacred and were too broadcast and written in too many different languages to permit any change.

(3) The Veracity of the Gospels. (a) The evangelists could not have been deceived. They wrote only what they had seen or heard from reliable witnesses. The facts narrated were too open and manifest, enacted in the presence of too many people to argue any deception. Even the eye-witnesses to whose advantage it was rather to deny the miraculous events that happened did not do so but rather attributed them to diabolical aid. (b) The evangelists did not wish to deceive. They had nothing to gain thereby, and from the character of the Gospels they were simple men, good-hearted and just, and who in the end laid down their lives for what they had seen and heard. Surely no human being, much less human beings would do this on a mere fairy tale.

(c) They could not have been deceived. Nobody of the time questioned the the events contained in the Gospels and surely if there was any misrepresentation in regard to what was narrated, a cry would have been raised somewhere. For a fuller account of the truth of the Holy Scriptures, cf, Sasia, Vol. I, Christian Apologetics, from which the foregoing is almost bodily taken.

How in the face of all this testimony can it reasonably be asserted that God and religion are anything else than what mankind has ever known and affirmed them to be? Wherefore and by what right do a few paltry individuals try to revolutionize and confound what has been universally believed and acted upon from the beginning? to set aside the natural way of acquiring knowledge of past events and palm off in its stead mere arbitrary a priori principles, which without any foundation whatsoever are believed, rather than what the senses of man make known to him? The power to apprehend and relate external phenomena does not depend on scientific culture in the least, though we allow their interpretation and explanation may. From the foregoing it follows clearly that mankind is not mistaken when it affirms that God is an infinite being exterior to us; that He gave us the revelation which we Christians firmly believe and maintain to have come from Him; and that this is testified to beyond the slightest doubt by testimony that no one short of a skeptic would dare question.

We need not necessarily revert to history in order to show that the super-

natural is possible and actually occurred. What about the present day miracles that give testimony as to the Divinity of the Christian religion, that can be perceived with our own individual senses? Can the miraculousness of the cures effected at Lourdes be reasonably doubted about when people, pronounced incurable by doctors Catholic and infidel, are made whole again and entirely freed from the ailments with which they were wont to suffer? The word of a true scientist in a case of this kind is worth infinitely more than that of a mere faddest or theory builder who takes a special delight in creating haze around those things concerning which mankind has never found any reason to to complain.

Another feature of Modernism deserving of a short consideration is its Agnosticism. The Agnostic does not come out absolutely and deny the existence of any reality beyond the range of sense but says simply that it may be for all he knows; his senses do not reveal to him anything of the sort but if it does happen to exist it is unknowable. The absurdity of such a doctrine is manifest when we consider that knowledge is of the intellect and not of the senses. The senses merely are the instruments by means of which we can attain to knowledge, but to say that knowledge is of the things we feel and see about us is ridiculous. What about abstract ideas, and judgments that can not be represented in any sense; ideas of cause, effect, liberty, justice, patriotism, etc.; and the necessary judgments that every effect must have a cause and

a proportionate cause, that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts? Can we deny these, and still they never have and never will be represented in any concrete material sense? Likewise we have never had any sense perception of historical events and of places that we have never visited, but can we deny them? Certainly not. Let us note well then that all knowledge is not attained by means of sense perception and that the nobler and more important part comes from reason; finally that they who rely or pretend to rely solely on what their senses tell them, cut the ground from beneath their feet, for in everyday life they place as much reliance on the extrinsic causes of certainty as the rest of mankind.

The havoc that Modernism plays with faith and religion is well understood by this time. The divine origin of the church is denied as well as that of the sacraments; Christ as we understand Him is a mere fiction; there is no authority, infallibility or indefectibility and as a consequence, the truths of religion and religion itself are variable quantities. In a word it does away with every form of religion, natural and revealed. So the Church when it took steps to wipe out that pernicious system was not fighting her own battles only but those of Christianity and mankind as well.

If the few upholders of Modernism that were found among the Catholic clergy had the courage of their convictions why did they not lay aside the cassock long ago? What led them to go through the daily routine of their

priestly office when they believed not in what they were doing? Outwardly they professed Catholicity, inwardly they were traitors.

To show that the Pope had a full knowledge of the doctrine of Modernism when he condemned it, we quote the following article written by an English Modernist commenting upon the Papal Encyclical.

"By far the greater part of this lengthy document is occupied with a controversial opposition of Modernism from the pen of some subtle scholastic theologian unusually well versed in the literature of his subject which however he criticises entirely in the light of his own categories. Were this not evident one would sometimes be tempted to think he might be a traitor in the orthodox camp. For the picture he draws of Modernism is so seductive to an educated mind and the counterpart he suggests so repellent as to make the Encyclical rather dangerous reading for the children of the world."

But let not the so-called progress of the age derogate in any way from the loyalty we owe to the Catholic church. She has had an illustrious past, one of which no other institution in the world can boast. Through every storm of heresy and schism has she stood undaunted, for as the Master says, "She was built upon a rock," and the same Master who predicted that she would have her own internal troubles likewise predicted that He would be with her even to the consummation of the world.

ROBERT O'CONNOR, '08.

THE LONG AGO

The sea stretches blue from the drowsy eye,
Stretches to meet the azure sky.

No cloud in the sky to mar the blue
And the flash of the sun on the sea.

Before my mind in slow review
Shadow shapes pass of the things I knew
In the days that are gone from me.

Out of the past they come and go,
Mystical thoughts of the long ago.

Blue is the sea till the eye grows dim
Searching afar for the outer rim

Where it fades away into azure light,
Where it loses itself in the sky;

Only the waves on the sands show white
Ringing the beach in a circle bright.

I turn from the sea with a sigh

To feel in mine a hand—and lo!

It clasps my hand from the long ago.

Though never still the sea is calm;

It soothes the soul like a fragrant balm.

Far o'er the waves I see a sail;

Nearer the sea-birds wheel.

I gaze on these and my senses fail;

The past grows bright, and the present pale

And a voice I seem to feel.

The voice in my ear speaks soft and low,

A voice that I loved in the long ago.

A breeze is blowing from the sea,
A gentle breeze that breathes on me,
 That fans my face and lifts my hair
Soft as a lover's breath.
 I gaze at the sky and picture there
 A face that smiles, and its beauty rare
In my mem'ry knows no death.
 It is a face I used to know
 Come back to me from the long ago.

The sun is sinking to his rest ;
The sun is dipping in the west
 Into the sea. The day is done ;
The sail has reached the land.
 The sea-birds settle one by one.
 The sea gleams red in the setting sun.
The night is close at hand.
 I know that when life beats cold and slow
 I shall live in the warmth of the long ago.

M. T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

OUT OF THE PAST

"Slippery" McMasters was, as the world measures success—that is financially—a highly successful man. He was numbered among the most proficient artists in his line, the adroit and skillful handling of painted cards and ivory disks. Indeed his nickname "Slippery" had been given to him in appreciation of his merits by one who had met him in a professional way and who had parted from him later with his stock of experience greatly increased at the expense of a depleted pocket book. And slippery he was in truth. Such little things as honesty and truthfulness are only a hamper to the successful gambler. "Slippery," then, measured by the size of his bank book was a decided success. But there are other things in the world besides money as I shall try to show. Listen!

"Slippery" McMasters was in an extremely good humor when he left the gambling table at Dash & Blanks. He smiled to himself a guarded smile—he did everything guardedly—as he passed through the heavy doors of the gambling parlors into the fresh, cool night. The air was bracing after the closeness of the room he had just left reeking with the nauseating odors of stale tobacco smoke and foul liquors. The man drew in deep breaths of it, unconsciously refreshing his revolting lungs, as he mentally counted up his winnings for the evening. The last four hours of the play had been un-

usually good even for him and once when he stopped to light a cigarette in front of a cigar stand he was seen to smile—almost openly this time.

He walked rapidly for three or four blocks and then entering a down town hotel he proceeded to his rooms on the third floor. It was a handsome suite of rooms which he entered and "Slippery" took a great pride in them. The furnishings were such as many of his more aristocratic fellow gamblers on 'change could not have well afforded. Soft carpets, rich hangings, oriental rugs, pictures that might well have graced the walls of an art gallery, rare and expensive bric-a-brac, heavy oak furniture, all arranged tastefully and with an eye to comfort as well as breeding. One could well realize that this was more than a dwelling place. It was a home.

"Slippery" entered, flooding the room with light at a touch of his hand upon an electric button by the door. A few coals were glowing in the fireplace. "Slippery" crossed over and fanned them into flame. In a few moments a very cheerful fire was blazing and crackling on the hearth.

"Give me good oak wood for a comfortable, open fire any day," he said to himself standing before it with an air of satisfaction. "It beats coal all hollow every time."

He drew a cosy, solid-looking arm chair up in front of the fire and started

to sit down. Then he seemed to hesitate.

"Guess I'll read a book for an hour or so," he said at length. "I always sleep better afterwards."

He crossed leisurely to a book case which stood against the opposite wall.

"Guess I'll read this" he commented, taking down a faded little book from the top shelf. "I haven't looked at it since"—he broke off suddenly.

"What a sentimental old fool I'm getting to be" he resumed finally, laughing softly, "letting a little thing like that annoy me. Bah! Mac, you're losing your nerve. That hand was played out long ago. Back up."

He went back to the arm chair and seated himself, lounging back comfortably against the cushions. Then he turned his attention to the book. He opened it idly somewhere near the middle and something fluttered to the floor. The man stooped for it, groping across the carpet with his hand. When he sat up he held a little faded flower between his fingers.

"Good God", he said, glancing at it, "good God!" He gazed into the leaping flames and his face seemed strangely drawn in the firelight. "God," he said again and sunk his chin upon his hands.

* * * * *

"Seems to me you're in a terrible hurry, Jimmy, my boy," said good natured Mr. Button, looking smilingly at his nephew. "Ain't nothin' wrong up at the Squire's, is there?"

The young man in the cheap store clothes blushed like a schoolboy caught

reading a dime novel behind his geography.

"Why, no, Uncle Ben, not at all," he muttered, finally, with a manifest attempt at composure as he dashed out of the door.

The old man looked after him and shook his head. "I wonder if I was such a blamed fool when I was courtin' Ma," he said to himself. "Lord, how that boy did blush," he continued, laughing. "He shore has got it bad."

Dorothy had never looked prettier to Jimmy than she did that afternoon. She was wearing some sort of a filmy white gown. Pote de soie gras or something like that, Jimmy thought it must be. Dorothy had told him the name once and he knew that it was French.

They went out into the fields as was their custom until they came to a great oak towering up among the grasses. There they sat down with their backs against the trunk and Jimmy drew from his pocket the book of poems from which he was wont to read aloud. But today he kept the book in his hands without opening it and gazed up at the blue sky. The girl beside him was also unusually silent. After a long time the young man turned to her and his face was full of passion. "Dorothy," he said softly, "Dorothy," and he seized her hands. He repeated her name many times, then, almost in a whisper "Dorothy." He had always thought the name as pretty as the girl who bore it.

How long they sat together that afternoon Jimmy never knew. He remembered it all afterwards in a dazed,

happy sort of confusion. The sun was sinking beneath the western hills when the two at last rose to go. The girl stooped and plucked a flower that was growing by the base of the tree. She played with it idly for awhile, caressing it with her face. Then she turned and handed it to the man beside her. He took it almost reverently and put it to his lips.

"I shall keep it always, Dorothy, always," he said putting it carefully between the leaves of the book which he was holding.

She extended her hand to him quite naturally and his own closed over it. They went home thus hand in hand and in their hearts vibrated a sympathetic chord of joy. Love is happy as well as blind.

Dorothy's mother met them at the door. "Won't you come in, Mr. McMasters?" she said cordially.

"Yes," answered Jimmy, blushing scarlet as he spoke. "I've got something to say to you about myself and Dorothy. I—that is we—I mean, you know, that—" he stopped floundering for words.

Dorothy came bravely to the rescue.

"What Jimmy wants to say," she said, her face reddening in turn, "is that he loves me and we—." She broke off

abruptly, looking to the uneasy Jimmy for support. That worthy shifted his feet nervously and fell to coughing furiously behind his hand.

"I think I understand," said her mother, smiling affectionately upon the pair. "Come into the house, you silly children, before you both catch cold."

* * * * *

The last feeble flame flickered and died out in the fireplace. The coals were glowing dimly now. "Slippery" McMasters, professional gambler, drew his hand slowly across his forehead and straightened out his cramped legs.

"Pshaw!" he said, finally taking his eyes from the fading coals, "what a sentimental old dreamer I am."

He stood up stiffly stamping his numbed feet.

"This is a new deal, Jimmy. That old hand was played out long ago and you played your cards to win," he said argumentatively, trying to pull himself together.

His eyes fell upon the book which was lying on the arm of the chair. Across the top of it lay a faded flower. The gambler grasped at the mantle for support.

"God," he groaned, "what a fool I've been."

M. T. DOOLING, JR. '09.

A MUSING OF HENRY VIII

*O if that day would but return
 When first I partook o' that Saving Host !
 The radiance of Heaven itself
 Stream'd forth to kiss my guileless cheek.
 My heart with God's chaste love was fired;
 It leaped within my panting breast—
 And all the emotions o' my soul
 Surged round and quite o'erwhelmed me.*

*O consummate moment of all my being—
 The ruler o' the Universe within my heart—
 O happy day—O day of days—
 Could I but taste thy joys again!*

*But now, alas, how greatly changed !
 I cannot e'en to think on it—
 Else Hell's steady sulphureous glow
 Bursts hot upon this guilty brow.
 Its sickening vapors curl around,
 Enveloping this wretched frame—
 My heart—it sinks within my breast—
 And afore them my reason flits away.*

*O would that I could have that peace,
 O could I have that glow of youth—
 But alas! 'tis not for me, though I,
 Henry, am of all the Britons king.*

Eugene F. Morris, '10.

“THE BLACK KID OF YOSEMITE”

“There’s no tips for me to-day,” said Josh Ren as he glanced keenly at the crowd of passengers who stood with their overcoats flung over their arms, impatiently awaiting his arrival.

Thus reasoning with himself, Josh drove up to the side of the elevated platform, and with a more scrutinizing eye sized up each individual that stepped into the coach.

In the back seat was placed an old maid of about forty-five years, whose objections to such a position were all refuted to her entire satisfaction by the friendly landlord of the station-house who, having his own interests at heart, calmed down the excited old damsel by assuring and reassuring her that this was the best seat in the coach. Now he had made this same assurance day after day, and year after year, to every tenderfoot that journeyed into the valley. But as he had his own reasons for so acting, and as my story deals not with him, I forbear to criticise him.

The box seat was possessed by a newly married couple, who had come for the purpose of enjoying a delightful and heavenly honeymoon in the far-flying sprays of the Bridal Veil Fall. The last two members of the little party were evidently school teachers, but not so far advanced in years as the personage who occupied the back seat.

At last Josh shouted, “all aboard!” and the horses impatiently pawing the ground, gave the last rattle of their

harness, and away they darted while the hills around resounded the echo of the driver’s whip, and the five passengers realized the fact that they were at last approaching the famous Yosemite Valley.

In the meantime sitting in his cabin, resting after his usual morning activity, was the old hunter of the Yosemite, Jim Sleeper. An elbow on each knee and his chin resting on the palms of his hands he gazed on the grease-stained floor of the cabin, his whole mind evidently wrapped in deepest thought.

Yes, Jim Sleeper was thinking. Something was surely wrong; for seldom did this person indulge in meditation. There he sat in the silence of his lonely cabin gazing on the floor, while the ticking of a clock on the wall and an occasional scream from the forest were all that broke the silence.

Many a tourist with wondering eyes had passed before the door of Jim Sleeper’s cabin, and paused awestricken at the sublimity of the sight. For one hundred yards away towering at a dizzy height was a gigantic mass of granite, perpendicular almost from base to crest and bearing a resemblance to the roughly chiseled columns or monuments of the giants of old. It was El Capitan. At its foot, gliding slowly onward, was the clear and sparkling Merced river, washing down its grassy banks and laying bare the roots of oak trees around which, for centuries past,

speckled trout had basked on summer days. On the opposite bank a long, narrow stretch of country completed the floor of the mouth of the Yosemite Valley. Then, far, far above, seemingly to touch the azure skies, rose another mass of stone, pyramidal in shape, and forming with El Capitan, two irresistible walls of solid granite, between which every stage-load of adventurers had to pass before the wonders of the valley were laid bare to them.

Yet in this delightful situation where the human heart is touched to the very chord by the wonders reared by the hand of God, deep in thought and in the worst of spirits, sat Jim, within his cabin. He was far too practical to waste his time in things esthetic. So while the tourist might have sat on his doorsteps meditating the grandeur of creation, Jim within was meditating something far more useful.

"It's the worst of times," he sighed, "never in all my life were things so dull; and I have sold fewer furs this season than ever I did before. If only those tourists would"—here he checked this chain of thought and for an instant gazed at the shelf over the fireplace. "As sure as the skunks grow fat for winter," he chuckled, "I'll have a little excitement today and execute the plans so long working in my mind."

Again he glanced at the shelf, then again at the floor, then changing his position, putting his elbows on his knees, and with his head resting between his hands, he did some more thinking.

Ten minutes passed before he rose; then going straight to the shelf, he took from a box a forty-four caliber pistol, examining carefully all its works; opening first the cylinder he looked through the barrel and began at once in an earnest manner to oil and clean it. This done he took from a drawer a box of shells, filled every empty chamber, and put the rest in his pocket. Then to test the sights he fired at an empty flask in the open window. It fell shattered into a hundred pieces.

"Jimmy, my boy," he smiled to himself, "you'll soon be ready." Then going to the other side of the room he picked up an old empty shot-gun covered with dust that had been lying useless in the corner, and performed for it the same kind services as he had done to the pistol.

The next and most necessary part of his outfit was a long linen duster such as are worn by tourists, to keep as much dust as possible on the outer surface, so that when they come once more into civilization they are, or at least have the appearance of white men.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Jim, as he tried on the garment and saw that it covered his entire person from head to heels, "but, of course, it's much too good for my work and bears too much resemblance to the description of one lost by a tourist somewhere around my habitation." Saying this he took from his belt a long knife and making the duster appear as though it had gone through the Hundred Years War, threw it on the table beside the shot gun.

Jim had faced many a bold and daring grizzly in his day without the slightest hesitation, but at this present undertaking he was not a little nervous. But be lenient with him, indulgent reader, for we all get nervous in new undertakings, especially of a shady morality.

"It's a new idea," he faltered, "but I got to do it, I can't starve."

He pulled from his neck a big red handkerchief, and, cutting two round holes in it just large enough to fit his eyes, shouldered the shotgun, and with his costume in a bundle, went out as if to hunt for quail or wild pigeons among the live oak groves. He followed a narrow foot trail along the bottom of El Capitan and down a steep incline to a small cove below where the stage coach had to pass and where the bushes were so thick on either side of the road that the tall tree tops far above this tangled undergrowth could hardly be seen.

"Here's the place," muttered Jim, throwing down the bundle, and eyeing the steep incline where many a zigzag showed the long pull of about four hour's toil for the tired horses of Josh Ren, while Jim taking the narrow foot trail, could be back at his cabin in less than half an hour with no over-exertion.

In this place he adorned himself with the newly devised costume and lay on his stomach to await the coming of the tourists, which, to tell the truth, are the main crop of Yosemite soil.

* * * * *

While all this was going on, the little

party were fast getting glimpses of Yosemite scenery, and the driver having exhausted all the topics of his usual discourse, was answering in a sarcastic manner the various questions put to him, with more reference to his imagination than to history.

They were now within ten miles of the cove and on a down hill grade going at a rapid pace, for it was getting late and the shadows began to grow long by the sun's slanting rays. All of a sudden the leaders of the six-horse stage disappeared around a steep curve. The whole party turned pale with fright, for they expected every moment to be dashed over the precipice below; and spontaneously from their frightened lips burst a terrified: "Oh my!" and upon that instant they saw a little ahead of them a sign-board nailed to a young sapling, with the inscription "O My Point." Seeing this they all laughed save the old maid, who was hanging on for dear life, and neither saw the sign nor the leaders from the moment they disappeared around the curve.

They were once more in open country bowling along the edge of a high cliff on a roadbed of solid rock, when at a turn the majestic crest of El Capitan presented itself. High above them glittering in the sunlight, ragged cliffs looked down upon them while some six hundred feet below they could see, and faintly hear the roar of the rapids of the Merced dashing over the boulders, and rushing onward madly, ceaselessly. On their left as far as the eye could reach, range after range of mountains

disappeared in the sky, and around their crest the dark blue haze in silence floated, partially concealing from view a solitary eagle wheeling his kingly flight.

Deeper and deeper they merged into the wonders of nature, and question upon question was heaped upon the driver. Used to such inquiries, he was answering them at his own sweet will.

They had wheeled around another curve, and had come to a broad piece of road where a headstone was placed in the ground with the letters B. L. written on its face.

"What's that?" asked the young lady in the front seat.

"That stands for Biggest Liar," said Josh, "he's buried there."

"Really?" asked the young lady ironically, "he isn't dead yet, I should judge."

Silence prevailed for a while, either because no words could express their thoughts, or because they were too busy taking a last look at the river from their lofty station, when El Capitan from bottom to top, like a thrilling scene suddenly unveiled, met their wondering eyes, and the awestricken tourists sat dumfounded as they gazed on the mighty Captain of the Valley. There it stood in all its sublime majesty over three thousand feet from earth to sky, commanding a view of the entire canyon, and occupying as much space in air as would correspond to a large field of many thousand acres.

Upon its surface were many fantastic shapes and forms of men and animals,

imprinted there by Nature's skillful artists. The most wonderful of these forms was an almost perfect outline of the map of North America with all its gulfs and bays, drawn in a darker shade of granite than the rest of the surface.

Little streams trickled down its side from the melting snow on the summit, but their waters never reached the waving grass below.

"How long, may I ask, have you been driving in this beautiful country?" again ventured the lady, envying him no doubt.

"Ever since El Capitan was a little pebble," was the reply, to which the other said nothing, but smiled when she noticed his hair mingled with gray.

The couple in the middle seat were too absorbed in their own sweet thoughts to converse or bother the driver with questions, but sat there cooing ever and anon saccharine nothings, while the coach went down the last hill, and was now on the bottom of the cove and fast approaching the bushy country.

The driver popped his whip three times to remind his leaders of the hill they had to climb; but before he could recover his ribbons there appeared in the road ahead of him the figure of a man. His face was covered with a red handkerchief, and he wore a slouched hat pulled down over his eyes; in his hands he held a double barrel shot gun, the muzzle pointed directly at the driver's head.

"Hands up there!" shouted the muffled bandit, to which five heads pro-

jected from the side of the coach to see what was the matter. The driver giving a sidelong glance, and his mouth turned also to suit his purpose, whispered in an undertone, "ditch your cash, there's a holdup."

"What's a holdup?" asked the lady in the middle seat, ignorant of what was going on; but the bandit who had now come up to the side of the stage, relieved her of this curiosity. "Wait a few minutes, dear," he said, "and you'll see."

Instantly from that bright ruddy glow produced by sunshine and mountain air, each individual countenance was changed to a death-like paleness. But the old maid, not entirely daunted, hurriedly and with trembling hands drew from her satchel pencil and paper, and with all the courage she could scrape together, began to take down notes for a thrilling article for some Eastern magazine to which she occasionally contributed, keeping all the while her eyes fixed on the highwayman.

"Pile out of the stage," shouted that worthy, "and keep about ten feet away; then line up on the right with your hands behind you; hands up, old lady, don't trouble yourself to take down notes, or it will cost you more than the usual price. Now, then, the first one who moves his hands from behind his back will die on the spot."

Then pointing to the young man who was at the end of the line-up, he ordered him in a hoarse and threatening voice to empty his pockets into his hat

and pass it around. He obeyed, though unwillingly, glancing around once or twice to see if the gun was still leveled at his head.

"I'm here, sonny," returned the bandit, "and I haven't much time to waste; empty out those pockets, and if the purse doesn't suit me you're the one to die."

Saying this he noticed the old maid trying to slip a diamond ring into the finger of her glove.

"Keep cool, old sweetheart," said he soothingly, "I see you have an engagement ring—a sweet memory of the bitter past. I have no use for it though; I am just a little short of cash, that's all. Throw out that express box," he thundered to the driver, "before I shoot your head off."

"It's on the next stage," was the answer.

"When is she due?"

"In about an hour," responded Josh.

"All right then, stay where you are unless you have too much cash on hand."

The young fellow who was collector of the stakes, finished up with the old maid on the end. Then he turned questioningly around and looked at the bandit; but he, sentinel-like, was watching the performance, laughing in his sleeve as he noticed first one, then the other, glance towards him to see if he were looking in order that they might retain some of their cash.

"Walk down the road ten steps and lay the hat on the left hand side and then pile back."

When the young man passed on his return in front of the good natured bandit, the latter handed him a card with the inscription:

"The Black Kid,"

Yosemite Valley, California.

All eyes were now turned towards the disguised figure to see what his intentions were next, but he merely told them to get into the coach as quickly as possible and in single file, while he handed each one as he passed his card, saying with a nod of the head, "With my compliments as a token of remembrance."

"Now, driver," he said, walking backwards to where the hat lay, "stay where you are, till I count this money and see whether my worthy assistant has the desired purse."

The amount gathered seemed to satisfy him, for he soon shouted his command, "drive on," and once more the passengers were going at a rapid pace, not a little relieved that the ruffian no longer stood with his gun pointed in their direction.

Scenery was now forgotten and criti-

cisms and comments of all kinds were passed by the excited party.

* * * * *

Two hours later when they came in sight of Sleeper's Cabin, they found the fur dealer with a large display of fine furs which he offered to sell at an exceedingly low price.

"We have been held up, Jim," said the driver, "down in the cove there."

"Well, I'll be darned," exclaimed the surprised trapper, "and so near here too! he can't be so very far away."

"We're behind time now more than an hour, so we can't loiter here. Good-bye."

The driver popped his whip once more, and in a short while the party found themselves in a large circle of hotel guests, who were listening breathlessly to the tale of the robbery. The news of it spread like wild fire, and a party of soldiers were despatched from the Reservation in quest of the "Black Kid."

JOHN DEGNAN, '10.

TO THE DIVINE CHILD

*Mary, your mother, loves you well
And guards you day and night;
Rare as the violet in the dell,
You're Mary's own delight.*

Joseph Hartman, '12.

SEEK YE HEAVEN

*Men with souls from God immortal !
Raise aloft your downcast eyes !
Why not seek the bright hereafter,
Seek your home beyond the skies?*

*What? O there is hope of Heaven,
Lightsome world for which we crave,
'Tis but faith's fulfilling promise,—
This sweet message hath the grave.*

*Brothers, turn your eyes to Heaven,
Turn your gaze from painful earth,
For 'tis there that joy and gladness,
Swell in laughter and in mirth.*

*Seek its sunshine, seek its pleasure,
There alone man's soul can feast,
Those who most love things supernal,
Love dull earth and life the least.*

George Morgan, '10.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO LOURDES

As it was fifty years ago last month since our Blessed Lady appeared at the Grotto of Lourdes, I trust it will not be uninteresting to jot down a few reminiscences of my visit to that sacred place last August. They will serve at the same time as a tribute of gratitude to the Queen of Heaven from whom I have received more than one favor.

It might be well to mention first of all, where Lourdes is. It is an old fashioned town of five or six thousand inhabitants, situated in the southwest of France. You take the train from Paris at half-past seven in the evening and arrive at your destination on the afternoon of the following day. The snow-capped Pyrenean mountains can easily be seen only a few miles distant.

The little town of Los Gatos nestling in the foothills of our own Santa Clara Valley resembles Lourdes more than any place I know of. True, it would need to be widened to about a mile square, but then it has the hills and the river. The Gave, however, that runs along the Grotto of Lourdes, is a much more beautiful stream.

To see the greatest number of people, the greatest devotion and the most cures, one should be there for the 15th of August and the week following, for it is then that the great French Pilgrimage takes place. The one of last August was said to be the largest that ever occurred. Among those that participated were two bishops, hundreds of

priests, and sisters from all parts of France. It was my good fortune to be at Lourdes for this grand occasion and we tarried there six days loathing to leave.

Crossing the river by the bridge one enters the well-kept grounds. It is really a beautiful park of many acres. I was immediately taken with the perfect order and cleanliness of everything about the place. Cement walks, lawns, with graveled spaces between, shrubbery and trees make a pleasing impression on the visitor as he approaches the Church of the Rosary.

This beautiful edifice is built at the foot of the great Rock of Massabielle. It contains sixteen altars, one dedicated to each mystery of the Rosary and a high altar in the centre.

But the Basilica above is what captivates the eye and heart. It is a magnificent churche of the Gothic style, built on this large high rock, probably sixty or more feet in height. Inside it is grand, high altar and sanctuary are beautiful, in fact everything about the place is so becoming a house of God!

It is here that innumerable votive offerings are hung suspended—many thousands of them—an eloquent tribute of gratitude to the great Mother of God.

Flags from different countries are also here and among them I saw with pleasure the Stars and Stripes, and a magnificent banner from our own dear California. One ex-voto is especially

worthy of interest. It is a frame containing a mass of rich plaited hair with paper roses planted here and there among its golden tresses. It is a gift of five poor women who journeyed from Hungary to Lourdes. For five months they travelled, begging as they went along. And when at last they reached Lourdes footsore and weary, and had paid their reverence and devotion to their Queen, their loyal and loving hearts prompted them to give ere they left the holy shrine forever, to give something to Mary as a token of their devotion. But what would it be? They had nothing. A happy thought came to their mind. They would give of their best, and they cut off their long beautiful hair and placed it in a frame inserting paper roses to hide the place where one series of tresses was united to the other.

Passing from the Basilica we come to the Grotto where the Blessed Virgin appeared to the pious maiden, Bernadette. It is on the side of the great rock, an open space about twelve or fourteen feet high and a few feet more in depth and width. Within on the right is a statue that marks the spot where the Blessed Virgin so often appeared; which event has changed the once uninteresting town of Lourdes to a sanctuary favored of Heaven and of interest to millions of Catholics. Inside were candles burning that people brought from time to time.

One does not see the water in the Grotto, as it is conveyed along the rock to the left where it comes out in five or

six faucets from which the people can drink it and take it away with them.

Further to the left are buildings against the rock, piscinas or baths, in which a small stream of water is running. The bather is not supposed to dry himself after coming out of the bath. Now this is a little hard at first even to a person in good health, but what must it be to many sick persons, some of whom are as helpless as babies. However, no one has ever taken any sickness or disease from bathing in the piscinas, which would almost seem a wonder in itself.

Even if there were no miracles performed at Lourdes, it would be well worth travelling to on account of the singular manifestations of Christian charity. It was a beautiful sight the day before the great pilgrimage was to arrive, to witness the long line of men, especially young men, some fathers and their sons, going to the office to proffer their services, receive a badge and paper.

And there is much for them to do. The sick must be conveyed from the trains in stretchers, in couches, in hand-wheel carriages, in wagons. A mother's tenderness and care must be shown, for the sick are in all conditions. They must be placed in front of the Grotto where mass is said for them and public prayers offered—sometimes they must be taken and placed in front of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, then back to the hospital again. And once more when it is time to leave, they must be conveyed with the same care

back to the train. For only seven per cent of the sick are cured.

But if there are few cures of body, there are innumerable cures of soul; and no wonder. For to hear the prayers that are said in public for those who have come to be cured, to hear them said with such devotion and said by thousands, sometimes in front of the Grotto, sometimes in front of the piscinas, or in front of the church; to see so many thousands receiving Holy Communion; to see the sick themselves receiving the Blessed Sacrament, stretched as they are on their litters, is surely striking enough to impress the dullest heart.

Before I end I must not forget the torchlight procession that takes place in the evening about half-past seven. It starts from the Grotto toward the front of the Church of the Rosary, then winds along the side of the great space in front of the church, to the end, and then returns to the place in front of the church, all the time singing hymns.

Now, all is silent for a few moments, and this mass of thousands of people, holding lights in their hand, commence to intone the Credo in Latin. And I never heard singing as to time and tone so perfect, by such a throng of people; and when it came to the *Incarnatus est* and all the thousands go down on their knees, the church illuminated, and the large beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin in front of the church also illuminated—well, such a sight, I believe, cannot be seen outside of Lourdes, and it seems to lift one up between earth and heaven and make him feel proud of a religion that is so pregnant with life and faith. No religion in God's world can duplicate this and the other sights to be seen at Lourdes.

And as I took my departure I felt that the faith was far from being dead in France; nay, rather, I knew, for I had seen it, that it was living, vivid, and practical in the minds and hearts of thousands of France's children.

W. J. S.

AN ETCHING

*The night is dark; the moon beyond the clouds,
A storm is raging on the sea,
Lashing the waves to foamy fury.
Upon the beach a broken bark is cast
And on the deck grey skeletons are found—
The sea has solved a fearful mystery.*

Lewis B. Ford, '10.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Everything in the order of time must change,—institutions, customs, even men themselves. The benevolent looking old gentleman with the scythe and hour glass and long, flowing, patriarchal beard, keeps the traffic moving better than the best policeman that ever sported a star. He is no respecter of

persons. Everybody and everything must "move on" at his command. Nothing is exempted, no one is privileged. And in the whole of Father Time's domain nothing, it seems to us, is more ephemeral than the staff of a college magazine. Every year, every semester even, sees a change of men. Each year,

each semester, old and tried men reluctantly give over their pens to eager, if untried, successors. The same stroke that deprives them of a pleasant and profitable duty gives that duty into other willing hands. Such is fate. It seems we can only benefit at a loss to our fellow men. We must all be satisfied to take our turn at whatever we do. Even life itself will some day end.

The light in the sanctum shines tonight just as brightly as ever, but those who labor under it are changed. We look about us for the old familiar faces only to find them gone—Diepenbrock, Heffernan, Broderick, Peters, Shafer, McClatchy—not a one is left. At their desks a new set of writers reign. Their pens are dipped in ink by other hands. We shall miss them all, miss their facile pens and more than that, their friendly cheer and ever ready aid. We must look elsewhere now to find a helping hand. Especially shall we miss Anthony Diepenbrock and Francis Heffernan. Each in his own line has proved himself a master. They have made THE REDWOOD what it is and sorely will it miss them. As we look on their empty chairs a sense of littleness, of inability, comes over us. Can we fill their places? We can only look back upon them and say, "Farewell masters. We have sat at your feet. Let us hope that we have learned."

We do not set ourselves up as a standard for athletics. We claim neither authority or ability in that line. We may as well confess right now that

personally we are no athlete, for everybody in the yard knows it already; but we hope that we may be pardoned for speaking a few words on the subject, at least as an outsider.

This year our baseball team bids fair to out-distance even its previous successes. To its members we doff our hat. We are a rooter and a humble fan at least. Last fall we essayed a new departure. We took up Rugby with remarkable success. But this is all. Football in the fall, baseball in the spring—this is the sum total of Santa Clara's athletics. If we have been successful in these two branches why not in others? We have a somnolent tennis club which sometimes wakes up far enough to mutter a sleepy "30-love" and then rolls over for another sleep. Occasionally two or three fellows chase a basket ball around for half an hour. In the warm weather everybody swims a little for his own pleasure. Once we even saw some intrepid soul out putting the shot, but he soon got lonesome, poor fellow, and quit. Why cannot we crystallize these things? If we excel in baseball and football why not in tennis, basket-ball, swimming, track and any other healthy, wholesome sport? All it needs is a few fellows to take hold. Come fellows, who will be the first to break the spell?

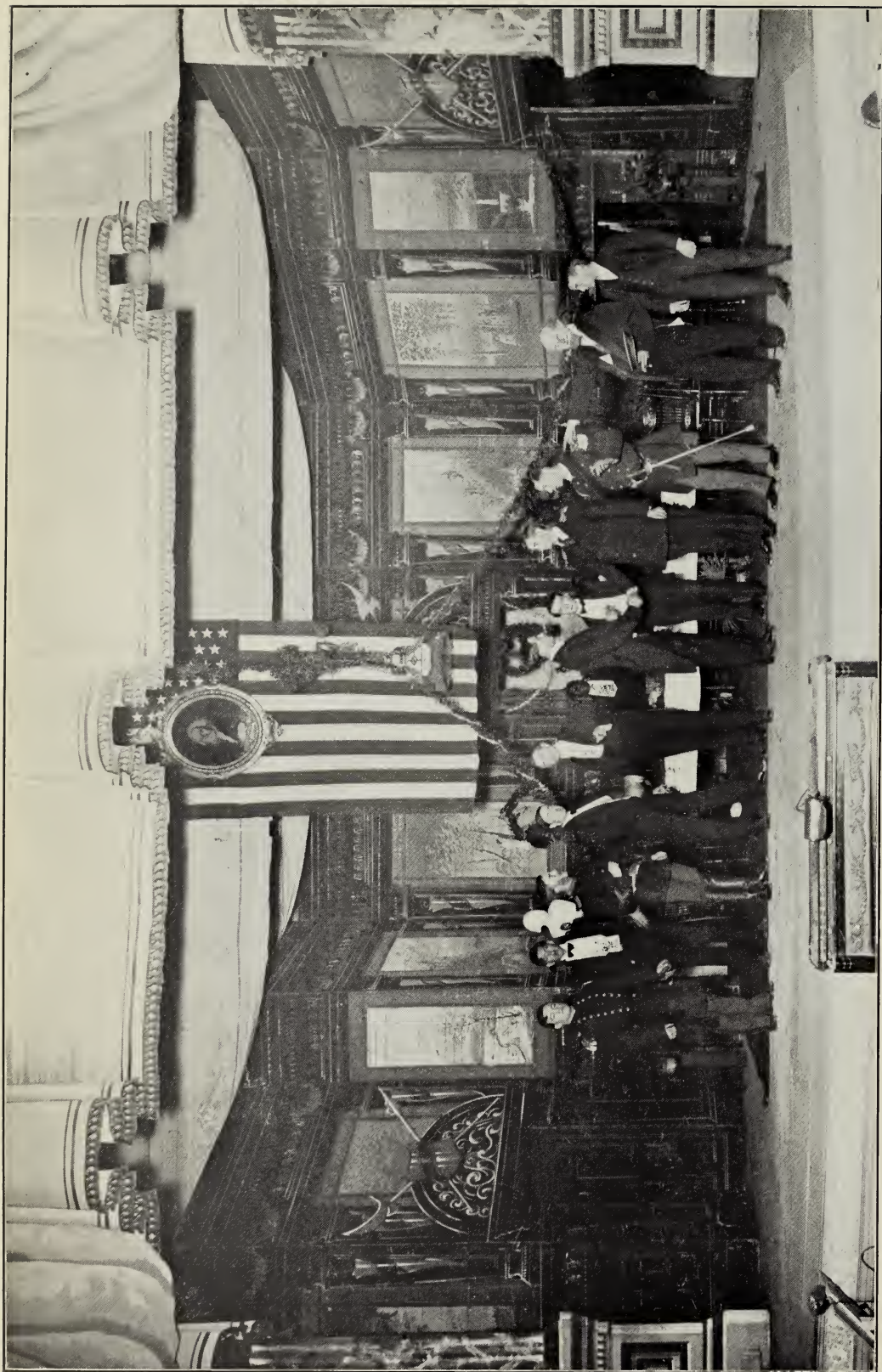
While we are on the subject of athletics just another word. There are some fellows around the yard who have not gotten out of a walk for at least two years. They had as soon stand on

their heads and whistle Yankee Doodle with variations as run three steps. A good healthy sweat—beg pardon, perspiration—is foreign to their dainty natures. About the only exercise they take is in the refectory three times a day and they have to do that to live. The gymnasium class is doing something for these men, but if they want to get the full benefit of their college life they will have to do much more for themselves. We believe that every fellow in the yard should go in for some healthy, out-door sport. Every man owes this much to himself. What if he cannot play anything now? The learner gets as much exercise and probably more out of a sport than anyone else. Practice makes perfect and the exercise is all that really counts. Get in and do something for your body if it

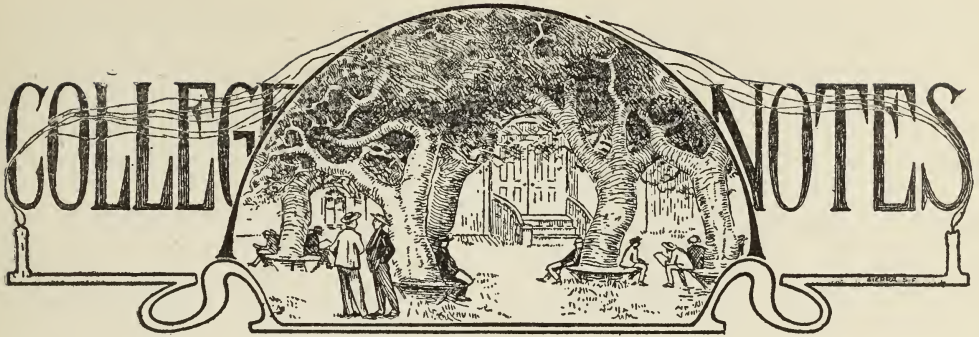
is only to run around a little in the open air. Santa Clara is only half educating you unless she develops your body as well as your mind.

Since the above lines were penned, a field day has been held under the direction of Physical Instructor Sparks. We heartily congratulate the collegians that participated and especially Mr. Sparks, whose unselfish interest in the good of the students has been manifested once again. We understand too, that several good records were made, excellent ones, considering the scanty preparation had before. This shows what we can do with a little energy and training. Let us give our excellent Physical Instructor the support and enthusiasm which he deserves; and, after all, we are the ones who profit by it.

M. T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



BANQUET SCENE, "SANTIAGO"



“Santiago” at the Victory Theater

The reproduction of “Santiago”, Mr. Charles D. South’s drama of war, peace, and newspaper life, at the Victory Theater, on the evening of February twenty-first, was a grand success from curtain to curtain.

Before a crowded house, the students of the College did justice to their careful training and conducted themselves admirably, showing that they were well versed in the art of acting; and to judge from the continuous outbursts of applause their efforts without a doubt were fully appreciated.

Everyone was at his best, and it would be difficult indeed to name the stars, unless a ruse were resorted to and the whole cast were copied down, a thing impossible for lack of space.

The three comedians in general, and each one in particular, McKenzie, Mayerle and Murphy had the house from the very start, and judging from the way these three personages brought forth the noise, they certainly made an enormous hit.

Preceding the drama, a number of specialties were introduced and well received and encored. The high soprano singing of Mr. J. C. Payne was marvelous to hear. He possesses a voice rarely heard on any stage, and his admiring audience were astonished and overjoyed to find such a wonderful singer in their midst, for Mr. Payne is a San Jose man.

The solo by Mrs. D. J. Gairaud was beautiful and well received. She was accompanied by Miss Hattie Keffle. The violin solo of Master A. Anthes was of singular skill and sweetness.

The entire proceeds of the presentation which netted over one thousand dollars were turned over to the Pastorate fund of St. Joseph’s Church.

The Literary Congress

On the evening of February 7th, we assembled in the hall to hear a debate between the House of Philistorians and the Philalethic Senate. The affair was a try-out to determine the respective merits of the contestants, and for the ultimate purpose of picking a team to

represent the College in the coming debate between St. Ignatius and Santa Clara Colleges.

The question debated was; Resolved: That universal woman suffrage in the United States is to the general welfare of the government.

Mr. George G. Fox S. J., as chairman of the evening, honored us with a few select words before the debate began. He spoke very enthusiastically of the big debate that is to come, and urged the contestants to put forth their best efforts, that they might come out of the ordeal with the banner of victory floating over them; a conclusion which Father Fox seemed most confident of, if they manifested the same untiring energy as was shown in the preparation for the present trial contest.

Senator Harry A. McKenzie of San Francisco, opened the debate for the affirmative side, and after stating the question in a clear and concise way, explained the manner in which the Senators would handle their arguments.

As the first affirmative, Senator McKenzie spoke long and fluently on the rights of women in general, and woman's right to suffrage in particular. He maintained that suffrage was rightfully due to women, by reference to the Constitution of the United States in which they are recognized as citizens. From this it would follow, therefore, that they possessed a constitutional right to vote. Senator McKenzie brought this out in a very convincing manner and to such an extent, that he seemed almost to persuade his audience.

Especially at the closing of the debate was he strong in his delivery. For at this point he made a final struggle for victory, and his efforts were duly appreciated by the audience, who showed their interest by round after round of applause.

The second affirmative, Senator Floyd E. Allen of Berkeley, handled his part of the question admirably. He dwelt principally upon the fact that women were very desirous of being granted suffrage. In this, Senator Allen had no small point to prove, for the general opinion of the public is, that women are not very desirous to vote. But nevertheless, by using his persuasive powers, he made a very good impression on the audience. The Senator from Berkeley gave numerous examples and statistics, which showed, how in many cases, women of this country had striven in numberless ways to have an amendment to the Constitution made, which would allow them the privilege of voting.

That women could not be bought and corrupted by political bosses, as the men of these times are, was another strong point brought out by Senator Allen, and which added materially to the building-up of the affirmative's arguments.

Senator John W. Maltman, of Los Angeles, sustained the third affirmative. He waxed high on the expediency of Woman Suffrage, and in a way to convince any audience. Senator Maltman gave many good examples of the expediency of Woman Suffrage, and at the same time helped along one of

Senator Allen's arguments, that women were desirous of suffrage; but Senator Maltman went a trifle beyond the general desirability of women to vote, stating that the class of women who were most anxious to obtain suffrage were those of the higher element, and that the undesirable class of the lower ranks, who might want to vote, for reasons other than good, would have no influence whatever, and would therefore drop out of the race.

As this was Senator Maltman's first appearance before a local audience, his talents were hitherto rather obscured to the majority; but to those belonging to the Literary Congress, his speaking and debating has been considered as something beyond the ordinary. And in the opinion of all who know him, Senator Maltman is the best debater in the College, "for his size."

The fourth affirmative, Ivo G. Bogan, of Arizona, was in the general opinion of the audience, one of the best speakers of the evening on the affirmative side. His speech showed that he had taken great pains in preparing it, and that he had studied his subject industriously. "Taxation Without Representation" was one of his principal arguments and he brought it out to a nicety.

Senator Bogan spoke vehemently of the outrage committee when the government placed the American women on a par with, and even below the ignorant Negroes of the South and immigrants of foreign lands. He also compared the strength of the American women, both physically and intel-

lectually with many citizens of this country who are voters; old and hoary men who can barely go to the polls to vote, and men such as these are placed above the American women in general! Senator Bogan also brought out numerous examples in confirmation of his statement that women were becoming more extensively recognized throughout the country. There is no number of women doctors, lawyers and ministers in the United States, said he, who are successful in their respective lines, and if they are spreading so extensively in the business and professional world, why should they not be allowed the privilege of partaking in the lawmaking of a country in which so many of them are so closely interested?"

The Arizonian Senator was here greeted by a burst of applause, that might have brought any but an earthquake-proof building down upon their heads.

Somewhat similar to the affirmative, in the division of the different arguments, was the negative side, for they too, based their side of the question on the logical order.

Representative Harold A. McLane of Guerneville, the first speaker on the negative side, demonstrated to the best of his ability, that woman's mission on this earth as designated by our Creator, was to be subject to man, to care for and protect her children, as well as to attend to the numerous other domestic duties that are imposed upon her sex, and not to be promenading around polls and meeting-houses and making

political stump-speeches on street corners. Representative McLane helped along his argument by appealing to the judges and audience, by asking them how they would like to see their wives, mothers or sweethearts placed in such positions as suffrage would necessarily throw them. In this the Representative laid a good foundation on which his colleagues of the negative side could build, and they did so with very noteworthy results.

The second negative, Patrick A. McHenry of San Louis Obispo, spoke principally of the political and commercial abilities of women in general. In his opinion as well as in the opinion of many of his hearers, their abilities along those particular lines are more often conspicuous by their absence than otherwise. The representative from the South gave several examples where women, allowed suffrage, failed utterly to derive any great advantage from it. He spoke in particular of New Zealand and showed by accurate statistics that women could reap no great benefit even if they were given the privilege of voting.

On one particular point did Representative McHenry have the Senators pinned down. He stated, and correctly so, that they had at several stages of the debate, wandered entirely off the course of the question in hand. They had been talking all through the debate of the rights etc. that women had concerning suffrage, and spoke very little, if anything, of how the welfare of the

government would fare if suffrage were granted to women.

This was a fact that the affirmative side could not deny, and at the same time it went to show the coolness and alertness of Representative McHenry in detecting the flaw in their speaking.

That part of the debate allotted Representative Austin Cheatham of Reno, Nevada, concerned in general, the morality of the country, and in particular, the tendency to lower the morals of this country if women were granted suffrage. He contended that if the right of voting were granted to women, the morals of the whole republic would be lowered in many and devious ways. The women who would take the greatest pleasure in voting would be mainly those of the lower class, who are only too glad for a chance to mingle with the other sex, and then he showed how future generations would be demoralized, by the mothers staying away from their homes, attending political meetings etc., and neglecting their children.

Representative Cheatham could not have brought this point out more clearly and forcibly than by the example he gave when he quoted John Q. Adams who said, "What I am, my mother made me."

At many stages of his speech, the representative from Nevada was interrupted by thunderous applause from the audience, and deservedly so, for his cool and deliberative delivery was a revelation, which made the older and more experienced speakers sit up and take notice.

Representative James R. Daly of Santa Rosa, as the fourth negative, opened his speech by knocking down to a certain extent, the foundations of his opponents. He then started his debate proper, and grew eloquent with that style of eloquence which is convincing, and from the time he had the floor until he yielded it, he had the house and the "House" in a continual uproar of applause.

He brought out so many powerful arguments that it would require a man with a fine sieve in his brain to pick out one or two individual points that could be proclaimed best. Representative Daly's voice seemed to be in very fine condition on the evening of the debate, and his delivery was superb; but as he is already famous for his elocutionary powers there is no need of delving into a "Twice Told Tale."

The debate was a grand success from start to finish and spoke in glowing terms of the great oratorical talent that Santa Clara contains.

The gentlemen who acted as judges were Rev. Jerome S. Ricard, S. J., Mr. R. Henry Brainard, S. J., and Mr. John A. Waddell. At the close of the debate they handed in their decision in favor of the House of Philisticians. At this stage cheer after cheer rang forth from the enthusiastic supporters of the House team; while those who admired the Senators were doling out their sympathy to the defeated team. It was such an earnest and hard fought battle, that it was really a shame that both sides could not have won.

The team that is to represent the College in the coming debate with St. Ignatius was chosen a day or so after the trial contest. The outcome of the conference between the faculty and judges was as follows: Representative Austin Cheatham, Senator Ivo G. Bogan, Representative James R. Daly. Alternates—Senator Harry A. McKenzie, Representative Patrick A. McHenry, and Senator Floyd Ensley Allen.

With such men as these the honor of the College should certainly be upheld, and a proof given, that it is not only on the baseball field that we reign supreme, but in the debating halls as well.

The House

At the first regular meeting of the year, the House of Philisticians elected its officers for the coming semester. The meeting was opened by the Speaker, Father Keany, S. J. He spoke in a very business-like manner of the bright prospects that are in sight for the House, and exhorted the members to become enthusiastic, and to take great pains in the preparation of their debates during this semester.

The election was a hotly-contested one, and when the ballot-box had been passed around for the last time, the results read something like this:

Representative Edgar Nolan of Santa Cruz was elected to continue to perform the duties of clerk. Representative Carlos McClatchy of Sacramento, owing principally to the fact that he possessed

that "taking way" and was very adept at extracting dues from the Representatives, was kept in the office of treasurer.

Representative Ernest P. Watson of Quincy was selected to fill the office of corresponding secretary. The office of sergeant-at-arms was again filled by Representative Harold A. McLane of Guerneville, who, during the past, proved by his good example, and ability to maintain order, that he was the man best fitted for the position. Representative Richard J. Birmingham of San Francisco, after much close balloting, was chosen to succeed himself as librarian.

Everything in the House has the appearance of prosperity, and the outlook for the present half-year is indeed very bright. An abundance of promising young orators in charge of an enthusiastic Speaker, and a well-filled treasury, bespeak a successful year; and then the thought that two out of three of the big debating teams were House men, is enough to encourage anyone in that final oratorical effort of the year, the Ryland Debate.

The Last Vows of Father Lydon and Father Gabriel

On the morning of February 2nd, Rev. Father Lydon, our beloved vice-president, and Rev. Father Gabriel, for many years a prominent member of the Faculty, received their last vows in the Society of Jesus, in St. Clair's church.

The ceremony was quiet and unosten-

tious. Previous to the occasion, Father Lydon and Father Gabriel had been preparing for these their last last vows, with all the earnestness and devotedness worthy of followers of Christ.

Reverend Father Rector said the Mass, and the Scholastics' choir rendered many beautiful hymns throughout the ceremony.

We, the students of the College, one all, and congratulate them on their being now, full-fledged members of the Society of Jesus.

Sanctuary Society

If past records count for anything the New Year just opened should be a prosperous and successful one for the Sanctuary Society. Last year the society increased the membership almost one third and under the able directorship of Mr. Brainard, S. J., was a success in every line of its activity. Several evenings ago the semiannual election of officers was held. Robert O'Connor, last year's President, was unanimously re-elected to that office. M. Shafer received the office of Secretary, and last year's Treasurer, Theodore Heney was again appointed to take care of the finances of the Society. Robert Brown will assume the office of First Division Censor, with Louis Ford acting in like capacity for the Second Division. Mr. Brainard thanked the members for their past co-operation and suggested several good resolutions for the new year.

The reporter of the J. D. S. handed us the following:

Junior Dramatic Notes

Last month College Notes so deluged the Editor's desk that our bit of information had to be tided over. But let no one think therefore, that we have been resting on our oars in idleness. Things have been lively with us and it is one of these events I wish to record.

On the evening of December 19, the Junior Debaters gave a few invited guests and the other literary organizations of the college, a sample of what has been transpiring weekly within the walls of the old Chapel Building. Mr. Chas. W. Quilty, the oldest living member of the society, kindly assented to act as chairman for the occasion, which he adorned not a little by his helpful and eloquent speech.

The subject chosen for discussion was, Resolved, "That a classical course fits a man better for a business career than a commercial course." As it was a subject which concerned the fates of many of the members, and was well within the grasp of all, it met with great enthusiasm and applause.

The defenders of the Classics were Messrs. L. Ford and S. T. Heney; the assailants Messrs. R. McCabe and W. Hirst.

The first affirmative began his debate by a short and lucid definition of the terms employed, laying great stress on the fact that the question concerned the Business Life only and that the

Professions were excluded. From this he passed on to the proof of his proposition, taking as his main point of argumentation the broadening and developing of mind which the Classics alone can give. Today the world is looking for men who can grasp and wrestle with the problems of life, who can handle and rule men. On the other hand the Commercial Education does not equip a boy with the deep and broad training which enables him to be a master of others. The debate was clearly written and as eloquently delivered.

In spite of the difficulties woven around his position, Mr. McCabe strove manfully to break through them and attack his enemy. His brilliant flashes of wit and easy delivery often won him applause. He said that the mastery given by such an education was neither the mastery of men, nor the mastery of the Classics but the dextrous mastery of wasting and frittering away one's time. This he proved from the disadvantages arising from the course, and from the half-hearted way many students devoted themselves to it.

Mr. Heney took up the strain of the Affirmative side and drew his arguments from experience. He was quite logical and forceful, reducing Mr. McCabe's speech to the Proverb, "Haste makes waste."

Finally, Mr. Hirst realizing that much depended on his final effort and knowing fully the trend of the argumentation of the opposing side, summoned all the forces of his mind to bear on the occasion. His was an energetic and

hopeful speech, demonstrating the advantage of the Commercial Course. Earnestly and eloquently did he appeal to the fathers and mothers of this country not to allow themselves to be hoodwinked by the smooth-tongued devotees of the ancient classic lore.

After the various orations had been delivered, whatever of the fifteen minutes allotted to the speakers remained, was accredited. Then it was that the well-springs of self-reliance, fluency, and ingenuity flowed abundantly. Undoubtedly this was the most interesting part of the debate.

After the tourney of words, Mr. G. J. Mayerle rendered a vocal solo, to soothe our excited minds, while the judges scratched their heads over the decision. After a few moments the decision, and with it a prize of ten dollars was awarded to the affirmative.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing semester: Vice President, Louis B. Ford; Secretary, Thomas J. Lannon; Treasurer, Ernest F. Nolting; Censor, Marcel P. Lohse; Librarian, Edwin McCarty.

By the going over to the House of Messrs. McCabe, Heney and Hirst, we have felt that our number has been considerably weakened. They certainly were a credit to us and the J. D. S. is proud of them.

However our ranks have been at the same time recruited by the election of several new members. They are Messrs. Hoedt, Sherzer, Feehan, Fisher, Buck and Walterstein, from whom we

expect some admirable work during the coming five months.

Reading Room

In the earlier part of the month a lively billiard and pool tournament took place in the Reading Room under the personal supervision of Joseph Ray, the combined President, Treasurer and Janitor.

Edgar Nolan proved himself the cleverest of the large number of contestants and carried off a handsome billiard cue, offered as a prize by the management, to the pool-player who could withstand the assault of all-comers.

The billiard parley was won by Edwin Simard, a player of no mean reputation. Simard mingles the ivories to a nicety, and very naturally so, because it does not require a second look to convince one that the handsome "Sims" has the exact proportions of a billiard cue.

Now that the days are not all bright and full of sunshine, the membership of the reading room is increasing, and the treasurer's purse is fattening, to such an extent that a very sporty looking new door now adorns the entrance. The head censor sincerely hopes that the weather will continue to be inclement, because he believes not only in that old proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines," but also places great faith in one of his own manufacture, "Make money while it rains."

ROBERT E. MCCABE, '10.



An old Santa Clara boy, Peter Colombet, was buried the other day from St. Patrick's Church, San Jose. Rev. Fr. Rector preached the sermon over his remains. One part of Fr. Rector's remarks will appeal to the old boys: "Over and over again the deceased recalled the happy days passed at the Old Mission College, and the dear old saintly men, as he called them, now no more, for whom he had a deep affection and whom he regarded with the deepest respect. 'Thanks be to God, Father,' he said to me, 'for the good old Faith sown deep in my heart in the Old College. I have not been as faithful as I should have been in the practice of all my religious duties, but the old faith was always there.'

The weeks and months of very great suffering endured with admirable courage, prepared him for the end. Those who had the happiness of seeing him during those last days cannot but recall with tenderness and edification the deep childlike piety which he manifested. He certainly died in the Lord."

Appropriately enough, of those who

conveyed his remains to the grave four were old Santa Clara boys: John E. Auzerais, '78, H. E. Wilcox, '80, Hon. W. E. Lorigan, '03, and Victor E. Scheller, '86.

Wm. E. Johnson, A. B. '01, recently paid a short visit to the College and to his former pupils. He is at present connected with the San Francisco law office of Heney & Cobb.

Among the old boys who came to see our pet nine do a little artistic work on the Berkeley diamond and incidentally enjoy our walloping U. C. by a score of 13 to 3, were Leo J. Atteridge, '07, J. Walter Schmitz, '07, and William J. Maher, Com. '05.

We regret to hear that the father of F. DeSalle Ryan died recently. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Frank. It will console him to know that neither his old professors nor his former classmates were unmindful of the father of their old friend, and earnestly recommend his soul to Almighty God in their prayers.

Rosswell Sargent, S. B. '86, of Monterey, visited the College on the 8th of last month. He is at present in San Jose, recuperating and managing the affairs of his mother's estate.

Recently we had an interview with Palmer Seamans, S. B., 1870. He recalled to mind many stories of the days when the Senior Quarters were in the Fathers' Building and of Father Brunengo when he was Professor of Chemistry. At present Mr. Seamans is engaged in the jewelry business at Palo Alto.

Edward Galvin, an old Santa Clara boy and a brother of Rev. William J. Galvin, A. B., '98, of San Francisco, recently passed away in Arizona where he went some time ago for the benefit of his health. After leaving College he entered the Franciscan Order, where, had death spared him, he would soon have been raised to the Priesthood.

Robert F. Keefe, A. B., '02, was among the recent visitors at the College. Bobbie has just returned from the East, where he played ball with the New York Americans.

Rev. Fr. Bernard J. McKinnon, A. B. '88, celebrated Washington's birthday by a visit to his Alma Mater. Father McKinnon is a brother of the late Rev. William McKinnon, '81, who so nobly gave up his life in the Phillipines, while chaplain of the First California Volun-

teers. Father McKinnon is at present Parish Priest at Palo Alto.

Washington's birthday and the following Sunday gave some of our friends a chance to pay us a visit. The yard seemed to have a touch of its olden life, on account of the presence of so many of the boys. We observed August Aguirre, '07, John H. Riordan, '06, John McElroy, '05, Francis Farry, '01.

Of late Cupid seems to have been unusually busy among the old boys, many having succumbed. Among them are Wm. R. Curtin, '04, who is now County Clerk of Madera County, James A. McManus, Com. '03, of Sacramento, Wm. N. McCormac, and Joseph F. Ryan, Com. '01, of Sacramento, the last named while on his wedding trip, having paid us a visit together with his charming bride.

Guy Connor, A. B., 1900, dropped in for an hour or two last month, and had quite a talk with some of his old friends, with Fr. Chiappa, his former professor, with Fr. Ricard, Fr. Testa and with Mr. Galtes, a former classmate. Guy is now engaged in the shingle manufacturing business in Washington.

Among the spectators at the Stanford game on the 6th was George Fisher, A. B., '07, who is now a Sophomore in the Civil Engineering department of that University.

ALEXANDER T. LEONARD, '10.



The *Boston College Stylus* for January is well balanced, the essay, the fiction, and verse being nicely blended.

The Stylus

"A Sad Experience" is a short piece of clever description. The sensation of fear, the revolving of the wheels and the grinding of the machinery are minutely and well described. The best piece of fiction is "Owen Mulready's Dream." This is not only commendable for the manner in which it is told, but above all for the moral which may be drawn from it and for its high elevating tone.

In the essay on the sleep walking scene in *Macbeth*, the writer advances some strong arguments to prove that *Macbeth*, not *Lady Macbeth*, was the sleep walker. So well has the writer proved his point that we may be excused if we say with him "That even the great Homer sometimes nods."

The verse is exceptionally good. I would specially mention "Sleigh-bells" for the ease and melody of its lines. "Night Fall" and "Epiphany" are likewise good.

We can not but admire the spirit which prompted the editors of the *Ex-*

ponent to dedicate their February number to the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The Exponent

But not this alone do we admire. The verse, the fiction, the essays are all of merit, and about the whole magazine there hovers the charm of beauty and good taste.

In this issue of the *Georgetown College Journal*, the worshiper of the muse is enabled fully to indulge his aesthetic

The Georgetown College Journal

tastes. Its verse is exceptionally good, more especially the pieces, "A Vision of Mother," "The Harvest Moon," and "The New Born King." Of the prose, the essay on "Democracy and Imperialism" is the best. The sketches in this number seem entirely out of place; they serve no purpose, illustrate no idea, and have no connection with any article. Does the sketch of a person in a ball gown enhance the value of a production, does a cupid with a broken arrow add to its beauty or interest?

The *Holy Cross Purple* for February easily deserves the first place amongst

our exchanges for this month. Were we to go no further than the editorial "What think ye of Christ," we should be fully justified

The
Holy Cross
Purple

for granting it this honor. But we do not stop here; looking into the magazine we find that the verse would claim for it this pre-eminence. In passing, mention may be made of "Pleasure" "To—" and "An Irish Lullaby." The sketch, "Father Van," which charmingly portrays the reverence and love the poor had for the good Father Van Rensselaer, is cleverly written. "The Brown Jug" which tells of the ruin and troubles brought by the demon of liquor is expressive and vivid.

Though we may say that all the articles in the January *Mercerian* are good, the essay on the poetry of today is especially worthy of mention. Regretfully must we admit with the author that the poetry of the past ages is superior to that of our own day, and that the bard of old drew his thoughts from the purest, noblest sources and was not abashed by the harshness of the critic; while the poet of today sacrifices to the altar of human respect and cringes before the least frown of his judges. "The Man From Over Yonder," a piece of fiction, is commendable only for the charm and interest of its dialogue; other than this the story possesses no great merit.

The verse is on an equal footing with the prose. "A Cavalier Forgot" has

one little inaccuracy to mar its charm; in the fifth stanza the rhymes *stole* and *bold* are faulty. The other pieces of merit are, "To a Vesper Sparrow" and "Whence O Soul."

Undoubtedly the *Columbia* for January has been forced to sacrifice truth and religion to the pleasure and emer-

The
Columbia

gency of its editors. We can fully sympathize with our colleagues when they are compelled by a lamentable lack of material to publish such a piece of nonsense as "The Gargoyle on the Parapet," and such an essay as "Swinburne's 'The Pilgrims'". We sincerely hope that the prizes offered to the undergraduates may be a sufficient stimulant to arouse their literary ambitions, so that the editors may be enabled to send forth something creditable and worthy of mention. We had formerly thought that such a topic as the "walling-in of a Nun" was the last resort of the itinerant preacher to ward off starvation. And any man who can say with Swinburne that we live for a dream, when if he is human at all he must feel within him the promptings and yearnings of immortality, ought to abandon literature without delay.

From the *Columbia* to the *Columbiad*, merely a letter, but what a difference. It was with a deep sense of pleasure

The
Columbiad

that we read in the January number the essay on "The Belgian Priest—the Martyr of Molakai," a pleasure to

wander in fancy with the suffering exiled Belgian as he tends the wounds of those forsaken dying wretches, and to listen to the sweet words which console those poor banished outcasts. If some of our contemporary writers from big universities would hence gather a lesson as to what to write, they would come nearer true literature when they undertook to externate their thoughts.

The January *William and Mary* has slightly disappointed us. The stories in this issue, though cleverly written, have one defect; the *William and Mary* plots are rather time-honored. The essay most worthy of commendation is the "Arabian Poetry." We learn for the first time that the Arabian has not resisted the refining influence of the Muse, and we are entertained with samples of his genius. Although the other essay, "The Early Independence of the Anglican Church" may be but the expression of the belief and impressions of its author, still it seems to ill accord with the spirit of a college paper. We have always wished and believed a friendly spirit existed between college journals, but how long can this goodwill last when a college sees its religion and its principles distorted and belittled by one of its contemporaries. Should we eliminate all such religious disputes from our college papers we should evince a kindlier feeling for each other.

Of the verse "A Hymn to Alma Mater," "A Little Picture," and the sonnet to "Robert Lee" are the best.

REVELATION

When first upon Youth's stream our barks were caught,

Some of us early threw away our creeds,
And others later found them feeble reeds.
Unable to sustain the weight of thought
That reason to the present age had brought.
We cried: "Man is sufficient for man's needs!"

Away with faith and dogma! Preach of deeds,
And men themselves will do the things they ought."

Yet as we older, yea, and wiser grew,
And saw with clear eyes the brooks that ran,
The trees and flowers springing from the sod,
The earth's wide green, and Heaven's boundless blue.

We felt that somewhere there was more than man,

And with a deeper trust returned to God.

—*The Bowdoin Quill*

THE TENNESSEE

It flows on southward to the sea,
And chants among the hills;
It serpentine along the lea,
And turns the busy mills—
The toiling Tennessee,
The toiling Tennessee;
In the golden sunny gladness
Of a land that knows no sadness,
The river o'er its rapids still is telling unto me
The wonders of its winding through the plains
of Tennessee.

M. S. W.
—*The Carolinian*.

W. I. O'SHAUGNESSY, '11.



CONVERTS TO ROME

BY D. J. SCANNELL-O'NEILL—PUBLISHED

BY B. HERDER. PRICE \$1.00

This work contains the selected names of about 2500 American converts, many of whom have attained world-wide fame as men and women of intellect and ability. At one of the closing functions of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church held last January in San Francisco, a certain female delegate "batted a few hot ones" right and left among the assembled brethren concerning the general ineffectiveness of recent Protestant effort, and the dry rot and paralysis that seem to have overtaken the whole system. She seems to have a very robust mind of her own, and her own way of looking at things, and seems, moreover, to be free from the complacent illusions that generally pervade the minds of participants in these gatherings. Her climax, how-

ever, was that even "the Catholic Church is held together only by superstition!" We should be glad to learn from the good lady what she thinks it was that made good and fervent Catholics of all these Protestant clergymen, authors, lawyers, judges, senators, generals, admirals, statesmen, journalists and men of affairs whose names are on this list. Many of them are known to have sacrificed all that life holds dear, for what they came to know as the pearl of great price, and despised the loss, learning with Dr. Brownson that "the world is too poor to pay the price of one hour of Catholic life"; and ready to exclaim with St. Augustine, "Too late have I known Thee, O Ancient and Eternal Truth."

The perusal of a few of the 179 pages of this catalogue ought to be powerfully reassuring to any timid soul, almost ready to become a Catholic, but dreading to make a mistake. A remarkably suggestive book, it should be

widely circulated. None of our free libraries should be without several copies of it.

about taking "a trip to the continent" seems strangely contradictory.

**"THE SECRET OF THE GREEN
VASE"**

BY FRANCES COOKE.—BENZIGER BROS.,

\$1.25

We found this story most interesting, at times irresistably so, and therefore we judge it a success as a novel. Yet we have to take exception to several points. The principal characters are all paragons in their respective roles of good or evil; the plot is somewhat crude, and the notion of a family dwelling for generations in the Vermont Hills in a place called "Lady's Hall" with "servants" and "shopkeepers" galore in attendance, and talking now and then

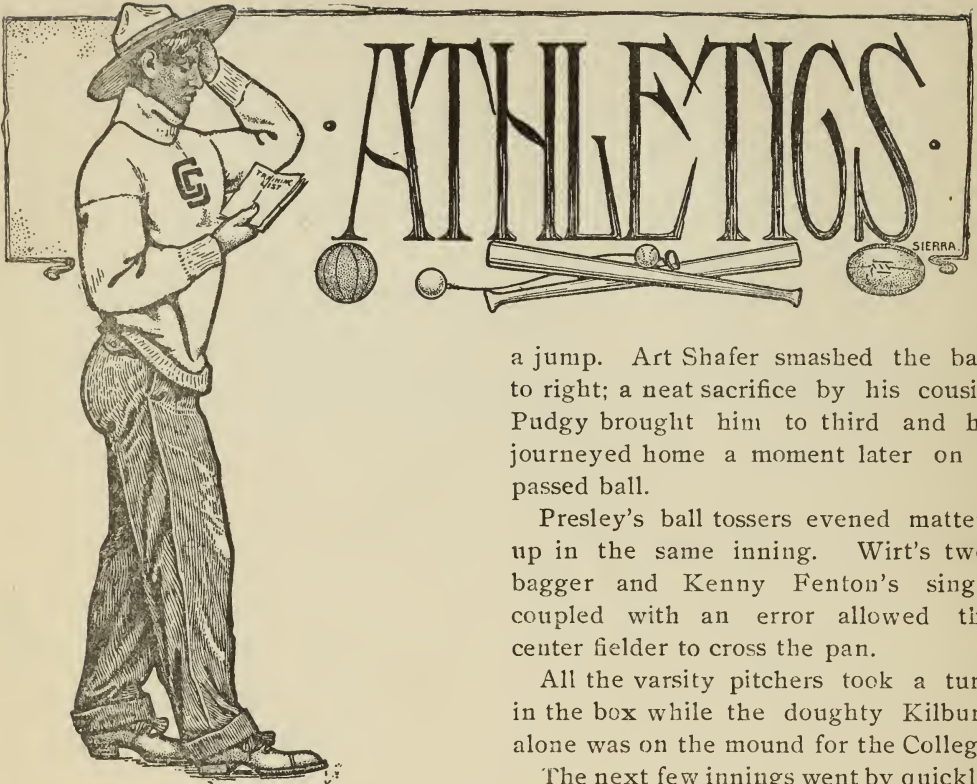
MODERNISM

BY C. S. B.—SANDS & CO.,

FOURPENCE NET

In the literature that is rapidly growing up around the encyclical recently issued by Pope Pius X concerning Modernism, we have found nothing more concise than this little treatise by the anonymous C. S. B. In a sound, brief manner, and in excellent English, it explains "Modernism" from the definition of the word itself, to quotations from Modernist writers. Anyone wishing to gain a clear knowledge of a heresy, which has assumed huge proportions in recent times, can do so by the perusal of the contents of this pamphlet.

BERNARD HUBBARD, '10.



Santa Clara 2, Stanford 1

Thursday, February 6, we went down to Stanford to shake hands and cross bats with the upholders of the crimson. Both teams fought nobly for the honor of the opening game, but fortune was with us. The game was of the fast lively sort that keeps a crowd on its toes during the whole nine innings.

As Jimmy Byrnes remarked "Little potatoes are hard to peel," and so our husky opponents found out.

In the first inning things started with

a jump. Art Shafer smashed the ball to right; a neat sacrifice by his cousin Pudgy brought him to third and he journeyed home a moment later on a passed ball.

Presley's ball tossers evened matters up in the same inning. Wirt's two-bagger and Kenny Fenton's single coupled with an error allowed the center fielder to cross the pan.

All the varsity pitchers took a turn in the box while the doughty Kilburn alone was on the mound for the College.

The next few innings went by quickly, Rapp's clever catch of a low drive to right being the chief feature.

Interest had gradually increased as the game wore on. Only one run needed and who would get it? We hadn't long to wait.

Foster opened the eighth with a grounder to 2nd which was fumbled. Art Shafer again tore off a bingle and a bad throw to third to catch Foster, allowed him to continue home.

Stanford fought grittily in their last half of the same inning but a double play by Foster to Broderick shattered all their hopes.

Below the fans will find the dope:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A. Shafer, ss.....	4	1	3	3	1	1
M. Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	10	0	0
Broderick, 1st.....	3	0	0	7	1	1
Salberg, cf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Lappin, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	3	0	0	2	3	1
Rapp, rf.....	2	0	0	1	0	0
Foster, 3d.....	3	1	0	4	1	0
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	1	0	3	0
Total.....	29	2	5	27	9	3

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Scott, rf.....	4	0	0	0	1	1
Wirt, cf.....	5	1	2	5	1	0
Fenton, 3d.....	2	0	1	1	5	0
Sampson, ss.....	3	0	0	2	1	1
Bell, 2nd.....	3	0	0	1	0	2
Owen, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
McGregor, 1st.....	4	0	0	9	0	1
Mitchell, c.....	0	0	0	3	0	1
Ganong, c.....	2	0	1	2	3	0
Rutledge, c.....	1	0	0	4	0	0
Thiele, p.....	0	0	0	0	2	0
Goodell, p.....	2	0	1	0	0	0
Witmer, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	32	1	5	27	13	6

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2
Base Hits....	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	0—5
Stanford.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Base Hits....	2	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0—1

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Wirt 2, A. Shafer. Sacrifice hits—M. Shafer. Stolen bases—Rapp, Wirt, Fenton, Sampson. Left on bases—Stanford 10, Santa Clara 3. First base on errors—Stanford 2, Santa Clara 3. Base on balls, off—Kilburn 6, off Thiele. Double plays—Foster to Broderick. Struck out by Kilburn 8, by Thiele 3, Goddell 2, Witmer 4. Passed balls—Mitchell. Hit by Pitcher, Rapp. Umpire—Wolters. Scorer—A. Deipenbrock. Time of game—2 hours.

S. C. C. 13. California 3

Once again the Eagle of victory perched upon our ensign and screeched

loud and long. For not since Bobby Keefe, in a game every Santa Clara boy still hears of, whitewashed California to the time of 10 to 0, have we achieved such a victory over the Blue and Gold.

The ones who kept the outer gardens will always remember how Jimmie Byrnes' hitters walloped the ball, for there never was more to do.

Five pitchers were on the firing line for the Berkeleyites but they all looked alike to our stickers.

All went well during the early part of the game. Reid's long drive which just failed to register him for a round trip was the feature.

In the fourth, the team scored two runs on two hits, an error and a sacrifice. California made things even the next inning. Myers cracked one to left and reached second on a passed ball. Ghiradelli sacrificed and Meyers went to third trotting home on Smith's hit. This added to a run in the preceding inning made the score two all.

In the seventh the team chased two more runs across the rubber on three timely bingles.

But the fireworks did not begin until the eighth, when Ghiradelli, the man with the chocolate name, took Jordan's place in the box.

Broderick waited until one was in the groove and then he sent it soaring to the other end of the lot; this gave the speedy boy a place on third. The next two men played the string out and the bags were filled. This was enough for Ghiradelli. Giles who followed was a

THE REDWOOD

little dismayed at the prospects and he continued to present tickets to first. Christen's appearance was marked by a two bagger by Lappin and when the scorer had finished the addition he found nine men had made the circuit.

Capt. Kilburn had everything and when he is right there is little stirring for the other side. His delivery was as deceptive as ever and he caught ambitious base runners off of first as is his custom.

"Husky" Lappin was the star sticker of the day clouting out two drives that netted him five cushions. Broderick followed with a clean three bagger. Here is what the scorer handed us:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A. Shafer, ss.....	3	2	2	2	1	1
M. Shafer, c.....	3	1	1	5	2	0
Broderick, 1st.....	3	2	2	9	0	1
Salberg, cf.....	3	1	0	1	0	0
Lappin, lf.....	3	1	2	1	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	4	2	2	2	4	0
Peters, rf.....	3	2	2	0	0	0
Foster, 3rd.....	3	1	0	1	1	0
Kilburn, p.....	4	1	2	3	4	0
Totals.....	29	13	13	24	12	2

CALIFORNIA VARSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Smith, 2nd.....	4	0	1	4	2	0
Reid, rf.....	3	0	2	0	1	0
Myers, 1st.....	4	0	1	8	1	1
Butler, lf, p.....	2	2	0	1	0	0
Fitzgerald, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Lewis, ss.....	4	0	1	1	1	0
Maher, 3.....	3	0	0	3	2	2
Meyers, c.....	0	0	0	3	3	0
Solinsky, c.....	2	1	1	2	2	0
Johnson, c.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jordan, p.....	0	0	0	1	4	0
Ghiradelli, p lf.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Giles, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Christen, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	29	3	6	25	16	4

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara....	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	2	9—13
Base hits....	1	1	1	2	2	0	3	3	0—13
Univ. of Cal..	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0—3
Base Hits....	1	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	0—6

SUMMARY

Three base hits—Lappin, Broderick, Reid. Two base hits—M. Shafer, Lappin. Sacrifice hits—M. Shafer, Salberg, Foster, Ghiradelli. Stolen bases—A. Shafer 3, M. Shafer, Broderick 2, Salberg, Lappin, Butler. Left on bases—Santa Clara 5, California 6. First base on errors—Santa Clara 2, California 1. Base on balls, off Kilburn 5, off Ghiradelli 3, off Giles 4, off Christen 2, off Butler 1. Double plays—Lewis to Meyers to Smith. Struck out by Kilburn 4, by Ghiradelli 2, by Jordan 1. Passed balls—Johnson, Shafer. Wild pitches—Kilburn. Hit by pitcher—Broderick, Reid, Butler. Umpire—Spencer and Allen. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game—1 hour, 35 minutes.

Santa Clara 1. Stanford 0

If all the fans in fandom had come together for a grand pow-wow to ask the weather man for a perfect baseball day, they couldn't have gotten a better one than Feb. 13, when the "Prides of our heart" went down to Stanford and took them into camp once again. It was a perfect spring day such as Santa Clara Valley alone can give, and we all felt like playing ball. Especially the pitchers were in fine fettle; and there was music in the silent air as our Cleon wound and unwound, and the sphere hurtled and curved ere it took its final dive into the depths of Pudgy's mit.

Kilburn held Presley's batters down to two bingles while Witmer who was

on the mound for Stanford was only touched up for a quartet of the same.

Men were often on the paths but the bats didn't have any hits in them at the right time.

Broderick made the fans sit up in the first inning by pulling down a drive from Scott's bat with one hand; Rapp also gave a gilt edge stunt when he robbed Fenton of a hit a little later.

The victory over St. Mary's the day before had taught the Cardinal players how sweet the taste of victory was and they fought hard. Again, however, Kilburn proved to be the stumbling block when hits meant runs.

It was not until the eighth, which is getting to be the lucky inning in which to win games, that little Lappin, the first man up, tore off a three bagger. It was a good clean drive to right and brought the bleacherites to their feet. He waited until a long drive off Rapp's shingle allowed him to continue home scoring the only run of the game.

It was an exciting close to a hard fought battle.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Art Shafer, ss.....	3	0	0	2	2	1
Merve Shafer, c....	3	0	2	8	0	0
Broderick, 1st b....	4	0	0	11	1	0
Salberg, cf.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Lappin, lf.....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Rapp, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Foster 3d.....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	1	0	4	1
Totals.....	29	1	4	27	9	3

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Scott, lf, 3d.....	4	0	0	2	1	1
Bell, 2d.....	3	0	1	1	2	0
Fenton, 3d.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Schofield, rf.....	0	0	0	2	0	0
Wirt, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Sampson, ss.....	3	0	0	1	2	0
Owen, rf, lf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Ball, 1st.....	3	0	1	8	0	0
Rutledge, c.....	4	0	0	9	2	1
*Witmer, p.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	31	0	2	27	8	2

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara...	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-1
Base hits....	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1-4
Stanford Univ.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0
Base hits....	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0-2

SUMMARY

Three base hits—Lappin. Stolen bases—A. Shafer, Lappin, Watson, Owen. Left on bases—Santa Clara 3, Stanford 9. First base on errors—Stanford 1. Base on balls—Off Kilburn 3, off Witmer 2. Double plays—Rutledge to Ball. Struck out, by Kilburn 8, by Witmer 6. Passed balls—Shafer. Hit by Pitcher—Owen, Ball. Umpire—Allen. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

*Ganong batted for Witmer in 9th inning.

Santa Clara 6, Independents 2

The Independents, a team composed of some of the famous Honolulu Stars and other professional players, came down on February 16th to show the team a few stunts of the national game.

As this is the dry season in baseball the fans turned out in large numbers to see the sport. Although they were leaguers, our little team was nothing daunted. "Brick" Devereaux, the leader of the Stars, known for his jokes in every nook and corner of the base-

ball kingdom, was down and, needless to say, amused the crowd.

Schimpf was touched up pretty lively when hits brought in runs, while Harry Wolters showed up in his old form and held the Stars down to five safe ones.

In the second after two were down, Peters beat one to first. Byrnes' drive to left went through Heitmuller's legs and scored Peters. Jimmie came in on Watson's single; an error by Kennedy allowed him to reach third and he scored a moment later on A. Shafer's hit.

In the seventh Heine Heitmuller reached first on an infield hit, Bliss got a walk but a quick play by Wolters of Perrine's grounder caught Heine at third. Charlie Freine's wild throw to double Perrine at first, brought Bliss to third, and Schimpf's two bagger brought him across the rubber.

Arellanes opened the eighth with a beauty to center for three cushions.

The College cinched things in the next inning by adding three more to the score column. The Stars kept trying but were unable to cross the plate again. Here are the figures for those who didn't see the game.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A Shafer, ss.....	4	1	1	0	3	0
M. Shafer, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Wolters, p.....	4	1	2	1	3	1
Broderick, 1st.....	4	0	1	12	0	0
Lappin, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Freine, 3rd.....	2	0	1	3	1	1
Peters, rf.....	3	1	1	2	0	0
Byrnes, c.....	3	1	1	8	1	0
Watson, 2nd.....	3	1	2	1	3	0
Totals.....	30	6	9	27	11	2

INDEPENDENTS

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Deveraux, 3rd.....	5	0	1	1	0	1
Arellanes, ss.....	3	1	1	1	1	0
Heitmuller, lf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Bliss, c.....	3	1	0	7	3	0
Perrine, cf.....	2	0	0	1	0	1
Schimpf, p.....	3	0	1	0	2	0
Kennedy, 1st.....	4	0	0	9	0	1
Stultz, 2nd.....	3	0	1	2	3	0
Ireland, rf.....	4	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.....	—	—	—	—	—	—
	31	2	5	24	10	3

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara College....	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	—6
Base hits.....	1	4	0	0	1	0	1	2	—9
Independents.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—2
Base hits.....	0	0	1	0	0	2	1	1	—5

SUMMARY

Three base hits—Arellanes. Two base hits—Wolters, Schimpf. Sacrifice hits—Schimpf. Stolen bases—Wolters, Arellanes. Left on bases—Santa Clara 2 Independents 7. First base on errors—A. Shafer, Heitmuller. Base on balls, off Wolters 4, off Schimpf, 2. Double plays—Ireland to Kennedy. Struck out, by Wolters 6, by Schimpf 6. Passed balls—Bliss. Hit by pitcher—Arellanes. Umpire—Allen. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

U. C. 3, S. C. C. 1

In this game the jinks were on us somehow. Whether it was that brand new brass band of ours, distilling sweet harmony, or the soft, slow diamond of the S. A. A. or merely an off day, let those tell who love to philosophize over spilt milk. We are but the historians. But nevertheless a defeat from Berkeley came as a surprise especially after the

easy victory we obtained in the former game.

In justice to Kilburn, we do not think he had warmed up enough before the game. For after the first inning Capt. Jordan's men only got a couple of safeties.

It happened in the first. Smith got a single and on Peter's error went to second. Here followed a pair of infield hits, two walks, and before Kilburn struck out the next two batters, three men had been around the bags.

Our only run was scored in the same inning. Art Shafer got a hit, stole second and two balks by Jordan brought him the rest of the way.

This is the tale in numbers.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A. Shafer, ss.....	4	1	2	4	1	0
M. Shafer, c.....	4	0	0	9	2	0
Broderick, 1st.....	4	0	1	7	2	2
Salberg, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Lappin, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	3	0	0	3	2	0
Peters rf.....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Foster, 3d.....	2	0	1	3	1	1
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	1	0	2	1
Totals.....	32	1	6	27	10	5

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Smith, 3rd.....	4	1	2	2	2	1
Earnist, 2nd.....	3	1	1	3	0	1
R. Myers, 1st.....	4	1	1	9	0	0
Butler, lf.....	3	0	1	1	1	0
A. Meyers, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Solinsky, cf.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Jordan, p.....	3	0	0	0	4	0
Johnson, c.....	2	0	0	8	1	0
Lewis, ss.....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	28	3	5	27	10	2

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-1
Base hits.....	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	1-6
Berkeley.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-3
Base hits.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-5

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Kilburn. Sacrifice hits—Earnist. Stolen bases—Rapp, Watson, Foster Shafer 2. Left on bases—Santa Clara 6. California 5. Base on balls, off—Kilburn 5, Jordan 1. Struck out by Kilburn 8, by Jordan 7. Hit by pitcher—A. Myers, Rapp. Umpire—Walters, Spencer. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock.

Santa Clara 7, San Jose 6

The San Jose State Leaguers were the next victims of the College team in the first of a series of games which began on February 22.

Harry Wolters was on the rubber for the College and he had everything his own way for the first six periods, while the team in the meantime put five men around the bags.

It began to look like curtains for Mayer's bunch but the Prune Pickers did not like the idea of being beaten so easily.

Stricklett started things in the seventh with a single to center. Chase poked one to the other end of the field for three corners which scored Stricklett. A wild throw to catch Hal at third brought in the second run.

The next inning four more men made the circuit by poor playing on the part of the College. They managed, however, to come back the next inning with enough runs to win the game. Two hits and some good base running

brought the necessary runs across the plate.

Juniors 5, Anderson Academy 2

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A Shafer, ss.....	5	1	1	3	4	2
M Shafer, c.....	4	1	1	5	1	0
Wolters, p.....	3	2	1	1	0	1
Lappin, lf.....	2	0	1	1	0	0
Rapp, rf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Friene, 3d.....	3	1	0	3	2	2
Watson, 2d.....	3	1	1	0	3	0
Peters, 1st.....	2	1	1	11	2	0
Salberg, cf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	29	7	6	27	12	5

SAN JOSE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Stricklett, cf.....	4	1	1	2	0	0
Kruger, cf c.....	1	0	0	2	0	0
Chase, lf.....	5	1	3	0	0	0
Smith, rf.....	5	0	0	0	0	0
Tay Streib, ss.....	4	1	2	3	1	1
Earle c cf.....	4	1	1	7	0	2
Lacy, 3d.....	3	0	0	2	3	1
Fair 2d.....	4	1	0	0	0	1
Gabriel, 1st.....	4	1	1	7	0	0
Tom Strieb, p.....	3	0	0	1	4	0
Totals.....	37	6	8	24	8	5

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara College.....	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	2	—7
Base hits.....	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	2	—6
San Jose.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	0—6
Base hits.....	2	0	0	1	1	1	2	1	0—8

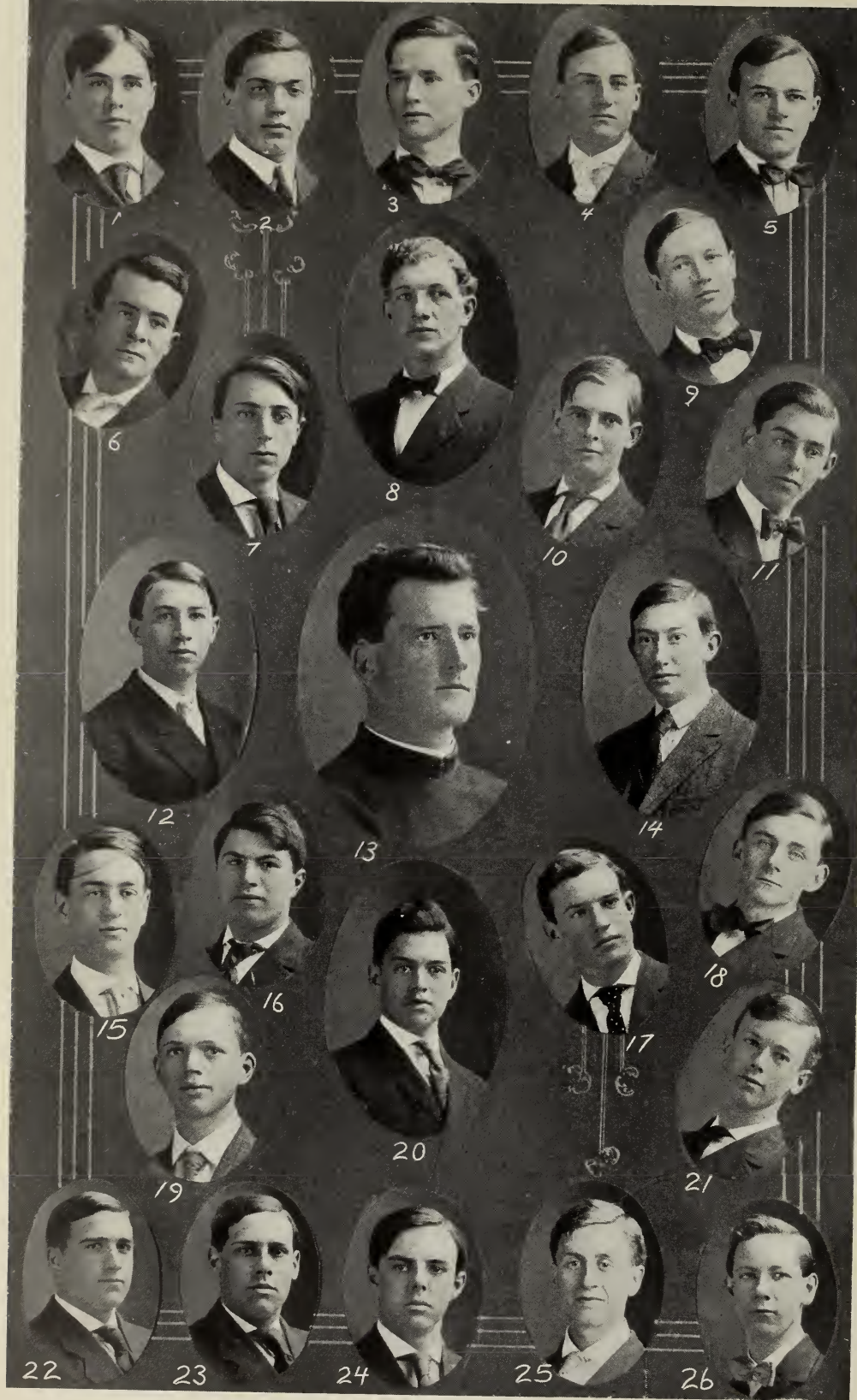
SUMMARY

Three base hits—Chase. Two base hits—A. Shafer, Tay Streib. Sacrifice hits—Lappin, Peters 2. Stolen bases—Santa Clara 13, San Jose 2. Left on bases—Santa Clara 6, San Jose 6. First base on errors—Santa Clara 3, San Jose 3. Base on balls, off Wolters 1, off Tom Strieb 4. Double plays—M. Shafer to A. Shafer to Peters, Peters to Friene. Struck out by Wolters 4, by Tom Strieb 6. Hit by pitcher—Lappin, Tay Strieb, Tom Strieb. Umpire—Farry. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

It was with some misgivings that the S. C. C. Junior team journeyed down to Irvington to meet for the first time an outside team in the persons of the huskies from Anderson's. However, before long the little fellows picked up courage when they saw their south-paw twirler dispose of the soldier lads in one, two, three order. The game was hotly contested from beginning to end. The teams broke even for honors in the field, but at the bat the Juniors had the decided advantage, netting eight graceful bingles, among which two double sackers by Frank McGovern and Lyng the doughty man with the big mit, figured conspicuously. The Academy boys found Walterstein only four times. Add to this the fact that only three errors were made and you have the reason why victory perched on the S. C. C. banner. Captain Lohse at the initial showed up like a leaguer. Ford at second and McGovern on short worked well together at their corner and gobbled up everything that went their way.

On Thursday, February 20, the crack Junior team of Santa Clara College for the second time visited Anderson's Academy at Irvington and for the second time the latter went down to defeat. The game was full of interesting and spectacular plays. The score was 11 to 7.

ERNEST P. WATSON, '10.



HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS

Photo by Bushnell

1. J. P. Degnan. 2. M. Ferreira. 3. S. T. Heney. 4. P. A. McHenry. 5. D. J. Tadich
 6. T. M. McCarthy. 7. W. H. Lyng. 8. J. G. Kennedy, Treasurer. 9. E. S. Lowe
 10. J. T. Irlarry. 11. J. Trescony. 12. E. V. Nolan, Clerk. 13. Rev. W. J. Keany, S. J.,
 Speaker. 14. E. P. Watson, Corr. Secretary. 15. C. K. McClatchy. 16. W. B. Hirst
 17. H. N. Barry. 18. R. E. McCabe. 19. F. W. Dozier. 20. J. K. Jarrett, Serg.-at-Arms.
 21. J. M. Alton. 22. R. R. Browne, Librarian. 23. P. E. Meyer. 24. R. S. Foster.
 25. P. J. Arnholt. 26. J. B. DeLoe.

The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. VII.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., APRIL, 1908.

No. 7

THE FOUNTAIN

Fripping along like some sweet song,
Away I go on my journey,
I glide, I bound, I splash around,
And laugh at the freedom allowed me.

Aurora beams in golden streams,
Redeck me with their jewels.
They leap and prance in merry dance,
They kiss my lips at noonday.

Nor beast, nor bird, has any word,
For me, save love and longing,
They'd live content if life were spent
In my enchanting presence.

James F. Doyle, '10.

THE COMING OF THE BLOSSOMS

Almost before many of our friends in less favored climes will have laid aside their furs and ear-laps, and ventured from the blazing hearths of their genial homes, the fair valley of Santa Clara will have once again decked herself with her gorgeous array of blossoms.

A circle of hills and mountains green to their very top, surrounds this wonderful valley on three sides, while on the fourth, the silvery waters of the San Francisco bay, sparkle until they meet the misty horizon; and the bed of this lovely vale is covered with orchards, vineyards, meadows, and gardens. Ever beautiful, it is especially so in early spring. Now the days grow warmer and hill and dale are covered with a carpet of green.

Come with me, then, if you would enjoy to your heart's content a rare luxuriousness of natural beauty. Come in the cool of the evening to one of the many rustic villas scattered among the foothills of the valley. You may be a little fatigued after your unwonted exertion, but ere you retire to rest, glance down upon the beautiful scene spread before you in the waning light. The bright colors of trees and shrubs are slowly fading in the ruddy glow of the sunset. The dark blue mountains are faintly silhouetted against the sky. The lamps of the distant city begin to twinkle like fireflies, and the electric lights to gleam like the planets above. The buzzing drone of the crickets

wafted to us, now loud, now faint, by the gentle evening breeze, and the soft zephyrs sighing overhead, invite us to the refreshing sleep we are nothing loath to take.

Wakened in the morning, by the singing of the birds, the first thing we do is to look out of the window. We rub our eyes and look again. Where is the valley? The sky is blue and cloudless as ever, but the valley has disappeared. A fog has crept in during the night, and engulfed the plain, as though the ocean was asserting its lost domain. Upon every hand the hills that held the ancient sea in their long embrace, now clasp this fleeting phantom, as though in its shadowy image there were cherished memories of the past. Above it, like islands, rise hills and peaks. As still as fleecy wool sleeps this soft white sea. But even as we look at the sight and wonder, the sun begins to assert his power and the still lake swells in waves and rolls in billows. Through rifts we catch glimpses of house-tops, and trees of beautiful color, once more. And then, we know not how, we see not where, the fleecy mantle disappears, and the valley in sheen and sunshine is again before us. But lo! What do we behold? Surely we are bewitched this morning. What lies before us is not the valley of yesterday. Yesterday it was all green, but today all the colors of the rainbow are spread before us. Can this be the

wonderful blossoming of the fruit trees, which takes place so suddenly every year in the Santa Clara valley? Yes. It verily is. Before us the white blossoms of the prune sway in the breeze like drifting snow. They remind one of the sea foam on the ocean,—so thick, so white are they; miles upon miles of them. Beside these, the valley is blushing with the dainty hues of the apricot, the peach, and apple; and the vineyards are upon every side in their delicate green. It is one vast parterre of floral beauty, and stretches for miles until the distant hills frame in the gorgeous picture.

Like the coming of a mighty army, unseen yet suspected, was the coming of these blossoms. Under cover of night and the mist, they mobilized by the thousands and the millions at the silent yet potent call of spring. And now they are upon us, upon our orchards and our gardens. But it is not a hostile army. Its banners of white and pink are flung over the vale, ensigns on which are written peace and plenty and thanks to God. It is an army of blossoms sent by the good God as a testimony of His providence; a little bouquet or nosegay as it were from the Gardens of Heaven, culled by the Angels from the plains and hillsides of Eternity.

Probably not one-twentieth of the blossoms come to fruit, but they serve their purpose of beautifying God's beautiful world, which would be, if men were what they ought, an earthly Para-

dise, the ante-chamber, the vestibule of Heaven.

We stand, smitten with the beauty of this wonderful scene. We pass through orchards. Each variety of tree brings a new variety of color. Here the ruddy blossom of the peach is framed in the dazzling white of the prune, while across the way the almond blossom combines the colors of both. Now we travel in the cool shade of a stately grove of Eucalyptus trees. Their modest green leaves forming a pleasing contrast with the gaudy colored fruit trees. Passing these a budding vineyard greets us with its delicate shiny green. A meadow comes next filled with gleaming poppies, California's own flower. It is called the "Copa de oro;" it resembles the chalice holding on its lip the dew of the morning as an offering. Nowhere in the State do they grow so large, so beautiful, and so profusely as in the Santa Clara valley, where, set in a background of green, they show forth in beauteous grandeur.

But we must not tarry, for the call of business is heard from the distant metropolis and we must obey.

As we descend, the perfume from miles and miles of blossoms strikes our senses with Oriental luxuriousness. One is enveloped in their aroma. As we bowl along the well-kept roads, we notice the varicolored wild flowers opening their petals and peeping forth in all their beauty.

And all this beauty is beneath the brightest blue sky you can imagine, a

soft blue of infinite depths, a blue that is a rest and a balm to aching, tired eyes, and wearied aching hearts. A blue, soft and clear, restful, and rest inviting, that makes us almost feel that we can see through it into the restful

home of our Heavenly Father. A blue like the beauty of blue eyes of innocent souls that let us see deep down into the depths of their hearts.

BERNARD HUBBARD, '10

VERSES

A trace

*Upon the sand I saw
A little while before;
And when the tide was gone
I looked there once again—
Behold, it was no more !*

Alas !

*Methought, 'tis thus with all
That tread this Rock-bound Strand—
The good, the bad, and young
And old, will surely fade
As footprints on the sand.*

Eug. F. Morris, '10.

TO YOU

Of all the loves that bards have sung
 Through all the happy, passing years,
Of all the loves that eager tongue
 E'er whispered unto eager ears,
No greater love Time ever knew
Than is the love I bear—for you.

You are my guide. You are my star.
 Your words have nerved me for the strife.
And be you near or be you far
 Those words must echo through my life.
Where'er I go, whate'er I do
My inspiration comes—from you.

Your words of counsel guide my feet
 Along the path that they should tread.
Your words of kindness ever greet
 My weary ear when Hope seems dead.
And so I feel, my whole life through
My tenderest thoughts must turn—to you.

Let foolish lovers speak of bliss:
 They never guess the depths of love.
What love of theirs can equal this
 Of ours, God-given from above ?
If ever human heart was true
Mine is, my mother,—unto you.

Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

THE INNER MAN

The sea has certain attractions for persons with a roving disposition that no other thing possesses. Whether this allurements is the liberty felt far from shore, the adventurous voyage or the pleasurable feeling in looking over the rolling waves until they meet the sky, one can not tell. But it undoubtedly exercises a weird influence over many and often to their destruction.

The call of the sea reached an Eastern University and as a snake lures a bird into its grip the shining Pacific beckoned to three of the Seniors, Jack Barnes, William Trenton and Harry McCormick. Throughout the ordeal of the exams that would entitle them to a degree the plans were formulated. Barnes, ever original, suggested a trip on a sailing vessel as a relaxation after their four years of study. His chums, after a few letters home, agreed to his suggestion.

The examinations were passed successfully and the commencement exercises came and went as commencement exercises ever will. The platform was filled with proud professors and dark robed graduates who fidgeted before a hot and uncomfortable audience of proud relatives. The professors rose one by one and mechanically informed the audience that the class on exhibition was the brightest and best mannered class ever graduated. The class by one of its members informed the professors, whom they secretly hated, that never was a University honored

by such a noble, cheerful and intelligent faculty. A large paper was given to each graduate, the audience applauded and then crowded out and University life was over.

After a few days spent at their homes the three comrades met in San Francisco to select a vessel for their voyage. For three days they haunted the docks in search of a sailing vessel that would take passengers and was bound on a suitable voyage. At last their search was rewarded. A large four-master had just tied up and would leave in a few days for China with a cargo of petroleum. Trenton objected to the ship on account of its cargo but as the Captain offered them good accommodations, he was overruled. Their baggage was stowed on board and the trip began.

The life was new and interesting to the three students. After the first day of sickness was over they had much to learn. Being the only passengers the sailors treated them as friends and explained, though with an air of condescension, the things that mystified the landlubbers. They were soon familiar with the main sheet, top-gallant and the complexity of ropes that controlled the sails.

Their friendships in college had been tried and found true. The distress of one was the occasion of help from his two friends. The money and possessions of one were for the use of all, but

like true friends they forbore their use until necessary.

That SOMETHING of the sea worked upon them. Their sense of littleness in the presence of such powerful immensity drew them more together. The lazy tropical days and the long cool nights brought forth hitherto unrevealed secrets.

When about a week and a half out a powerful gale from the north sent them scudding south under reefed canvas. The rain and wind were terrific. The boat buried her nose in the waves and drove through them in good fashion. Once in awhile she shipped a heavy sea. The boat would shudder under the weight of the waters, then shake herself free.

The third night the gale abated. According to the Captain's calculations they were some two hundred miles out of their course. The ship was in pretty good condition, though the life-boats with the exception of two, had been splintered. These two were in the stern of the ship near the passengers' cabin.

The whole ship's company was at mess that evening enjoying the first peaceful meal since the storm began. The bluff old Captain and the sailors were taunting the landlubbers, as they were called, about the fears they had felt during the storm. They took it good naturedly and returned it as best they could.

"Well boys," spoke up the Captain, "I guess we all need sleep, so there will be only one man to each watch to-

night. He will be relieved every three hours. About a week and a half from now we will sight Honolulu—then all for a merry time. Before you turn in, Yonson, see how much water there is in the hold and tell me."

Most of the crew rose from the table to take their much needed sleep. Yonson took his lantern to examine the hold. The three voyagers went to their cabin leaving the Captain and a few sailors talking at the table.

In their cabin McCormick turned to the other two. "The Captain says we make Honolulu in a week or so. Wonder how it will feel to strike dry land," he said.

"Aw, shut up, will you, Mc?" came from Trenton. "You're always talking and I want to read. Read for awhile and then we'll turn in."

Barnes picked up a book while McCormick paced the floor, to the disgust of the readers. They had been this way for about fifteen minutes when McCormick suddenly asked, "Don't you fellows feel hot?"

The two readers looked up and after a few minutes assented. Trenton spoke up. "I guess we feel warm after coming off the deck. What did you think it was, Mc?"

McCormick answered not, but suddenly opened the door and stepped out. He gave a low cry of horror and a look of fear, pitiful to see, came into his eyes. "My God, fellows," he cried out, "the ship's afire!"

Trenton and Barnes jumped out and stood by McCormick, the three of them

horrified into inaction by the scene before them.

In the middle of the ship and extending nearly across it was a yawning pit out of which rose a roaring, scorching sheet of flame that climbed half-way up the mast. For a full minute they watched it creep and grow, stupefied by what it meant.

Suddenly McCormick spoke. "Looks pretty, doesn't it?" He continued looking at the red furnace as if fascinated by some beauty in it.

The words stirred the other two. "Are you crazy, Mc?" cried Trenton. "The whole crew is on the other side unaware of this and every boat's here. That fool Yonson broke his lantern. I'm going across and get the crew."

His friends looked at the narrow space that was unburned and held him back. As he was struggling to go the crew came out of the forecastle with a rush. They looked widely around them and understood.

"No chance of putting it out, boys. Get across to the boats," yelled the Captain.

The sailors crowded on the small unburned strip. When the leading man was near the other side it fell. The horrified watchers saw many of them precipitated into the fiery furnace, the flames caressing them in a deathly embrace. The rest retreated to safety. The chasm was widening and widening. Nothing remained of the unfortunate men but their last unearthly yells that still rang in the ears of those left.

A portion of the deck falling with a crash roused the survivors to action.

"Get the boats down and row to this end of the ship. We'll drop to you" the Captain shouted.

Trenton grabbed two jugs of water out of the cabin and placed them in the boats. The ropes on the davits were badly twisted and took some time to untangle. The merry sailors of an hour ago were cursing the delay like fiends.

When the ropes were fixed Trenton and Barnes placed the stupefied McCormick in the boat and swung the davits out. As the boats touched the water they yelled to him to unfasten the ropes and push off from the ship with the oar. He mechanically obeyed. Trenton and Barnes jumped into the water and climbed into the boat.

Grabbing the oars they commenced to pull to the bow of the ship. As they reached the middle they heard a loud crash and could see through a jagged hole in the ship's side that the entire deck had fallen. They felt certain that all the crew that were left had perished, and they pulled sorrowfully away.

When about fifty yards from the bow of the blazing ship they heard a faint cry. The intense light of the flames enabled them to see a man clinging to the far end of the bow sprit. The fire from the ship's insides darted out eagerly to reach him and then withdrew as if pulled back by some unseen hand.

Trenton yelled to him to drop and swim, as they dare not approach nearer.

He obeyed and swam toward them

with a strong stroke. Resting on their oars the three watched him. A loud explosion made the swimmer look around. The side of the ship had been blown out and unburned oil hurled upon the waters nearly to the boat. It caught fire near the ship and slowly began to burn outward. The man knew what it meant. He redoubled his exertions. Ten yards headstart. Could he beat the fire?

The strength of a mere man and a destructive element pitted against each other. The man had seen the others fall. Photographed on his brain were the bulging eyeballs and fear-stricken countenances. Was he to die likewise?

The fire burst ahead with a start. Five of the ten yards were gone. Still it crept up. The heat on his neck made the swimmer jump ahead. A yard gained. The flames were gathering speed. They were gaining. Only three yards behind, only two and then one! That superhuman strength which comes with impending death came to the swimmer. He held the yard even. He would reach the boat. A chance gust of wind swept the water and the fire had him. The watchers of the boat saw his fearful face backed by the flames, saw his hair disappear in a blaze and watched with horror the twitchings of his face as the fire ate into the muscles and consumed his eyeballs. One sickening contortion of the body and he floated quietly on the water while the fire burned still on. Then as if satisfied with its work, it too, gasped and died.

Trenton and Barnes took a few strokes that placed them far beyond the reach of the flames. Shipping their oars they watched the burning vessel in silence.

The land has its wonderful scenes, it has its deep canyons and lofty mountains that amaze the traveler with their beauty, but nowhere in any land is there a scene that can rival that of a burning ship at sea. The night was dark, with a darkness that could nearly be felt on every side of them. In front lay the four-master shedding intense light. Out of every part of her came the flames, twisting and writhing in fantastic shapes. They leaped for the unburnt parts, lean and hungry, and gorged themselves fat and full. They ran races up the masts until their envious brethren below burned through the lower part in spite and the huge masts came toppling down. Then they sank to the ship's bowels or writhed and hissed in the water.

The fire burned down to the water's edge and great clouds of hissing steam arose that obscured the flames. The light died slowly away in convulsive jumps and gasps. As the fire burnt out part of the ship's bottom the waters rushed in and extinguished the lower flames. The ship settled lower and lower, the flames dying out as the waters reached them. Suddenly the bow shot up in the air as the stern sank. Down it went, settling slowly and gradually,—then with a mighty rush and roar that left only a swirling, struggling vortex of maddened waters.

The three survivors were left in total darkness to think over and recall the awful events of the night. They endeavored to get a little sleep, but that soothing surcease was denied them, until most of the night was passed.

The day dawned clear and bright with a hot sun. Its burning rays awoke the sleepers early—to a realization of their dangerous plight. Out upon the ocean in an open boat two hundred miles from the track of vessels! A miracle alone could save them.

Barnes had always been the unrecognized leader of the three and as such opened the discussion as to what should be done.

"Fellows, there's no use kicking," said he, "we're in a tight place. We're without provisions and have but little water. The Captain said last night we were two hundred miles out of the San Francisco—Honolulu track. The only thing we can do is to use as little water as possible and row directly north. Our only chance is to be picked up by a vessel."

The other two agreeing, it was decided to have two men rowing, one to be relieved every two hours. The jugs were found to contain about two and a half quarts of water. It was decided that a mouthful should be allowed each man three times a day.

Then the weary row commenced. The boat was heavy, capable of carrying ten people, and the hard work taxed their strength to the utmost. The headway they made was little more than a few miles an hour.

The heat of the sun distressed them exceedingly. Combined with their hard work it exhausted them. The sea was everywhere. Far as the eye could reach there was nothing but rolling waves that succeeded one another in hateful regularity. About eleven o'clock in the morning they were forced to stop. They rested until two o'clock, then took up their weary task. Little was said, their thoughts being occupied with their chances of escape.

After sleeping in uncomfortable positions they awoke to the second day of their torture. Their strokes were much weaker than the day before. In the afternoon they could hardly pull their oars through the water. Hunger gnawed at them. Thin and pale they sank down to a night of torture from their consuming hunger.

The next morning as they were wetting their parched throats, the first sign of selfishness appeared. McCormick tilted back the jug and nearly drained it. The other two said nothing but Barnes took the jug from him and setting it carefully down, hit him with full force between the eyes. He rolled backwards unconscious and in doing so spilled the remaining contents of the jug.

Barnes coolly kicked the prostrate body and motioned to Trenton to take up the oars. The two endeavored to row but could scarcely pull the oars through the water. In a short while Trenton dropped exhausted. Barnes paid him no heed but mechanically rowed on until he too fell.

Then they lay in the botton of the boat, panting and tongues rolling out. McCormick revived but said nothing. When the time for the noon drink came he drank with his eyes on Barnes.

In the afternoon they tried to row again. Trenton and Barnes had the oars. Unable to force them through the water they pulled in the air without knowing it. Trenton shortly slid to the bottom of the boat and Barnes followed soon. They lay inert with their heads close together, suffering the tortures of the damned.

Towards evening, as they lay thus, they heard a swish of water outside the boat and a flying fish fell among them.

Into the minds of the three came the same thought. Food! Friendship was forgotten and hungry need placed above all. They all three reached for the fish. They fought for it like famished dogs fight for a refuse bone. They snapped and snarled and with heads close together tore at it with their teeth. Barnes, who was the stronger of the three, managed to get half of the fish and retreated to the end of the boat where he devoured it whole. Fearing an attack he warily kept his eye on the other two who were still snapping and snarling over the remains.

The fourth day passed without any special incident. The water in the second jug ran out early in the morning and their tongues were swollen and parched. The hunger was terrific. Intense pains shot through their bodies, while it seemed as if rats were gnawing at their vitals. McCormick devoured a

dead fish he found. He had it down before the others could reach him, as they could only drag themselves on hands and knees.

They lay far apart now, distrustful of one another. Every move made them quicken with suspicion. Slowly but surely the thought came to each! Food was needed, and one of them must die. Each read it in the other's feverish eyes and shivered for fear he might be that one.

There was no sleep for them that night. They lay awake, each fearing an attack and each afraid to begin. Yet their blood tingled to spring on their comrades and kill. Hunger had torn away the covering of civilization and the real, primeval man was exposed in all his savage fierceness. Food, food, food! Cannibalism? What cared they for the name given it? It meant food, food!

The sun shone again, and the pitiful creatures faced another day of consuming thirst and hunger. The thought that one of them must die lingered with them and gave birth to a fiendish scheme in the brain of McCormick. When Barnes was looking over the water he dragged himself unnoticed to the side of Trenton. Speaking in a voice hoarse and broken he unfolded his plan: "Trent, we were always good friends. We are dying now for want of food. Barnes is stronger than you or I. If one of us is sacrificed for food he can kill the other. We'll get him now."

Trenton looked dazedly at the other. "You hell-born fiend! No, no!"

The other paid no attention but repeated, "Food, food, food! It's food!"

Trenton looked over at Barnes and appeared irresolute. Then he crawled slowly toward Barnes, McCormick at his side. Their open lips exposed the ready teeth. Wolfish snarls came from their parched throats. They were wolves after food.

Their cries roused their prey. Looking up he saw them—and knew. His lips drew back in a fierce snarl. Bracing himself against the front of the boat he awaited their onslaught.

They were close to him, yet they paused before attacking. The wolves feared the prey and the prey feared the wolves. McCormick reached out his hand to pull him from his position. Barnes snapped at the hand and it was drawn back.

For full an hour they snapped and snarled, the hunters and the hunted. They did not use their hands, they were beasts. They waited for a chance to sink their teeth.

Barnes relaxed his vigilance. Trenton bit into the bare leg. McCormick reached the throat. Both lay there with the blood trickling down their throats until their prey lay still. They had their food.

Nothing dead can last in the hot sun for long and in a few days they were forced to throw the body overboard. They still suffered from thirst though blood had for a time relieved it. They never spoke of what had happened

though in their hearts they realized what they had done. Being stronger they took to rowing again but made little headway. Though they were always on the lookout they never saw sign of a vessel. Everywhere there was nothing but dancing water. The first day after their food was gone they picked up a dead fish that floated by. Having gotten back with food some of the customs of civilization they divided it, though careful to see that neither received a larger part.

The second day their sufferings commenced as they had before. They were increased because their former sufferings had considerably weakened their strength. They could no longer row, but lay on the bottom of the boat. They kept far apart as the memory of Barnes was in their minds and the food was gone again.

That night as Trenton was lying in one end of the boat he heard McCormick crawling towards him. He was immediately on the alert and shouted to McCormick to keep back. The noise stopped and all was quiet again.

The next day they were the old beasts again. Once more the desire to kill came upon them stronger than ever. If one approached the other a low growl drove him back.

The night was spent in watching each other. When the long hours of the night had passed and the sun rose nearly every vestige of their strength was gone. Each knew he could not live the night out without food.

Long before noon Trenton started

toward McCormick. He was so weak he could no longer crawl on his hands and knees, but was forced to creep on his side. It took him a long time to cover the twelve feet between McCormick and himself.

When he reached him McCormick was backing away, snapping and snarling. Trenton drove him to the end of the boat. There whenever Trenton came near he tried to bite him. They stayed thus for an hour and a half or so. Suddenly Trenton raised his hand and pointed behind McCormick and whispered, "A ship!" McCormick cast his eyes backwards. Trenton put all his strength in one spring and had him

by the throat with his teeth. Trenton let the hot blood roll down his throat while McCormick squirmed and kicked. A few nervous movements and Trenton had his food.

* * * * *

A week later the Captain of a liner from San Francisco picked up an open boat with two dead men in it. But he understood not how one of the men was bitten and chewed in places. As a memento of the incident he wears the pin of a University, which lay in the bottom of the boat between the two men.

CARLOS K. McCLATCHY, '10.

A MISSIONARY'S GRAVE

Within a forest dark and green

Beneath a tall pine tree

A hero from the fields of toil

Rests peacefully and free.

A redwood cross placed o'er his head

Marks out his lonely grave—

Although forgotten by this world

He ranks among the brave.

V. E. Salberg, '10.

MY FRIEND'S RETURN

(AFTER CATULLUS)

*Verannius, you of all my friends
 Who number thousands three,
 O you that stand above all those
 That are most dear to me,—*

*Have you returned to us once more
 Your household gods to greet ;
 Your brothers one in waiting long,
 Your mother gray to meet?*

*Returned indeed ! O happy news !
 I'll see you safe and sound.
 Your tales of Spain again I'll hear,
 Her lands, her deeds renowned,*

*Her nations, too, as is your wont;—
 You'll tell of bloody wars
 And how she worships as of old
 Before the shrine of Mars.*

*I'll throw my arms about your neck
 And kiss your sweet, sweet face;
 Of all the men beloved by me
 There's none with half your grace.*

Edward Shipsey, '12.

NEARER TO THE HEART'S DESIRE

*"Ah love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remold it nearer to the heart's desire?"*

I.

The Scheme of Things

The little seamstress was tired tonight, very, very tired as she climbed the four flights of stairs that led to her garret room. Sometimes after a hard day's work when she was as tired as this it almost seemed to her that she could go on forever climbing without reaching her room like the poor squirrel turning the endless treadmill of his cage. Tonight she was so weary that she almost despaired of reaching the top and yet she climbed mechanically, lifting her feet slowly, with the regularity of a wornout machine. At last she reached her door and entered the bare, comfortless room that seemed to make a mockery of the word home.

She stumbled across the room and flung herself full length upon her cot, too utterly exhausted to boil a pot of coffee over the gas heater that served her for a stove, or to eat the bit of bread which thinly spread with butter should have been her evening meal.

I wonder whether the women who wear fine gowns would perk and primp and ruffle their rich plumage like splendid gaudy birds of paradise if they

knew the toil and pain and hard, bitter barren lives that go to make them. The little seamstress used to wonder, too, sometimes, but lately. She had found herself too tired to think and so had ceased to care, she was in fact in a fair way to become as dead and soulless a thing as the machine at which she slaved away her life—that she might live.

So utterly exhausted was she tonight that she fell into a troubled doze and so remained all night, tossing restlessly about too worn out and indifferent to remove her clothes. But when the morning came, calm and clear and bright and so pure and fresh and sweet and full of health and vigor that even the grime and smoke of the fevered city could not disguise the fact that it was Spring, it found her sleeping peacefully with a little tired smile upon her face like a child wearied by too much play.

The rising sun peeped in at the little window which so grudgingly admitted light and air and rested for a moment caressingly on her unconscious face. Then he traveled on across the room disguising everything in his path with an air of splendor only to leave it the next instant the more bare and pitiful by contrast. Finally he left the room

again in gloom and journeyed on over the housetops laughing, the sly rascal, to himself, because he knew that it was long past the time when she should go to work and still the little seamstress slumbered on.

The cheap alarm clock over the head of her bed, which she had forgotten to set the night before, ticked off the seconds with cheerful regularity. The seconds grew to minutes and the minutes stretched themselves to hours and still the tired form below gave no sign of life save the rhythmical rising and falling of her breast as she breathed in the close, heavy air of the room about her. When at last she did awake it was long past nine o'clock and the restless early morning bustle in the street below had given way to the steady hum of business as the life blood of the city pulsed and surged through its throbbing veins. She rose to her elbow with a little start and looked up at the clock which was still industriously engaged in marking off the slow death of time.

When she saw that it was nearly ten and realized that it was too late to go to work that day, instead of being displeased as might have been expected she sunk back into bed again with a contented sigh, to experience that pleasurable blissful sensation which comes as a rule only to the truant school-boy. Somehow she did not seem to mind the loss of her day's wages. Perhaps in the enjoyment of her unwonted leisure she forgot how much those few cents really meant.

But her long established custom of

early rising which through the years had grown into a habit would not leave her long in bed, and soon to her own disgust and almost against her will she found herself getting up. We are, indeed, the creatures of habit and what wretched slaves it really makes of us!

She was stiff and sore from sleeping so long in her clothing and her cramped muscles hurt her when she moved but she set to work briskly to prepare her breakfast and soon forgot all else in this pleasant task. The little seamstress could never remember a more enjoyable breakfast than that one bacon fried to a turn, crisp toast lavishly yes even prodigally spread with butter and such coffee, strong and brown, that she could feel her blood pulsing more strongly through her veins as she drank it. Bacon, coffee and toast. Not a very elaborate outlay, you say, officious reader. Well, John D. Rockefeller, cursing over his bowl of bread and milk would give a few of his tainted millions to enjoy as much. Alas, that food and appetites should be so often far apart.

After breakfast she busied herself for awhile, clearing up the dishes and straightening the disorder of the room, and when this was done she crossed to the little window and flung it up as far as it would go. She sat down and resting her chin upon her hands gazed into the street below, humming a snatch of an old air. She breathed deeply, filling her lungs with the pure, wholesome air which at this height above the city was not yet befouled with its fetid

breath. While she was thus engaged a strange thing happened, a little thing to change a woman's life.

A poor, misguided, foolish bird, strayed by some mischance from the green fields and waving, leafy trees of the country, fluttered to the cornice by her window and perching there began to twitter a little aimless, ridiculous song.

He seemed so incongruous and out of place that the little seamstress smiled at him for a moment and then suddenly her eyes were filled with tears as her mind traveled swiftly and joyously back to her old life in the country, the life for which he stood.

She thought of the pleasant days that she had spent in the little town of her birth. Her mind passed quickly over her happy childhood, dwelling here and there for an instant on some particularly pleasing memory which twisted the corners of her mouth into a smile. She thought of the dances, parties, picnics—all the homely pastimes of a simple people—which she had enjoyed later. Oh, she had been quite a belle in her day—she smiled now half sadly at the thought—and many was the village swain who had paid her court. Half the boys in the town had shown a desire at one time or another to pay her bills and hire her servants. But she had always put an end to this laudable and philanthropic intention by that forceful little word, "no" which seems so small yet often means so much—that is until Joe came.

Joe. She sighed a little bitterly as

she thought of him. How happy she had been the night he had asked her to marry him and how trustfully she had given him her love. She could never forget the joy of the weeks that followed; how long the days had seemed without Joe and oh, how short the evenings with him! And then had come the night that was seared indelibly on her soul with the iron of torture and suffering. She had gone down to the gate to meet Joe as usual but he was late that night and she had waited rather anxiously. At length she saw a crowd of ragged boys come down the street jarring at some one in their midst. When they came nearer she saw Joe among them, staggering uncertainly. At first she thought he was hurt and her heart went out to him with a great pity. She took a step toward him and then stopped for he had turned to her with a maudlin laugh and she had known the truth. She laughed herself then, half hysterically, and mechanically turned away to avoid the sight. The drunken man had reeled unsteadily in her direction for a few steps. Then changing his mind he zig-zagged on down the street. She drew her shawl closely about her then, shuddering, and started back dully for the house.

After that she had come to the city to earn her living and forget. One could not be the wife of a drunkard no matter how much one loved him. That page of her life had been turned over and she could never return to it. The

old, happy life of the country had been buried in the past and almost forgotten—but not quite.

The little seamstress felt again the call of the open air. Her pulses thrilled as she thought it was Spring out there in the country—real, passionate, wholesome Spring teeming with the healthy vigor of growing things and not the poor makeshift thing which people in the city knew as Spring. Out there the fields were green and the skies were blue and birds were nesting in the trees and singing their queer, happy little songs to one another even as this poor, misguided creature here.

The color flooded to her cheeks as she thought of it. She felt the call of the open country and how could she answer it? There was but one answer and that was to toil, and slave and grind and stitch until her soul became as dead as the souls of those for whom she worked.

The little seamstress pressed her burning forehead down upon the cool, smooth surface of the sill while her aching brain throbbed out its dull protest against fate. Abruptly she straightened up with a sudden decision and her whole face mirrored the joy she felt.

"I'm going home," she said quite simply. "I'm sick and tired of the grind."

The little bird frightened by this sudden outbreak resumed his twittering flight and fluttered towards a public park that gleamed refreshingly green in

the distance. His song had done its work.

II

Shattering It

If the little seamstress had been asked at that moment just what she intended to do her answer would of necessity have been rather vague. She had very little money in her room, scarcely enough to pay her railroad fare, for her savings were necessarily very slight. One does not amass a fortune on such wages as she received. Yet she was determined to go nevertheless, putting her confidence in blind chance to guide her to some former friend with whom she could stay until she found a way to earn her living. Reason told her that this was the height of folly but she turned her back squarely upon reason and refused to be convinced. It was as if she had been caught upon the crest of a great onrushing wave whose gigantic force she was powerless to resist. A flood of passion overwhelmed her, breaking down in its mad course all the puny barriers which she had builded about herself in her ten years of city life. Her only desire was to free herself of the shackles which bound her, to be once more her own mistress, to be free. That was it, to be free. God, what a slave she had been for all these years.

* * * * *

The train whistled long and dolorously and then pulled itself up with a

jerk that set the windows to rattling and made the trolley above dance and jolt about in a ludicrous way. The brakeman thrust his head in at the door and bawled out an unintelligible something that sounded all consonants, like a Russian verb. The little woman in the dress of faded black—why is it that so few seamstresses ever have good clothes?—rose from the place beside the talkative old gentleman who had been amusing himself by telling her anecdotes of the Civil War and walked with a quick, eager step down the aisle.

The old gentleman stared after her sadly. "Fine, intelligent woman," he mumbled to himself, "too bad she didn't get to hear the rest of my experiences. Fine, intelligent woman and such a sympathetic listener."

It was just as well that the old gentleman did not know that she had not understood a word he said. He shook his head sadly. It was many a day since he had found anyone to remain quiet during the recital of one of his interminable yarns.

The little seamstress stood and watched the train roll out of sight, betching smoke and fire like the huge iron dragon that it was. Then she turned around a little hesitatingly. With the passing of the limited the last bond uniting her to the city was broken and despite herself she felt a little uncertain what to do—she was alone and almost penniless in what was practically a strange town. Ten years lay between her and even her closest friend.

She started down a street that led through the outskirts of the town.

As she walked on her confidence gradually returned to her. There were few people on the streets and those she did meet were strangers to her but she was glad of that because she wanted to be alone for awhile, to enjoy the day and to think it out. Half unconsciously she directed her steps toward the river which showed a strip of burnished silver beyond the covered bridge. Before she knew it she found herself among the soft grasses on the other side above the swiftly flowing stream. Hardly realizing what she did she sank down upon the ground and lying on her back watched the fleecy white clouds lazily crossing the deep blue sky. It was a perfect day. Above her some place in the treetops a bird was self-assertively chirping to its mate. Now and again a trout flashed for a moment in the sun as he rose from the rippling waters. The breeze gently swaying the grasses and the water tumbling over the stones below combined with the drowsy humming of the bees to form a soothing lullaby. The little seamstress had lost all count of time and place. She reveled, scarcely moving so much as a finger, in the warmth of the sunlight and the freshness of the air. The song of the bird in the branches was infinitely soothing to her ear. The sound of the waving grasses and the rippling of the stream grew softer. The humming of the bees became less and less distinct and finally died away. The little seamstress was sleeping again and

this time the sun smiled upon her out of the western sky.

III .

Remolding It

Down the stream came a man with a long, lithe pole to the end of which was attached a slender string. Occasionally the man drew the line out of the water only to cast it back again in on apparently aimless fashion. Once when he jerked it out quickly a trout flashed for a moment in the sun and then disappeared into the wicker basket at his waist. But for the most part the sport was tame and the man seemingly disgusted, flung down his basket and rod and started to climb the bank. At the top he drew back startled. He had almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a sleeping woman. Then he stepped forward again and as he saw her face a deep flush showed through his own bronzed cheeks.

"Why it's Jennie," he said.

That was all. There was nothing dramatic about it. He spoke the words quietly as though he was used to stumbling over sleeping women every day, yet his heart was beating wildly. Then he bent over her.

"Jennie, Jennie," he said, "wake up. It's I, Joe, you know."

She opened her eyes, startled, and glanced up at him. Then she sat up smoothing out her dress with a little attempt at pride.

"Why, Joe," she finally stammered, "a fine day, isn't it?"

She burst into a peal of laughter. It all seemed so funny, so incongruous and out of place. Then she glanced again at the man above her and the look on his face sobered her. He was looking at her almost hungrily, she thought, and there was no laughter in his eyes.

"Jennie," he said, giving her his hand and helping her to her feet, "Jennie, listen to me. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you something that concerns us both."

A new note of strength in his voice commanded her attention. She glanced up at him noting the freshness of his skin and the clear, frank eyes. She caught herself wondering impersonally whether a drunkard could look so clean and handsome, and then she realized that he was speaking again.

"I might as well begin at the beginning, even if it does hurt." He was speaking slowly now. "When you left the town I went completely to the dogs. For the next six years I was a sot, a beast. I sank so low that my one desire could be summed up in the single word drink and then one night there came a change. I had been drinking as usual for several hours and then I happened to catch a glimpse of myself in the glass above the bar. God! what I saw in that face sobered me. I left the saloon abruptly and stumbled out into the night. Since that day I've never taken a drink, I've never entered a saloon. That one sight of myself as I really was, cured me. God, how low I had fallen.

"Since that day, I've lived with but one thought and that was to find you." He seized her roughly, almost brutally, by the shoulders in a passionate grasp. "And now that God has sent you to me in this wonderful way, I'm not going to let you go. I'm not going to give you up, ever."

He held her from him for a moment. The little seamstress looked up into his eyes and her own were strangely moist.

"God has been very good to his two children, Joe," she said finally and her words were so low that he was forced to bend over her to hear them.

"He has brought us here together. His will be done."

* * * * *

The next day two ragged urchins were going up the river in search of a swimming hole when they stumbled upon a fisherman's rod and basket.

"Gee," said the smaller one, turning to his companion, "old Joe Martin must have taken a terrible tumble off the water wagon. He'd never leave his things here like this unless he was full."

The other spat contemptuously between his teeth.

"Naw, it's worse than that," he said, with all the philosophy of his ten years in his tone. "Didn't you hear? He got married last night to some old maid from the city."

M. T. DOOLING, JR. '09.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF

(TRIOLET)

*Hark to that mother's plaintive weeping,
Weeping the loss of an only child !
Look at the dear one quietly sleeping—
Hark to that mother's plaintive weeping,
Now her heart in sorrow leaping
Seems to burst and drive her wild.
Hark to that mother's plaintive weeping
Weeping the loss of an only child.*

C. B., Ex-'07.

THE LAST OF THE DIGGERS

*Silence hovered o'er the valley
 Where the peaceful Merced flows;
 Far away in Eastern twilight
 Smoke from distant fires rose.*

*Curling in the air of evening,
 Trembling on the face of night,
 As from wigwam tops it floated
 Mingling oft with sparks of light.*

*There were twenty in our party
 And we followed all that day
 Through the mazes of the canyon
 Where concealed the Diggers lay.*

*From a ledge we viewed the wigwams
 Merged in shadows deep and long—
 Saw the great red fires blazing
 Heard the dying warriors' song.*

*For as night her sable curtain
 Drew across the silent vale
 Down we swooped upon the sleepers
 Like a burst of winter hail.*

*Forth those wretches from their wigwams
 Darted all in sudden fright—
 Death leaped forth from twenty rifles,
 Death was echoed through the night.*

*Thus they fell—the white man's victims
 In a valley once their own;
 While the heartless white man's laughter
 Drowned their feeble, dying moan.*

John Degnan, '10.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF APRIL 18, 1906

Little did I think, when I was thrown out of bed on the morning of April 18, 1906 that I should be called upon to do duty in a stricken city. After the quake had ceased I started out to see how much damage had been done. Passers-by said that different buildings were all in ruins, and that many people had lost their lives.

I had not proceeded far when I was accosted by a United States regular. He asked me if I were Corporal So and So. I answered him I was. "You are wanted," he said, "by the First Regiment National Guards. I obeyed and set out with him for the Armory. On the way he informed me that our Regiment had received orders to get together and hold themselves in readiness to be called upon.

At the Armory I was given the oath and swore that I would do my duty the best I knew how, and would obey and respect all superior offices.

I was then detailed to hunt up other members, who in turn were brought in, given the oath, and sent out after others.

In this way it was not long before nearly every man who was a member, had arrived.

Now, as I suppose everybody who is interested knows, San Francisco was, on the morning of April 18, the victim of more than one untoward circumstance. A fire had started following the earthquake, from an explosion near the

waterfront. The Fire Department answered the call quickly and found to their dismay that there was no water. For the mains which fed the city its supply had been broken by the earthquake and millions of gallons were running to waste.

Added to this lack of water was the sudden and unexpected death of the Fire Department's chief.

Mr. Sullivan had been killed as he lay in his bed in the California Hotel, by the walls of that building falling in on him. This brave man whose life was taken in a time when he was needed most, was loved by everybody who knew him. His brave deeds, and love for the city of San Francisco, had attached him intimately to the hearts of his fellow citizens.

The fire then had nothing to check it and fanned by a strong wind, had spread in every direction, and was rapidly gorging itself with its prey. What was to be done? There was need of action and of rapid, decisive action. An enemy, powerful and unrelenting was within the walls, yea, feeding even now upon the vitals of a peaceful, populous city!

Brigadier General Funston, commanding the Pacific Coast division, U. S. A., saw at a glance that the Metropolis was doomed, and if San Francisco was to be saved at all, the Regulars would have to be called out to help fight the awful enemy.

At 7 a. m., about two hours after the first shokk was felt, he called out the troops and marched them to the burning section of the city. And it was just about this time, too, that we of the National Guards were called to our Armory to await orders. For you know, there were only a few companies of U. S. troops stationed in the city at the time and naturally enough, they would soon be exhausted and need reinforcements. As we changed our civilian clothes to don the uniform of blue we did not know that it would be six long weeks before we should become civilians once more.

In our haversacks we all had one day's rations which consisted of hard-tack and beans. We thought it was a joke to be carrying this ration with us. For we expected to be home that night as usual for our dinners. But when evening came the boys found that they had no time to think of home, for their homes were lying in the ashes, and they that made home a sanctuary of love and peace—God alone knew what had become of them! Were they lying beneath the debris a charred mass, or were they roaming the streets of a ruined city, starving and unprotected?

At 8:30 a. m. the bugles sounded to fall in. Orders were hastily given, and in a few minutes we were on the march to the burning section of the city. We left our Armory, 400 men in line, under the command of Walter Kelly, Regimental Colonel, and the Rev. Father Joseph McQuaide, Regimental Chaplain. We marched down Market to

Ninth street, where we halted. Here we found the worst ruins that the earthquake had caused. The City Hall, which took so many years to build, was destroyed and ruins of it lay in the street, blocking the way to the Mechanics' Pavilion, located near by. Now here was our first work. For this Pavilion, being the most spacious building in the city and relatively out of danger of the fire, had been turned into a temporary hospital. We set them zealously to work to clear the street and make it passable for the automobiles and vehicles of different kinds that were being utilized as ambulances to convey the wounded to the hospital.

While we were thus engaged we could hear again and again the dynamiting that was being done by the Regulars three blocks away. And when we finished our work, we got orders to reinforce them. As we marched to take our places alongside the U. S. troops, it seemed as if a terrible cannonading were going on. The fire was raging fiercely on both sides of Market street and was creeping right on towards us and devouring everything that was in its path. As soon as a building had been blown down the flames would spread to another. The task was a gigantic one and before the day was over, we were thoroughly to learn what a soldier was, and what obedience meant.

We too were ordered to get in and dynamite. It was our first experience in handling this explosive, but under

the skill of the Regulars who were experts in using it, we soon learned.

Buildings were being blown up on both the north and south sides of Market street. The roar of the dynamite was deafening as one massive structure after another of steel and brick was razed to the ground. Amid the flames and the smoke, it seemed as if sometimes we should get cut off from escape. The smoke was so thick that we could hardly distinguish objects, and the heat was so intense that at times it seemed as if our very clothes would take fire.

It was very hazardous using this explosive, and many times our lives were endangered by the falling-in of walls. The box of dynamite was suspended by a strap which we carried across our shoulder and the fuse and giant caps were carried in our belts. We would run into a building that had been mapped out to be blown down, set the box in a solid corner, attach the cap and fuse, light it and then beat a hasty retreat. The fuses were long enough to permit us to escape from the doomed structure. Then with a loud and tremendous roar the building would be raised heavenward and fall to earth again a dilapidated heap.

I had one exciting experience with dynamite that I won't forget. I was ordered to place a box of explosive in a certain building which was all afire. I reached the inside where I found the smoke so thick that I could hardly see. After searching around till I was nearly choked, I finally found the stairs. I mounted them, carrying my box slung

across my shoulder. I must have nearly gained half way when I heard a sudden crackling of something breaking, and the next instant I was pitched down through the smoke to the floor below. I lay like one in a stupor, terrified lest the box of dynamite would explode and blow me into eternity. The ominous crackling of the flames warned me that I would have to hurry to get out of the doomed building. I picked myself together and found to my great relief that the dynamite had not gone off but lay along side of me intact.

It seemed the stairs had been weakened in the early morning, by the earthquake, and had given way under my weight as I ascended them. I left the explosive as it was, connected it up, lit the fuse and hurried out. Reaching the open air I had only to wait a few minutes, when there was a deafening explosion and the structure went down to join its fallen comrades.

The fire, in spite of all our combined efforts, had been gaining on us before a strong wind. We had had hopes of checking it far down town, but hopes and efforts were alike futile; for from Sixth street to the water front there was nothing but one mass of flames—nothing but one vast furnace a mile and more in length.

It would mean certain death to us if we staid in this position much longer, for we should soon be surrounded by fire. Orders to retreat came, and we retired before the enemy, taking up another position two blocks away. A consultation of officers was held to see

what should be done. They decided that it would be useless to dynamite here, as the buildings were wooden structures and would be of no use to check the flames. They decided, however, to blow all the houses and buildings down on the south side of Market street from Eleventh street to the fire, and on the north side of Market street, all the buildings were to be blown down from Van Ness avenue to the fire.

Now before this could be done it was necessary that the people who lived in these districts be moved to a place of safety. Many had not left their homes at all and hundreds of others who had lost their homes in the early part of the fire had sought refuge here amongst their more fortunate acquaintances, fondly hoping that the fire would be checked ere it reached them. We received orders to go through all the houses to see that everybody was out and make them move to a place of safety.

It was a pitiful sight to see the poor, unfortunate people fleeing before the fire. Many who just had time to get out before the flames consumed their homes, were searching aimlessly for their lost fathers, mothers, or children who had been separated from them in the panic that followed the mad rush for safety.

Aged fathers and mothers, grief stricken for the loss of their dear ones, would come to us, tears running down their cheeks, inquiring if we had seen their children and begging to be allowed to stay behind and look for them. But

we had to be inexorable, and firmly ordered them to move on, for the enemy was gaining on us rapidly and we should soon be driven out ourselves. In many cases people were so eaten up by their grief, that they wanted to be left behind and die, rather than to live, the victims of the flames.

There was a great deal of liquor around and many resorted to this to drown their sorrows. And here was our hardest task, for we received the most peremptory orders to go through every house and search for intoxicated people and get them out before it was too late. Often when we would find them, and would try to assist them, they would throw themselves from us and plead with us to be left behind, for many of the poor creatures thought that their days on earth had been numbered and had prepared to leave it by getting intoxicated.

We could not listen to them in their drunken frenzy and had them moved to a place of safety, where a strong guard saw that they did not escape and fulfill their mad desires.

The greatest possible haste was made to get everybody out of danger. People wanted to take everything they had with them, including household furniture and pianos. It was impossible for them to do this, for besides the lack of time, horses and wagons were very scarce and those who did procure them had to pay exorbitant prices.

Frequently they paid fifty dollars and sometimes a great deal more to an expressman to get a few things moved to

a place of safety. And now appeared one of the meanest things that happened in those disastrous days. These expressmen were a set of heartless, vile scoundrels, a disgrace to humanity who cared not for the stricken people but thought only to enrich themselves at the expense of the unfortunate. They would always insist upon being paid in advance before they would touch the goods to be removed. Then they would jump off their wagons and proceed to load up. The people would naturally have some articles in their house that they had forgotten in their haste to carry out to the wagon, and would hurry back to get them. This was just what the greedy expressman wanted, for as soon as the poor victim had his back turned the expressman would jump on his seat, whip up his horses, and drive away. The people would come running out and to their dismay find the express gone with their belongings. The expressman would drive far enough away so the people could not overtake him, throw the things off that he had stolen from the poor unfortunate and go seeking for another victim to repeat the same trick.

The people finding they could not move all their things, finally concluded to take only the most necessary articles that would be required in camp life, for such was to be their future home.

Scenes of sadness and humor were sometimes mingled. I happen now to recall one of these. In the retreat before the approaching flames everything that had wheels was made use of, from

a small boy's coaster to a large dray' which, filled with different articles, was pulled by men, women and children. Those who did not have these means of conveyance had to make the best of it by carrying their possessions in their arms. I remember a mother with her three small children amongst the crowd. Her expression was the saddest I ever wish to look upon. With difficulty she came struggling along carrying her three little ones. Yet directly behind her came a big burly overgrown man with a stick suspended on his shoulder. On one end of it was fastened a cloth filled with food, while on the other to make his load balance were tied a couple of bottles of beer. He looked as if he was going to a picnic and had taken his lunch with him for that was all he was carrying. In the former case I helped the poor mother and her children to a passing ambulance, while according to my orders I relieved the happy-go-lucky gentleman of his load of wet goods.

In a short time nobody was to be seen in this section south of Market Street except the grim sentries who were pacing up and down to see that nobody returned.

On the north side of Market Street a division of troops were doing heroic work fighting the fire. But dynamite was useless here as the fire was one mass, rolling and leaping and roaring, whipped as it was to fury and madness by a strong wind. Onward it came, nothing could withstand it.

The Mechanic's Pavilion, the tempo-

rary hospital, where many dead and wounded were, lay right in its path, and it too would soon be a mass of burning timbers. Seeing this danger we were speedily rushed up there to assist in moving the wounded and the dead. In a short time everybody had been taken from this temporary hospital and moved to Golden Gate Park far out in the Western Addition remote from all danger of fire. Here they received the best of care from a first-class medical staff in attendance.

There were many rumors circulated in the post-fire days, that bodies had been left behind in the Mechanics

Pavilion and had been burned up when that building was destroyed. I wish to say that these rumors were all false and started by people who wanted to cast a slur upon the troops and others who were doing heroic work in those trying times. I myself with several others stood in the Pavilion after every single body had been removed, and this was about an hour before the fire reached it, and moreover armed guards stood around it to see that nobody re-entered. All these mean rumors are absolutely false.

(To be continued.)

JAMES C. MARTIN, '12.

THE SEA-CALL

*The sky bends low to the tossing sea
 And the fog hangs like a pall.
 Borne on the breeze and floating free,
 Out of the mist there comes to me,
 Faintly, the curlew's call.
 Borne to my ears with a dash of spray,
 Once echoed, and that is all.*

*But my heart in my breast has leapt at the sound
 And my spirit cries, "Away!"
 I long once again to be outward bound
 With the fog and the mist clinging close around
 And against my cheek the spray.
 And I know in my heart that I must go
 For my soul is the soul of the stray.*

M. T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

IN MEMORIAM

On February 25th last, fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church and surrounded by loving companions, Brother George Meany S. J., peacefully passed to his eternal reward.

It is befitting that the sad tidings of his death should be recorded in our College magazine as well as in the grateful hearts of Santa Clara students, for it was owing to an unselfish discharge of his duties as College Infirmarian that Brother Meany contracted the lingering sickness that eventually cut asunder the thread of his noble young life.

Born in San Francisco, he early acquired a practice of sincere piety at St. Ignatius College which he attended through all the grades as high as the class of Rhetoric. He then launched upon a business career, but in the midst of financial distractions, his old hankering after spiritual things would always revert to him. Every morning before going to work he would hear mass; during the day he would sometimes steal a few moments from the less busy hours to visit the Blessed Sacrament and at night he would often overcome his fatigue in order to attend Benediction. Finally he decided to abandon the world and on January 19, 1893, he entered the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Los Gatos and consecrated himself to God's service in the humble station of a Brother Coadjuor.

From the Novitiate he was sent to St.

Ignatius College, San Francisco, and thence to Santa Clara. In the summer of 1903 he became official Infirmarian of the College. His well-gifted and trained mind made him a thorough adept in the art of medical attendance and it is not surprising that he soon won the admiration and affection of both Fathers and boys.

In the winter of 1905 an unusual number of students was sick. To each of these he devoted a mother's attention, and for weeks while the epidemic lasted, he deprived himself of even the necessary rest. His strength failed, but without complaint he continued his work until, out of charity, he yielded his life to the slow martyrdom of consumption. Superiors sent him to Arizona in the hope that the warm climate might benefit him, but after remaining there for four or five months without any apparent improvement, Brother Meany asked to be recalled so that he might die in California and at dear old Santa Clara. His wish was granted. Here at Santa Clara he lingered on for months waiting and wishing for the call from the Divine Master.

Ever charitable, ever kind, ever edifying, the great worth and sanctity of Brother Meany appeared especially in his imperturbable calmness and sweetness and patience during his long siege of sickness. Rarely shall we find again another such model of patience.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Before we go to press again the Eastertide with all its associations for a Christian people will have come and gone. Everybody will go to church—the women in their new gowns and Easter bonnets and the men grumbling, perhaps, at the added length of the service—as a matter of course. And

since on this day thousands of sermons will be preached to unlistening ears, we may be pardoned the indulgence of a little anticipatory sermon of our own.

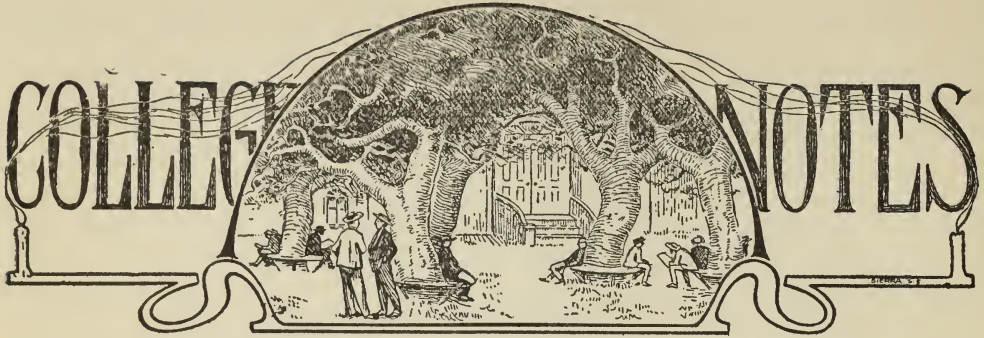
Everybody will go to church on Easter Sunday, but how many think you will gain any practical benefit therefrom? During Easter week we

commemorate the consummation of that life of sacrifice which, begun thirty-three years before in a humble stable of Bethlehem, had its end in the stupendous ordeal of the God-man's death upon the cross. He died to save mankind from their sins, and yet if we only look about us in this busy, heedless world we see those sins run riot in a thousand forms. This man is mad for money, that with lust. Another drowns his very soul in drink. On every side we see such pictures of desolation and despair. Yet we do not wish to assume a pessimistic attitude. Of course the world is not all bad. Who that possesses the treasure of a single friendship could believe that it is? But it does need reforming as it has always needed it, not by the preaching of high ideals to those who will not heed, nor by the melodramatic work of the muck-raker but by the infusion of men with good, red blood in their veins, ready to do things,—to fight for what they know is right. And these men must come from the youth of our land. We must look for them to our colleges and universities. Therefore every college man should be careful now to prepare himself for the future. He should seize his opportunity before it is gone from him. Let him remember that the training he is getting now will influence his whole future life for good or evil. Two paths stretch away before him as he stands on the

brink of life. Let him look to his Savior dying on the cross if he would know which one to choose.

Just at present all eyes in America are turned towards the great fleet which, under the command of Admiral Evans, has almost completed the journey round the Horn in record time. Every day the newspapers contain despatches noting its progress and the magazines are filled with special articles devoted to the same all-engrossing subject. The citizens of San Francisco, ever eager for a change, are turning their eyes from the rather tiresome continuous performance of a wily Hebrew juggling their courts of law to cast longing glances towards the approaching fleet. Meantime Japan, somewhat disturbed in her dreams of conquest and aggrandizement takes her covetous eyes for the moment from the Philippines to gaze across the Pacific with ill concealed distrust. Well may she be cautious and well may we rejoice, for our fleet is manned by the bravest, truest hearted set of jackies upon earth and there is no more heroic figure nor one more picturesque in all the gallery of famous living Americans than "Fighting Bob." So here's to our fleet and its gallant commander! San Francisco's plans for their welcome cannot be too elaborate.

M. T. DOOLING JR., '09.



LITERARY CONGRESS

The Ryland Debate

The annual Ryland debate between the Philaethic Senate and the House of the Philhistorians is set for April 29.

The Senate will be represented by the following men: Harry A. McKenzie, Floyd E. Allen and Ivo G. Bogan. Alternates: John W. Maltman, M. T. Dooling, Jr., and Anthony B. Diepenbrock.

The House team is composed of Patrick A. McHenry, James R. Daly, and William B. Hirst. Alternates: Robert E. McCabe, Julius G. Trescony, and Edmond Lowe.

Senate Notes

At the last regular meeting of the Philaethic Senate the members of the team for the Ryland Debate, to be held on the 29th of April, were chosen. The Senate will be represented in the Debate by Senators Harry A. J. McKenzie of San Francisco, Floyd E. Allen

of Berkeley and Ivo G. Bogan of Arizona. The alternates are Senators Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., of Hollister, Anthony B. Diepenbrock of Sacramento and John W. Maltman of Los Angeles. Each of the favored members responded to the honor shown them in a few fitting words. Determination is strong and the desire to obliterate the defeat suffered by the Senate in the try out for the team to contest in the intercollegiate debate against St. Ignatius, renders the Senators doubly ambitious and determined. The speakers are well known in forensic circles. Senator McKenzie is one of the ablest talkers in the Senate. He spoke as the first affirmative in the debate on Woman's Suffrage and proved himself capable of holding in its lofty place the unsullied standard of the Senate. Senator Allen, too, is a worthy speaker combining with an excellent delivery a logical mind and an ability to talk on his feet. Senator Bogan has participated in two debates, once in the House in the last Ryland debate and once for the Senate against the House for the intercollegiate team.

After the business of the evening the debate, "Resolved: "That the Coming of the American Fleet to Pacific Waters Will Reasonably Excite the Apprehension of Japan," was discussed.

The question was a good one and words and arguments waxed warm. Senators Dooling, Allen, Diepenbrock and Shafer held the affirmative while the negative was sustained by Senators McKenzie, Bogan, Broderick and Hefernan.

An agreeable surprise took place when Rev. Father Gleason and Rev. Father Goller, rector of Gonzaga College in Spokane, paid us a visit. The debate was postponed and we listened with great pleasure to a few remarks by both of the distinguished Rectors, gaining information as well as pleasure from their words.

The Senate team is already hard at work on the question to be discussed, and every man is determined to do his best to repeat the splendid victory of last year.

The House

Resolved: "That the best interests of the United States require a war with Japan," was the subject of a lively debate in the earlier part of the month.

Representatives Cheatham, Dooling and Daly, upheld the affirmative side and their reputations also, in a manner that was convincing. The negative was taken care of by Representatives Tadich, Hirst and Watson. These gen-

tleman, although a trifle handicapped by the question, struggled manfully to show that the best interests of the United States did not require a war with Japan, but on the contrary that it would be of great disadvantage if this country undertook such a move.

The debate was one of the most hotly contested affairs that have taken place in the House for several months and was finally decided in favor of the affirmative.

The vacancy left in the office of Sergeant-at-Arms, by the retirement of former Representative Harold A. McLane was filled recently by the election of Representative James C. Jarrett. If strong build and manly figure count for anything we should be right in judging that the Representative from Honolulu will make an excellent bouncer—or rather Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Speaker of the House, Mr. Wm. J. Keany S. J., appointed the following committee on Ways and Means for this semester: Representatives McHenry, Browne, and McCabe, with the first named as chairman.

Another very interesting debate was held on Wednesday evening, March 18th. Resolved: That the Grand Jury as it is now used, should be abolished. Representatives Lowe, Hirst and McCabe sustained the affirmative, while Representatives Dozier, McHenry and Kennedy upheld the negative side of the question.

The subject, a rather hard theme in itself, was handled masterfully, and all the good and bad points of the Grand

Jury were brought out clearly. It was such a closely contested affair, that when the time for the decision came, the House voted a tie, and it became necessary for the Speaker to cast the deciding vote. This resulted in a victory for the affirmative.

The Visit of His Grace

The most distinguished visitor of the month, aye for many months, was His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco.

Recently returned from an extended trip to Europe, His Grace was the very picture of health and happiness when he stepped from the train at Santa Clara, and was met by the entire student body of the College.

Preceded by the band, the Archbishop was escorted in solemn procession to St. Claire's church, where, at half past ten, Solemn High Mass was celebrated, after which His Grace performed the sacred rites of the Sacrament of Confirmation. Close on to fifty of the faithful took advantage of the opportunity afforded them by this special visit of the Archbishop to Santa Clara, and received the Holy Sacrament.

Following the administering of Confirmation, His Grace delivered a beautiful and interesting sermon on the "Supernatural strengthening powers of the Sacrament of Confirmation."

In the afternoon we assembled for a short time in the garden to listen to a few words from His Grace concerning

his recent trip to Europe. Preceding his address, Maurice T. Dooling Jr., in the name of the faculty and students of the College, rendered an appropriate welcome to His Grace, to Santa Clara, both College and Mission. The address was exceedingly well delivered and showed in it the masterful hand and brain of its author. Frank E. Warren then read a poem filled with glowing words of love and welcome toward the Archbishop, which was inspiring to listen to. It was written for the occasion by Eugene F. Morris, '10. The efforts of these young gentlemen were received with great appreciation and applause.

His Grace then honored us with a few words. He spoke of his trip abroad, telling of his visit and conference with His Holiness Pope Pius, and of many other interesting topics, "but," declared His Grace with emphasis, "the best part of my trip was the coming home, for not one place in all my travels did I come across that I could compare in any favorable way, with home and California."

'Tis an old saying that all's well that ends well; so it seemed with the Archbishop's little talk, for a better end could not be imagined. He insisted in his closing remarks, on granting the students a holiday, and needless to add, they were nothing loath in accepting it. Although it may appear a trifle interested on our part, it is but natural that we extend His Grace an open invitation "to come again."

The College Press

The special edition of the "College Press" on St. Patrick's Day, showed what great heights of success this new-born paper has reached even during the few short months of its existence.

Its growing popularity and swelling circulation reflect no small amount of praise on its Director and its staff. They are to be complimented on the manner in which they have struggled for success, and its attainment is the reward they now enjoy. As a paper for the yard, it is invincible and almost beyond comment, and as a weekly it surpasses anything of the kind we have seen in the United States. Keep up the good work, C. P.

The Band

Under the personal direction of Father Villa S. J., the College band during the last month has marvelously improved. Weekly practice has worked wonders with it, as was shown recently, when, for the first time in many months, we assembled under the starlit sky on the campus to listen to a band concert.

The evening was a most enjoyable one, and the beautiful music rendered by the band was appreciated to the fullest extent.

Father Villa S. J., has proved himself a master hand, since, out of a bunch of raw material he has trained a band that can hold its own with any within miles of the College.

We are in hopes that soon some regular schedule of band concerts will be arranged, whereby an occasional evening of music may be sandwiched in to break the monotony of continual hard studies. Why let such talent waste itself?

A Swell Affair

The spell of sickness that has prevailed during the last month is now about over. For awhile mumps were all the go and without them your name was stricken from the roll of the aristocratic.

The number of those with the overgrown faces was rather large, and not only did each one of these in particular suffer, but the whole Sophomore class in general, inasmuch of they were forced to give up their comfortable class room in contribution to the honorable cause. It was immediately turned into a mump-ward, and no sooner had the Sophs vacated than the installation of new and somewhat "cheeky" occupants was begun.

As a consequence of the smallpox scare in our neighboring city of San Jose, the students from there were requested not to come to College, lest they should bring the infection. However, thanks to the prompt and efficacious precautions taken by the authorities of the College, no disease more serious than the mumps succeeded in making a successful entry.

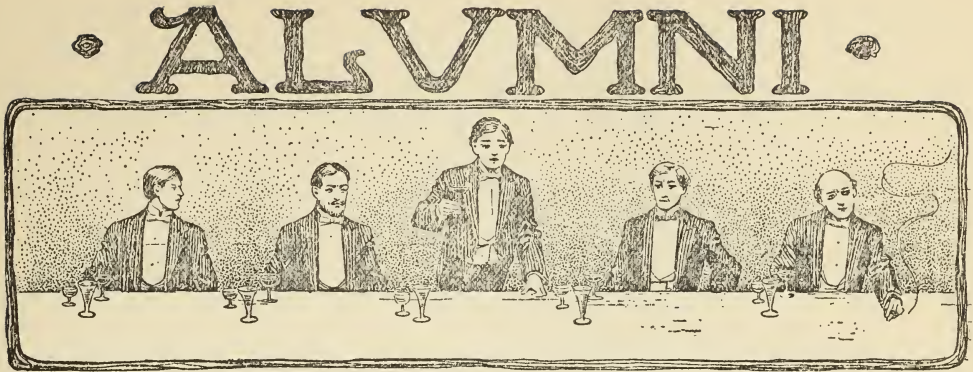
Sodality

Rev. Father Wm. J. Deeney S. J., director of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, recently appointed a new staff of officers for the coming semester. Father Deeney is highly pleased with the attendance this year, and is confident that his new staff of officers will keep the Sodality in a flour-

ishing condition. Those appointed were as follows:

Prefect, Robert R. Brown; 1st Assistant, James R. Daly; 2nd Assistant, Wm. I. Barry; Secretary, Harry Gallagher; Treasurer, Daniel Tadich; Vestry Prefects, Roy Robb and Walter Sweeney; Consultors, Robt. O'Connor, Harry McKenzie, Frank Heffernan, Harry Broderick and George Hall.

ROBERT E. MCCABE, '10.



A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association of Santa Clara will be held this month, to determine measures for the annual Alumni gathering. The President of the Executive Committee will shortly give further definite notice to those more intimately concerned.

The Feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, was the 57th anniversary of Santa Clara College.

J. F. Marten, a former member of the REDWOOD staff, was a recent visitor at the College. At present he is connected with the California Compound Company of San Jose.

James A. Bacigalupi A. B., '03, has informed us that he has removed his law offices to 557 Mills Building, San Francisco.

We noticed that during the silver jubilee of the Young Men's Institute held in San Francisco, on the 22nd of February, several old Santa Clara boys figured conspicuously. Within the last twenty-five years four of S. C. alumni have held the position of highest trust

in the Pacific jurisdiction,—Gov. Gen. James F. Smith '77, Hon. J. F. Sullivan '86, Mr. Samuel Haskins '82, and Mr. C. P. Rendon.

Among the orators on St. Patrick's day were Mr. James R. Kelly '86, and Mr. Michael E. Griffith A. B., '98. The latter is Santa Clara County President of the A. O. H.

The new Santa Clara College was recently the recipient of a beautiful statue of St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin. The statue cut from a block of Carrera marble is of exquisite workmanship. It was donated by Mr. Luis Arguello, an old boy of Santa Clara. The College *Press* says:

The beautiful statue of St. Anne, wrought in Carrera marble, and presented to the faculty by Don Luis Arguello of Monterey, is the first piece of statuary specially designed for the adornment of the new University of Santa Clara. The figure is lifelike and in every respect a gem of the sculptor's art. With rare and admirable taste and modesty, the marble is inscribed simply, "Pray for the donor."

It was with feelings of the deepest sorrow that we heard of the death of the mother of Rev. Father Jas. P. Morrissey '91, former Vice-President of Santa Clara. Though Mrs. Morrissey never had the consolation of seeing her son since he was ordained a priest, she bore this privation, as she bore her sickness, with the utmost resignation to Almighty God's will. Her life was a life of faith, and the same spirit that prompted her to yield her eldest and her brightest child to the service of the Altar, made it easy for her to forego in this world a pleasure that is the keenest a Christian mother can enjoy, that of seeing a son exercising the awful and sublime powers of the Priesthood. Rev. Fathers Kenna and Gleeson, as well as several of the Alumni were present at the High Mass offered for the repose of her soul. On this occasion Rev. Father Gleeson spoke touchingly of the edifying life and Christian faith and charity of the deceased. May she rest in peace.

We received recently a letter from Mr. D. J. Kavanagh S. J., congratulating the REDWOOD on its success and thanking us for the volume of the REDWOOD

which we had the honor to dedicate to him. Mr. Kavanagh is following a course in Theology at Woodstock, Md., and will be ordained in the summer. Wishes of success were also received from Mr. Wm. E. Johnson '01, and Jos. B. Kennedy '97.

The sympathy of the President and Faculty is extended to Dr. Jos. Regli, A. B., '97 on the sad death of his wife. Not long ago Dr. and Mrs. Regli paid us a visit and we had hoped that they would long be spared to each other, but God, who always acts for our good, has decreed otherwise. May the knowledge that we sympathize with him deeply and have offered many a prayer for the soul of his departed wife be a source of consolation to him in his bereavement.

We have also to record the death of Mrs. Menton of Santa Clara, the wife of Mr. Hugh Menton, one of our very first pupils of 1851, and the mother of three of our old boys. THE REDWOOD extends its sympathy to Dr. Menton and his family.

ALEX. T. LEONARD, '10.



The sweet spring air that is now being wafted gently through the open casements into the Sanctum is heavy with the perfume and aroma of a million blossoms of prune, of peach, of apricot; it is thrilling too with the riotous strains of feathered songsters that seem by the throbbing of their little throats about to sing their heads off. Old Ovid's words on Springtime come to my mind:

"Jam violam puerique legunt, hilares que puellae,

Rustica quam nullo terra serente gerit.

Prataque pubescunt variorum flore colorum,

Indocilique loquax gutture vernat avis."

But more than this have we, of which Ovid never dreamt, for to my ears there comes the sound of the old mission chimes still ringing as they rang a century ago when Santa Clara was a wilderness and the home of the dusky savage; and the air is now freighted with the fragrant incense which rolls out through the open portals of the church, on this Sabbath morn. As my eyes wander over the garden and I gaze out on the stately lordly palms, so high and noble I think what a day of peace and love and quiet has come.—But enough of this dreaming. My duty now, is not

with the pleasures of nature, but with those of literary art. So to work.

I am first attracted, rather unpleasantly, by a remark dropped concerning a certain "Freshman essay." Now I am a poor Freshman myself, and think I ought to indulge a little fellow-feeling. It is thus.

In the February issue of the *Brunonian* I read the following in the exchange column: "'*The Holy Cross Purple*, in a freshman essay on Tennyson, informs us that the laureate, like every other great poet, has his faults, and the greatest, perhaps, is his inability to direct the thoughts of man from this life to a contemplation of the next. Tennyson himself has but a faint idea of the life to come, and, through *most* of his works, one can trace a low and at times a bitter cry of despair!' Yet this man seems to have heard of 'In Memoriam,' for he mentions it elsewhere in the essay. Let us hope that he will read 'Crossing the Bar,' before graduation." Thus far the *Brunonian*. Now we fail to see how the words of the *Brunonian* critic gainsay in any way the statements of the writer of the *Purple*. For that writer only re-

marks that *in most, not all* of the laureate's works this tinge of bitterness and despair is noticeable. Even therefore if "In Memoriam," and "Crossing the Bar" were entirely free from this spirit, which the *Brunonian* seems to imply, the writer's position and criticism is by no means discredited, but is as sound and as solid as ever. But we go further. We think, had he even neglected to state, in *most of his works*, the essayist in the *Purple* would have been correct. Can we not trace in "In Memoriam" "a low and at times a bitter cry of despair" and in "Crossing the Bar" is it not evident that the poet has but a faint idea of the life to come?" We may be wrong but such is our opinion.

However, we dislike bickering and we offer this criticism humbly and rather unwillingly. But we do dislike the evident flippancy of the *Brunonian* critic. What matters it if a writer be a Freshman or not? Can no good come from a Freshman? We may remark that after reading this criticism, we turned to see who was responsible for it, and lo! it was no other than a Sophomore—in very truth one whole year must have wonderfully matured him. However this is what we wish to say: In a country like ours, where there is so much diversity of thought and sentiment, brought about by diverse education and environment, we can profit one another

wonderfully by honest and unflippant cordial criticism.

The February issue of the *Amherst Literary Monthly*, an all story number, has some very pleasurable reading mat-

The Amherst Literary Monthly

ter. The clever humorous tale, "Cupid's Wiles", is the best of all these short pieces. It is very good. One cannot but laugh heartily at the predicament of "Baldy Harrison," the American bachelor. In endeavoring to escape the wiles of the matchmaker and the darts of cupid, he falls into some ludicrous circumstances which are very well described. Of the verse, "The Haunts of Horace" and "To M," are worthy of note.

Among the many other good things of the February *Georgian* we especially enjoyed the essay on Father Ryan. We quote the lines which this gifted priest, knowing his death to be close at hand wrote, and which the author of this article has done well to cite.

"I am glad that I am going;
What a strange and sweet delight
Is through all my being glowing,
When I know that, sure, tonight
I will pass from earth and meet him
Whom I loved through all the years,
Who will crown me when I greet him,
And will kiss away my tears!"

W. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



A PILGRIM FROM IRELAND

BY REV. M. CARNOT O. S. B.

A simple, quaint, and altogether charming tale of the beginnings of Christian civilization in Rhoetia, the country of the head waters of the Rhine, whither wandered a saintly missionary from Erin a thousand years ago. Sympathy and interest are awakened by the first chapter and grow as the tale proceeds. When one has finished—the whole story can be read in about an hour,—one feels as if he had been listening to a beautiful pastoral symphony exquisitely performed. The mind and the heart are refreshed and improved by such writings as this. It is translated by Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros. 45 cents.

“THE WAY OF THE CROSS”

The salutary devotion of the Way of the Cross, enriched by so many indul-

gences, ought to be used in private much more than it is, especially by young people. There are many improved formulas to enable one to perform his devotion in a devout and efficacious manner. The one we received, compiled by Father Gabriel S. J., of Santa Clara College, is remarkable for the fervor and simplicity of its language, the appropriate method included for opening and closing the exercise, and the graphic illustrations of the stations. These pictures are evidently reduced copies of great works of art, and their detail and suggestiveness, are sometimes almost startling. The *Stabat Mater* is appended in full, both in Latin and English.

The profits derived from the sale of this book are to go towards paying the debt on the new church at Cupertino, Santa Clara Co., Cal. Everybody should procure a copy—and use it. Price 15 cents. Benziger Bros.

ROUND THE WORLD VOLUME IV

BENZIGER BROTHERS, PRICE 85 CENTS

The fourth volume of a series of interesting books entitled "Round the World" came to us this month. Although the title might imply it to be a book of travel, yet it is not, but a selection of interesting subjects, each one treated separately in the form of an essay. Numerous suggestive illustrations reproduced from photo and stereographs fill the pages. Besides being very interesting, it is also an excellent reference book, and gives authentic accounts, on subjects profitable to the youthful lecturer or essay writer. The article on "The California Bungalow" describes in a very interesting manner the typical country home of California. It would take more space than I am allowed to enumerate the other essays; the fascinating one on "Canada's El Dorado," or the valuable other ones. This promises to be a series of interesting books and should occupy a place in every library.

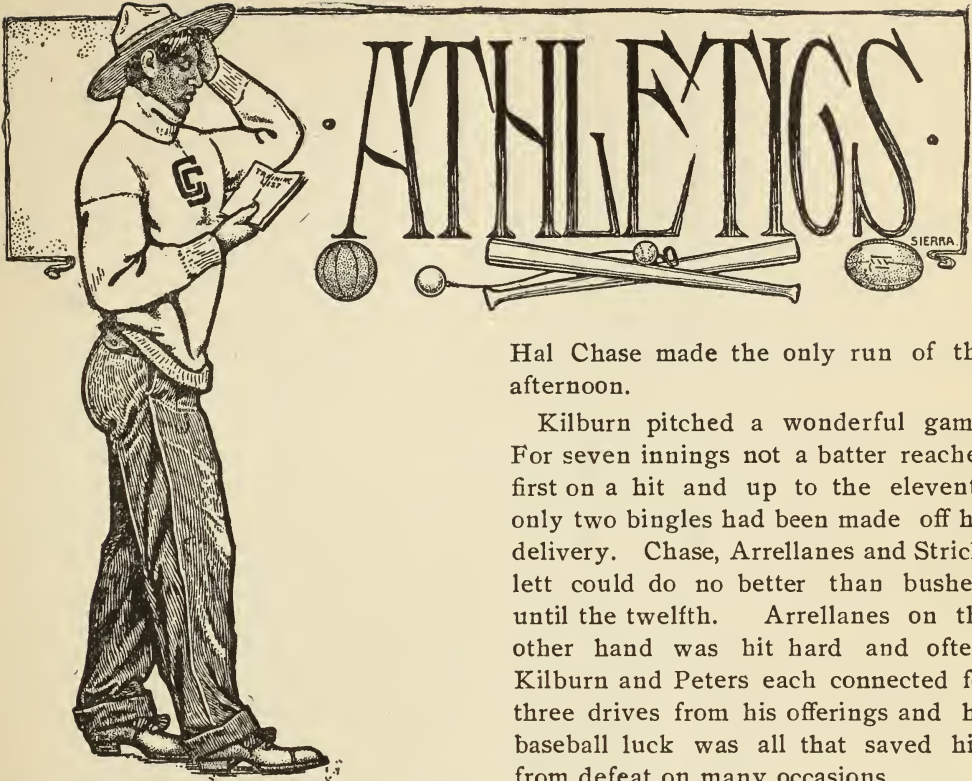
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S

GUIDE TO SUCCESS

BY REV. PATRICK J. SLOAN

The aim of this work is to set forth, in brief and simple form, a practical, logical, and comprehensive treatment of those principles and methods which, from long experience, have been found to be most helpful to the teachers in our Catholic Sunday-schools. In country churches and secular parishes—and for these it was intended—this book would be invaluable, for not only should the best available teachers be secured in such places, and every encouragement given them, but all possible help should be placed at their disposal. It is to be hoped that the careful perusal and study of the few chapters of this work, will prove advantageous to the teacher, beneficial to the Sunday-school, and hence effective in the work of salvation. Price 75 cents. Benziger Bros.

BERNARD HUBBARD, '10.



San Jose 1, Santa Clara 0

The most exciting game played on the College diamond this year was with San Jose's new 1908 pennant chasers.

The fans saw some baseball that was up to the State League standard, while the college critics thought it equaled the first game of that great series with St. Mary's.

We were beaten but it was one of the hardest earned victories San Jose ever won. In almost every inning it seemed a run must be scored, but it was not until the first half of the twelfth that

Hal Chase made the only run of the afternoon.

Kilburn pitched a wonderful game. For seven innings not a batter reached first on a hit and up to the eleventh only two bingles had been made off his delivery. Chase, Arrellanes and Stricklett could do no better than bushers until the twelfth. Arrellanes on the other hand was hit hard and often. Kilburn and Peters each connected for three drives from his offerings and his baseball luck was all that saved him from defeat on many occasions.

Art Shafer won the applause of the crowd, by robbing Stricklett of a hit by a great one-hand catch. This stunt evidently took the eye of manager Amy Mayer, for a few days later he made Art a nice offer if he would play with San Jose.

When the twelfth loomed in sight the fans were still in their seats although the shadows were beginning to creep across the field. But they had forgotten everything save the game.

After one was down it was up to Chase to win the game. He did not let the chance slip by but cracked a two-

bagger to left. On a passed ball he reached third and when Arrellanes placed one just over the shortstop's head he crossed the rubber.

Arrellanes held the College batters safe the next inning and the game was over.

The meek-eyed fan may read below the fine points of the game.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A Shafer, ss.....	3	0	2	5	4	1
Lappin, lf.....	5	0	0	0	0	0
Friene, 3rd.....	6	0	0	4	1	2
Peters, rf.....	5	0	3	10	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	5	0	1	4	1	0
M. Shafer, cf.....	2	0	1	1	0	0
Salberg, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Rapp, rf.....	5	0	2	1	0	0
Byrnes, c.....	5	0	0	10	2	1
Kilburn, p.....	5	0	3	1	4	0
Totals.....	44	0	12	36	12	4

SAN JOSE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Tom Streib, cf.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Stricklett, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Tay Streib, ss.....	4	0	1	5	4	1
Chase, c.....	5	1	1	12	2	0
Arrellanes, p.....	4	0	1	1	9	0
Earle 2nd.....	5	0	0	1	0	0
Lacy, 3d.....	5	0	0	2	2	1
Gabriel, 1st.....	4	0	0	9	0	2
Smith, rf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Fair lf.....	3	0	1	3	1	0
Totals.....	38	1	4	36	18	4

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara College.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Base hits.....	1	0	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
San Jose.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Base hits.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	4	4				

SUMMARY

Three base hits—Kilburn. Two base hits—Kilburn, Chase. Sacrifice hits—A Shafer. Stolen bases—A. Shafer 3, Lappin, Watson, Rapp, Tay Streib, Earle. Left on bases—Santa Clara 10, San Jose 5. First base on

errors—Byrnes, Smith 2. Base on balls, off Kilburn 3, off Arrellanes 2. Struck out, by Kilburn 8, by Arrellanes 9. Passed balls—Byrnes 2. Wild Pitches—Kilburn. Hit by pitcher—Arrellanes. Umpire—Frank Farry. Time of game—3:20

University of California 9,
Santa Clara 6

A swatfest occurred at Berkeley on February 27, in which the University batters had a little the best of the fun. Their share of the hits was fourteen, while the College players only stung the ball for nine safe ones.

It was not an ideal day for either the players or the fans and both teams played rather ragged ball.

Myers' three bagger in the opening frame with three men already on the paths and Smith's home run a little later on were the striking events of the afternoon.

Nine wearers of the Blue and Gold found their way around the bags while only six men for Santa Clara made the journey.

We shall let the scorer tell the rest:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A Shafer, ss.....	4	1	3	4	2	1
M. Shafer, c.....	3	1	0	9	1	0
Salberg, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Broderick, rf.....	0	0	0	1	0	0
Peters, 1st.....	4	1	3	6	2	0
Watson, 2nd.....	4	0	0	1	1	1
Lappin, lf.....	4	1	2	0	0	0
Rapp, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Foster, 3d.....	3	0	0	1	4	2
Kilburn, p.....	4	1	1	1	1	0
Totals.....	32	6	9	24	11	5

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Smith, 3rd.....	5	1	1	1	5	0
Earnist, ss.....	5	0	2	1	3	0
R. Myers, 1st.....	5	1	2	11	0	0
C. Meyers, c.....	3	1	2	9	0	2
Butler, 2nd.....	5	1	0	0	1	0
A. Meyers, lf.....	4	2	2	1	0	0
Solinsky, cf.....	4	2	2	1	0	0
Ghiradelli, rf.....	1	0	1	2	0	0
Lewis, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stiele, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Jordan, p.....	4	1	2	1	3	0
Totals.....	39	9	14	27	12	2

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara College...	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	—	6
Base hits.....	2	0	2	3	0	1	0	1	0	—	9
University of Calif.....	4	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	—	9	
Base hits.....	4	2	5	1	1	1	0	0	—	14	

SUMMARY

Home Run, Smith. Three base hits—A. Myers. Two base hits—Kilburn, Shafer, Peters, Jordan, C. Myers, Ghiradelli. Sacrifice hits—M. Shafer, Foster. Stolen bases—A. Shafer 3, M. Shafer, Peters, Lappin, R. Myers, C. Myers. Left on bases—Santa Clara 5, Berkeley 7. First base on errors—Berkeley 3. Base on balls, off—Kilburn 2, off Jordan 2. Struck out, by Kilburn 8, by Jordan 7. Passed balls—C. Myers. Hit by Pitcher—Rapp. Umpire—Duggan. Scorer—Anthony Deipenbrock. Time of game—1 hour and 35 minutes.

Stanford 6, Santa Clara 3

In our third game with Stanford, our other little twirler, John Jones was on the rubber for the College. He pitched a fine game considering the experienced team he was against and with better support might have carried off a victory.

Jones' slow curves kept the Stanford men swinging their heads off for a while. Sampson was the only man hit to connect with any force but his hit called for a round trip.

Owen scored for the Cardinals in the first inning. He was passed to first,

sacrificed to second and on Kennedy's error of Fenton's hit he scored. In the same period A. Shafer waited for a walk, stole second and a hit and fielder's choice brought him across the pan.

With the third inning came enough runs to win the name. Owen got another ticket and on a passed ball reached the keystone sack; a wild throw by Broderick to catch him at third brought him in. Fenton took four wide ones and Sampson's four cushion wallop made the total three.

Art Shafer started the crowd in the eighth by stealing third and a moment later home while Witmer was unwinding one of his shoots.

Two more runs were added by Stanford before the game was finished. Below the fans can get the averages.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A. Shafer, ss.....	2	3	2	3	3	0
Broderick, 1st.....	4	0	1	13	0	1
Rapp, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Kennedy, cf.....	4	0	0	2	0	1
Watson, 2nd.....	4	0	1	1	3	0
Lappin, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Foster 3d.....	4	0	0	2	4	1
M. Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	6	2	0
Jones, p.....	3	0	0	0	4	0
Totals.....	32	3	6	27	16	3

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Owen, 2nd.....	3	3	0	2	0	1
Wirt, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Fenton, 3d.....	4	1	2	1	0	0
Sompson, ss.....	5	1	2	3	5	0
Bell, 1st.....	4	0	1	4	0	1
Rutledge, c.....	2	1	0	13	1	0
Tallent, rf.....	3	0	1	2	0	0
McGregor, lf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Witmer, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Goodell, p.....	2	0	1	0	1	0
Totals.....	31	6	7	27	7	2

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara College.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—3
Base hits	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	—6	
Stanford	1	0	3	1	0	0	1	0	—6	
Base hits.....	1	0	1	1	0	2	1	0	—7	

SUMMARY

Home run—Sampson. Two base hits—Broderick. Sacrifice hits—Wirt, Tallent. Stolen bases—A Shafer 4, Foster, Owen 2, Rutledge. Left on bases—Stanford 7, Santa Clara 4. First base on errors—Stanford 1. Base on balls, off Jones 6, off Goodell 2. Double plays—M. Shafer to Foster to Watson. Struck out by Jones 4, by Goodell 4, Witmer 8. Passed balls—Shafer 2, Rutledge 1. Wild Pitches—Jones, Witmer. Hit by Pitcher—Rutledge. Umpire—Ferreira. Scorer—Anthony B. Diepenbrock. Time of Game—1 hour and 30 minutes,

Stanford 8, Santa Clara 3

The fourth game in the Stanford series went to the University men in a rather easy manner by a score of 8 to 3.

It was anybody's game until the ninth when the Cardinals annexed four runs on as many hits. The College team played this game with several men on the sick list, although only one was so ill as to be absent from the game. With these handicaps it is not to be wondered at that our players did not give a better account of themselves.

Presley's hopefuls had gathered three runs in as many innings. Here the College team took a brace, Broderick forced Peters at second, Kennedy's rap was too warm for Scott to handle and he was safe. Salberg reached first on the catcher's error. Broderick now took an opportunity and stole home. Lappin helped matters along with a timely

two bagger which scored Kennedy and Salberg.

Another run in the seventh again gave Stanford the lead which they increased in the ninth with four more.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Peters, cf.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Broderick, 1st b....	4	1	0	7	0	0
Kennedy, rf.....	4	1	2	3	0	0
Salberg, ss.....	3	1	1	1	1	0
Lappin, lf.....	2	0	1	2	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	4	0	0	3	3	1
Foster, 3rd.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
M Shafer, c.....	3	0	0	8	2	1
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	1	1	3	2
Totals.....	31	3	7	27	9	4

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Scott, 2d.....	4	1	0	1	2	0
Owen, lf.....	0	2	0	1	0	0
Fenton, 3d.....	3	1	1	2	2	0
Sampson, ss.....	4	1	1	3	3	0
Mitchell, c.....	4	2	3	9	2	0
Bell, 1st.....	5	1	1	7	0	0
Ganong, lf.....	4	0	1	3	0	0
Ball, cf.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Tallent, cf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Theile, p.....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Witmer, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	30	8	8	27	11	0

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara College.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Base hits	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	1	—7
Stanford	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	—8
Base hits	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	—8

SUMMARY

Two base hits—Lappin, Kennedy, Ball. Sacrifice hits—Lappin, Fenton, Sampson, Ganong. Stolen bases—Broderick, Kennedy, Salberg, Owen, Sampson, Mitchell, Bell, Witmer. Left on bases—Santa Clara 6, Stanford 9. First base on errors—Stanford 2. Base on balls, off Kilburn 9, off Theile 3. Double plays—Watson to Broderick. Struck out, by Kilburn 8, by Witmer 2, Theile 6. Passed balls—Mitchell 3, Shafer. Hit by pitcher—Witmer, Scott, Owen. Umpire—Allen. Scorer—Deipenbrock. Time of game—2 hours.

Santa Clara 6, Stanford 2

With St. Patrick's day our hoodoo in baseball at last vanished. But, truth to tell, how could it have been otherwise with five hundred members of the A. O. H. urging on their countrymen.

Baseball luck for once was in our favor. And with this element with us, Stanford was easily defeated. Capt. Kilburn was in good form, but Witmer, who has been Presley's star twirler this year, received a hard beating at the hands of Salberg, Lappin, Peters, Kilburn and Kennedy.

Long hits came frequently in the fore part of the game and they all counted in the scoring.

Lappin opened the second inning with a three bagger. A. Shafer walked and stole second. With two on the sacks Salberg cleared them with a clean home run.

In the next inning Vic again distinguished himself by slamming out a three bagger which scored McNally. The squeeze play failed to work, and Salberg was caught at home. Shafer, however, hit safely and came home on Kilburn's two-sacker to left.

Stanford got one run in the third and another in the seventh, but they never had a chance outside of these innings.

To make a good measure, McNally brought Kennedy home after Grif had almost knocked the Chapel over with a drive. Below is what interested the Irish rooters.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Peters, 1st.....	4	0	2	4	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	4	0	0	3	2	1
Kennedy.....	3	1	2	2	2	0
Lappin, lf.....	3	1	2	1	1	0
Art Shafer, rf.....	3	1	1	2	0	0
McNally 3d.....	4	1	1	3	1	1
Salberg, ss.....	3	1	2	4	0	1
M. Shafer, c.....	3	1	1	8	4	0
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals.....	30	6	12	27	12	3

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Scott, 2nd.....	5	0	2	0	2	0
Mitchell, c.....	5	0	1	4	2	0
Fenton, 3d.....	3	0	1	3	1	0
Sampson, ss.....	4	0	1	5	4	1
Bell, 1st.....	2	0	0	9	0	0
Ganong rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Schofield, lf.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Wirt, cf.....	3	1	2	2	1	0
Witmer, p.....	2	1	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	30	2	7	24	12	2

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

Santa Clara College.....	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	1	—	6	
Base hits.....	1	2	0	4	2	0	1	2	—	12	
Stanford.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	—	2
Base hits.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	2	—	7

SUMMARY

Home Run, Salberg. Three base hits—Salberg, Lappin. Two base hits—Kilburn, Peters, Scott. Sacrifice hits—Lappin, Bell, Witmer. Stolen bases—Peters, Kennedy, A. Shafer, McNally, M. Shafer, Witmer. Left on bases—Santa Clara 4, Stanford 9. First base on errors—Stanford 3. Base on balls, off Kilburn 5, off Witmer 3. Struck out, by Kilburn 7, by Witmer 2. Passed balls, Mitchell, Shafer, 2. Hit by pitcher—Ganong. Umpire—Stricklett. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game, 1.25 hours,

**Juniors 20, St. Ignatius
Second 5**

On February 27th the Junior team sallied forth to Frisco in search of some

more baseball fame, and returned home with nine of the younger S. I. scalps dangling at their belts. As the score indicates, the game was rather uninteresting and one sided, due in great part to the fact that our opponent's pitcher failed to put in an appearance. However, in the 3rd frame of the contest things appeared a little blue for the Juniors. Walterstein was touched up for 3 or 4 safeties in a bunch, which left the score 4 to 1, with the Juniors at the short end. After that there was nothing to it; Walterstein struck his pace and held his batters down to but a few scattered hits. McShane, the opposing twirler, now weakened somewhat, discouraged no doubt by the ragged support accorded him. After a batting rally which lasted during the greater part of the remaining innings, the game closed with the score 20 to 5 in favor of the visitors.

Juniors 2, St. Mathews 0

The Juniors fought their hardest and best battle of the season the day they crossed bats with the military boys from St. Matthews' Academy, San Mateo. Many a time did both teams have a man on third but as often were their efforts baffled to get him across the rubber. Gay of Honolulu did effective work on the slab for the home team, allowing but 6 hits and striking out a goodly number. Fireworks were started in the first half of the ninth. Watson

placed a safe one in right field, stole second and flew to third on a bad throw of the catcher. Nolting stood at the bat; one came to him which looked good; he swung and connected for a pretty single over first, while Watson cantered home and the game was won. Lohse, always there when the willow has to be wielded, cinched matters with a stinging drive that landed him safe on second and sent Nolting to the plate. In the Academy's half there was nothing doing and the dust settled once again.

Junior S. A. A. 8, Juniors 4

The representative ball tossers of the Second Division tasted defeat at last at the hands of Berny Hubbard's youngsters. McGovern, who sent the benders for the boarders, was a mystery to his opponents up to the fifth inning, the score at that stage of the game being 2 to 0 in his favor. But something started in the fifth; a disastrous mistake of Foley's on third followed by some timely stick work gave the S. A. A. too much of a lead for the Juniors to get back. After the melee seven tallies were chalked up for the visitors, four of which were due to a clean four sacker by Jones, with the bases full. But the Juniors came back the harder after punishment, and are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to once more throw down the gauntlet to their victors.

ERNEST P. WATSON, '10

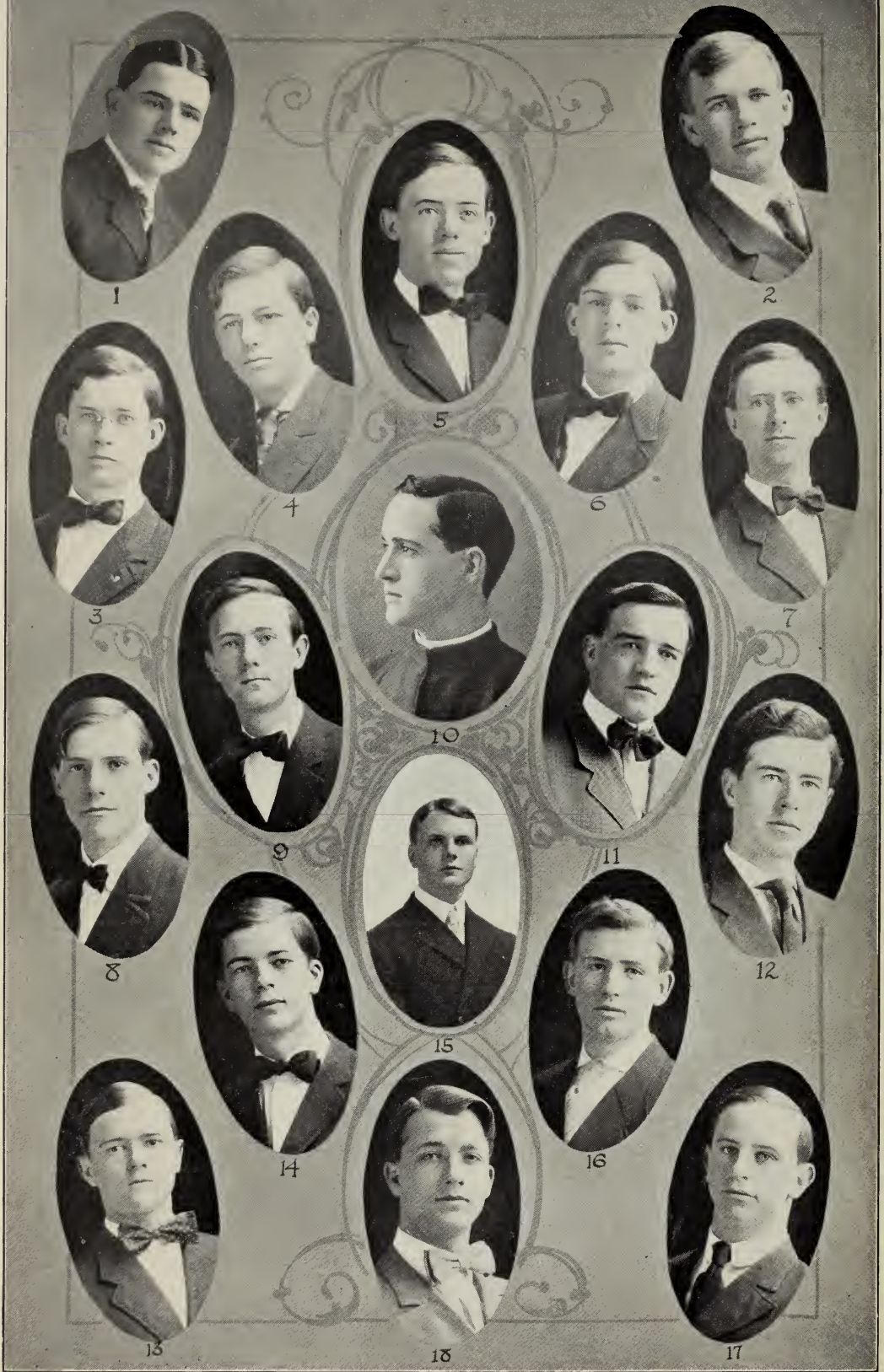


Photo by Bushnell

PHILALETHIC SENATE, 1907-'08

1. Leander J. Murphy. 2. Edwin H. Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms. 3. George J. Hall. 4. Mervyn S. Shafer.
5. James C. Lappin, Librarian. 6. J. Devereaux Peters. 7. Francis M. Heffernan. 8. Maurice T. Dooling, Jr.
9. Floyd E. Allen, Treasurer. 10. Rev. Wm. J. Deeney, S. J., President. 11. Harry A. J. McKenzie, Recording Secretary.
12. Harry P. Broderick. 13. John W. Maltman. 14. Anthony B. Diepenbrock. 15. Robert J. O'Connor, Corresponding Secretary.
16. Ivo G. Bogan. 17. Augustus M. Donovan. 18. Cleon P. Kilburn.

The Redwood.

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VOL. VII.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., MAY, 1908.

No. 8

APPLE BLOSSOMS



HEY have wreathed her sunny tresses with the flow'rets of her pride,
With the apple-blossoms, brightest of the tributes of the May;
But, as stars grow dim at dawning, in the glory of my bride
Is the beauty of the apple-blossoms melted all away.

Sweet apple-blossoms, you fade too soon,
Living your life out in one May-moon.
Like you, our bliss is—
Bright eyes and kisses—
Gone all too soon—too soon.

When a cherub came to bless our little home, she smiling said,
"It's our apple-blossom elfin Love, arrayed in pink and white."
But the angels claimed the flower and we mourned our darling dead.
And the apple-blossom's rune of joy became a wail of blight.

A spray of apple-blossoms crowned her glossy golden hair
When she rose, a fairy vision, all my fancy to enslave.
But my dream of life is shattered, and my heart, in cold despair,
Sees the withered apple-blossoms that were strewn upon her grave.

Sweet apple-blossoms, you fade too soon
Living your life out in one May-moon.
Like you, our bliss is—
Bright eyes and kisses—
Gone all too soon—too soon.

Chas. D. South, A. M., '01.

TAXATION

In the beginning was the Individual, after him with but short interval came the Family, the authority vested in the Father. The family grew, and multiplied and formed the first Society,—the paternal authority expanding in proportion with the growth of society and the Father became the Patriarch, standing in immediate contact with his subjects and administering Justice with no great effort and without expense. Society grew, became diversified, the interests of the members varying as they spread over wider and wider expanse of territory, and the duties of the ruling power became correspondingly more and more complex; the executive appointed assistants to represent him in the various distant parts of his dominion, to report the needs of his subjects and to see to their fulfillment, to report transgressions of the law and to punish the transgressors as well as to decide disputes that should arise among his people; and too, an army to maintain the laws, to put down rebellion, to protect property, and to repel invasion from the other states constantly forming from the emigrating people. But this was, not unnaturally, found to entail considerable expense and the executive reasoned, since the people were the beneficiaries of this protective system, they should logically contribute toward its support, the contributions to be either in the local produce or the then

existing currency. And thus the first Taxation.

Of the legitimacy of governments and the necessity of a ruling authority it is not our purpose to enter into a discussion here. It is the necessary consequence of the following general principles:—first, the natural social instincts of man and their need of living together; the various natural rights with which they are endowed by their Creator, and lastly, their natural moral and intellectual imperfections. For as Devas aptly remarks, "Governments were unnecessary if men were inclined and destined to live in isolated families; not necessary, if man, like the beasts, had no rights, namely, no claims upon each other of such a cogency that compulsion may rightly be used in their defense; not necessary, if the mass of men were so wise and well disposed that every right were both clear and secure." Commencing therefore, with this truth which we cannot but suppose patent to all, that Governments should and must of a necessity exist, it follows as a necessary and logical consequence that they must have, however it may be derived, the means of their continued existence. The duties or functions of a government are manifold, primarily to protect the rights of all by enforcing a respect for them, and second, as a consequence of these rights, the duty of remedial and pre-

ventative measures against famine, floods, fire or pestilence; the promotion of Literature, Science and Art for the benefit and education of its citizens; of general industry by making or helping roads and bridges, canals, railways, postal and telegraph service, re-forestation, reclamation of waste and arid lands, and colonization at home and abroad; the promotion of particular industries by protective duties and bounties. The carrying out of these functions necessitates a vast system of public officers with their army of clerks and assistants, and these must be supported by a national income or revenue. It is a consideration of the means of obtaining this revenue that leads us to and introduces our present subject.

The cost of government may in general be met in any or all of three very frequently proposed methods:—compulsory services, compulsory payments, or lastly by the rents or profits of government lands or agencies. We might note in passing, however, that for an immediate revenue the temporary expedients of issuing an incontrovertible paper currency, or the sale of government property, or the incurring of a public debt, are often resorted to, but these are by their very temporary nature excluded from our consideration. Returning then to our three main sources; the first, compulsory service, though existing in some part in continental Europe where it is manifested in the shape of military conscriptions, it is fast being abandoned as a relic of barbaric ages. The sole re-

maining trace in England or America is found in the compulsory service on trial juries, where indeed some such course will remain necessary to compel man to pass judgment on his fellowman until the arrival of the fabulous millenium. The third source we have proposed, revenues from the rents or profits of government lands or agencies, admits of more discussion. Such revenue might be derived from agricultural lands owned by the government, the word government being taken in this article to include both local and national; public control or ownership of mines, factories, banks or mints, which if properly managed are a source of profit. Different industries would provide revenue for the different branches of the government, according as they are local or national in character. Thus the municipal control of the water, gas and electrical supply would be of local aid, while in the same way the general or national government derives support by the ownership of the chief means of national communication,—the postal service, telegraph and telephone, roads, canals and railways. But against all these stands the great objection which past experience has ever shown to be unanswerable, that the occasions for jobbery and corruption are multiplied unnecessarily under government ownership and management; that it weakens trade and industry by tending to destroy competition; that it lessens invention and efficiency of production by removing all personal interest, and indolence and extravagance follow the care-

less routine. Therefore, though it may be found expedient for other reasons for the governments to secure and retain control of such public necessities as the telegraph and telephone service, of the postal system, or of railroads and other means of communication, it must ever be on the second class of revenue, that of compulsory payments, that the social machine will ever be obliged to rely for their maintenance, hence Taxation.

As to its nature. Professor Bastable, a deep student of social economics has defined taxation as a "compulsory contribution of the wealth of a person or a body of persons, for the service of the public powers", a definition more desirable than many others because of the broad generality of its application, holding equally true for local or central governments; as truly for the tithe collected in the smallest parish as the rate levied by the Imperial Parliament; as truly for the smallest Principality as for the mightiest empire. Devas suggests to look simply to whether the public revenue "is or is not raised by compulsory payments, and if it is to call it taxation". The idea of compulsoriness, forming as it does an integral part of the notion of taxation, must not be misunderstood. It is not what at first sight it might be taken to mean, that force must always enter in to compel the payment, though in all truth but few are ever willing to contribute a portion of their means, from which they can see no immediate substantial returns,—but rather that taxes must, in order

to be uniform and equitable, be guaranteed by legislation binding equally on all and thus compulsory.

We might quote the following extract from the opening chapter of Judge Thomas M. Cooley's "Law of Taxation" and which is also noted by Holaind:—"The taxing power is an incident of sovereignty and is possessed by the government without being expressly conferred by the people It is a legislative power it is not arbitrary but rests on fixed principles of justice Taxes are the enforced proportional contributions from persons and property, levied by the state by virtue of its sovereignty for the support of government and for all public needs Tax legislation means the making of laws that are to furnish the measures of each man's duty in support of public burdens, and the means of enforcing it".

Not expressly conferred by the people, because an integral part of the idea of government, and existing by the same right and principles of justice. It cannot be regarded, as some erroneously do regard it, as being a necessary evil, for though necessary, it is no more an evil than the expenditure of the energy necessary to preserve intact our physical being is an evil. It is a legislative power, not arbitrary, but resisting upon the fixed principles of justice, therefore not as some hold an implied contract with the state saying implicitly, "I will protect you if you will support me" for such a theory misses the vital relations between government and governor

which have their foundation in the very nature of things and not in any compact either oral or written. Neither can it be asserted that it springs from a partnership with the citizens on one side and the state on the other. "Take me as your joint owner and I will guarantee our joint estate." But mistaken though these metaphors are when literally interpreted they are valuable for their suggestion of two important theories in the theory of taxation;—namely, that taxation and protection are correlated terms and likewise that there can be no taxation without the return of an adequate representation to insure that end. The first leads us to a short digression. If a government is de Jure, that is merely existing by right of foundation on a constitution, either written or understood, but at the same time failing either through unwillingness or incompetence to afford a just protection, it cannot justly compel taxation because it is making no return to the people for their sacrifice (this seemingly lending color to the theory of mutual compact). Conversely if the government is only de Facto, that is existing on no further right than that say, of usurpation, it may yet impose taxes but for purely national ends. There is a subtle distinction between the compelling principle in the latter instance and that which would operate were the government de jure fulfilling its just duty, for on the principle that any government is better than no government at all, one is obliged to assist the support of the government which

exists only de facto until such time as a government de jure is attainable, in which case the obligation to pay rests first on the duty of obedience to a lawfully constituted authority, and then to the preservation of the social structure.

We cannot derive quite so explicitly, the second principle of the necessary inter-relation of taxation and representation from natural law, that is we cannot insist upon the right of direct representation by men of our own choice, but the right of representation in some form or other, that is of having some one who will look after the interests of its members and secure for them the necessary protection is indispensable to any society civil or otherwise. In their hands too, rests that portion of the taxing power which should ever remain in the hands of the people, namely, that of imposing its restrictions 'or limitations, the systems to be followed and the manner of their imposition, and the explicit definition of the subjects and objects of the tax; points which bring us to a further consideration of our subject.

First, is the power of taxation, this incident of sovereignty, unlimited in its application, secondly, what are the fixed principles of justice upon which it rests, and third, what are the systems by which they are the best carried out, and lastly who, and which of their possessions are to bear this burden.

Since as Judge Cooley says, the taxing power is an incident of sovereignty, it seems to follow as a logical inference that it covers in its extension all the subjects and all the various property

coming under its jurisdiction, or as Judge Marshall states,—“The sovereign power of the State extends to everything which exists by its own authority or is introduced by its permission.” Judge Cooley further says, “Nothing but express constitutional limitation upon legislative authority can exclude anything to which the authority extends from the grasp of the taxing power, if the legislature, in its discretion shall at any time select it for revenue purposes, meaning that every subject and every property within the jurisdiction of the government may justly be taxed by it. But we should note here in passing that this does not preclude the state from exempting any person or any special property or industry from taxation, provided always that such exemption has for its primary end the “greater good of the greater number,” or the welfare of the whole society or such portions of it as come directly under the jurisdiction of that tax. This in no way conflicts with the principle that taxes should bear equally on all. The reasoning is clear. The final end of taxation is always the good of society, but if society in certain cases is more benefited by the exemption of the taxes than it would be by their collection, then this end is in no way thwarted. In this way schools and churches are exempted and different industries have also been encouraged by their temporary or even permanent freedom from taxation, benefiting the nation by increasing its wealth, developing its resources and freeing it from foreign exactions.

But Mr. Cooley is evidently at fault when he says further that it; the taxing power, is unlimited in its very nature, for he forgets that this is a prerogative no human power enjoys. Neither does it involve the power to destroy, unless in such extreme cases where it may become necessary for the good of the whole nation or even a particular part of it, to destroy a certain source of wealth in order that another of greater value may be preserved. Even Herbert Spencer in his “Great Modern Superstitions” acknowledges this limitation. In his own words “State authority is a means to an end; if this end is not subserved, the authority does not exist.”

However, the “fixed principles of Justice” spoken of by Judge Cooley and upon which all tax legislation should be carefully and firmly based are not capable of easy definition, much less to follow. Individual cases of hardship are bound to arise, but we must admit that they are due rather to the limitations of human wisdom in the application of the theory than to any vital defects in the theory of taxation itself. “What is absolutely right in theory,” says Holaind, “when impossible of attainment must give way to what is relatively right and at the same time both expedient and practical.” It is impossible for even the most conscientious ruler to administer justice without individual cases of hardship, but this far from being an argument against the existence of the taxing power is rather a proof of its necessity. Mathematicians have

never yet succeeded in drawing a perfect circle and yet we would not argue from this that they should cease the attempt, rather that they should make a more thorough study of the rules which exist for their guidance. Thus there is a certain intrinsic property of taxation which tends to equalize the pressure upon the subjects of the tax. This property, known as the diffusiveness or the diffusion of taxation is well expressed in the following maxim, "Proportional taxes upon all things of a given class will be diffused and equalized on all other kinds of property." To explain: every exaction of taxes diminishes the purchasing power of him upon whom this burden is placed, hence his ability to purchase other untaxed articles is reduced and the diminished demand lowers their market value; these thus bear a portion of the burden, which continues with diminishing intensity until it has been felt by the whole expanse of social wealth. Thus Lord Mansfield,—“I hold it to be true that a tax laid in any place is like a pebble falling into and making a circle in a lake, till one circle produces and gives motion to another and the whole circumference is agitated from the center.” Now place a rock somewhere, anywhere in this lake, and Lord Mansfield’s beautiful simile may be made to represent two other important properties of taxation. We drop the pebble, the many circles radiate from their common center, they strike against the projecting rock with more or less force and give rise to other con-

centric circles which work their way back, in proportion to the strength with which the rock is struck, toward the original disturbance. Thus the incidence and repercussion.

To explain our parable. The pebble falling is the tax thrown into the lake which we have made to represent civil society. It diffuses itself equally over the surface until it strikes the rock which for the time will impersonate an individual or a particular industry, and the force with which it affects it is known as the incidence of the tax. These circles are now reflected back to their starting point and this the repercussion, which may be further defined as the “recoil of the pressure of taxation on those by whom it has been caused or propagated.”

A study of these two properties of taxation, incidence and repercussion on the part of economists, would tend greatly toward more beneficial results from the taxation. The government naturally derives greater revenue and is less seriously affected by a diminished repercussion and since to affect this the incidence must be lightened, the two varying together, therefore the public too will benefit both from the increase of revenue and diminished pressure. Several systems have been devised with this end in view but they possess grave intrinsic defects which render them inadequate, and the equitable result aimed at impossible. A brief consideration of these systems will not be amiss.

Named in the order in which they will be considered they are the Infinit-

esimal system, the Social Dividend system, the Equality of Ability, the Equality of Sacrifice, and the Equality of Benefit systems. The first, the infinitesimal theory would seem to carry out the idea of Sir Arthur Young, that a tax should "bear lightly upon an infinite number of points, heavily upon none." It would impose an extremely low rate, but one bearing upon even the smallest item of every kind of property. The thought is good, in theory it is admirable, extremely light and equitable, but in actual practice not only costly but destructive and impossible; its author also fails to take into account the diffusiveness of taxation which makes this universality unnecessary. The social dividend theory advocates a plan that would leave the members of the society in the same relative position after as before the payment of the tax, but a determination of this relation is practically impossible, and would lead to numerous litigations. The third, the system known as the equality of ability would impose a rate according to the respective abilities of the persons taxed, but the standard of a man's ability is a rather abstract quality and difficult of determination. The next is the equality of sacrifice, following somewhat the same idea and equally abstract and impossible. The fifth is to tax every man according to the benefits which he receives from society. But the mistake of this system is that it would logically impose the tax upon those least able to make a reparation, for it seems that paupers and indi-

gents often receive the greatest amount of benefit and yet for this very reason are the least able to pay.

"Tax legislation means the making of laws that are to furnish the measure of each man's duty in support of public burdens, and the means of enforcing it." It is here that the Canons of Taxation of Adam Smith come to be of especial importance and value to the legislator. Though not entirely free from minor objections they have never as yet been supplanted and exist today the most just and equitable taxation that has ever been devised. We cannot in this brief space quote them in full, but will give only the essentials of each. Briefly the first canon is founded upon the principle, "The subjects of each state ought to contribute to the support of the government in proportion to their respective abilities, that is to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state."

The second canon concerns the certainty of taxes:—"The tax which each individual is bound to pay ought to be certain and not arbitrary. The time of payment, the manner of payment, the quantity to be paid, ought all to be clear to the contributor and to every other person." Adding that,— "a very considerable degree of inequality . . . is not near so great as a small degree of uncertainty." The third has to deal with convenience. "Every tax ought to be levied at the time, or in the manner in which it is most likely to be convenient to the contributor to pay it. A tax upon the rent of land or of houses

payable at the same time at which rents are usually paid is levied at the time when it is most likely to be convenient for the contributor to pay, or when he is most likely to have the wherewithal to pay." This rule if carefully observed tends greatly toward the alleviation of the burden of taxation and may be well illustrated by the famous saying of rather doubtful origin, but often attributed to Turgot: "In Taxation the art consists in so plucking the goose as to obtain the greatest amount of feathers with the least amount of squealing."

His fourth and last rule insists upon the importance of economy: "Every tax ought to be so contrived as both to take out and to keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over and above what it brings into the public treasury of the state," which might be done, first, by having as few public officers as is expedient for the levying of these taxes, by taking care not to obstruct or discourage industries of the people which give employment to the multitude; by making temptations to smuggling as few as possible; by freeing the people as far as is possible from the frequent and odious visits and examinations of the tax-gatherer," for it may "expose them to much unnecessary trouble, vexation and oppression; and though vexation is not strictly speaking, an expense, it is certainly equivalent to the expenses at which every man would be willing to redeem himself from it."

Somewhat in line with this last principle are the rules which Newcomb proposes in his "Principles of Political

Economy," rules which, though in part deficient and imperfect, are indeed useful in practice. He insists that taxes should be laid on visible indications of revenue and suggests as the most easily discernible and equitable such possessions as real estate and other unconcealable property. But he rather pessimistically advises that the tax on manifestations of wealth should be imposed in a ratio greater than the amount of wealth manifested, evidently reasoning, and we are indeed forced to admit that he is not without grounds for his conclusion, that the taxpayer will try to conceal as far as possible, his taxable property from the assessor. He fails to assure us, however, that this method would not promote a greater effort at concealment, and we cannot see the practicability of his plan. His next suggestion, though, is more reasonable. He would impose the remaining tax upon such produces as are for the indulgence of appetite, such as liquors and tobaccos, and all other luxuries. He further excludes all direct taxes as being altogether objectionable and inconvenient, and adds with perhaps a little too much haste that they are fast becoming obsolete.

Mr. Sismondi also supplies four maxims for the furtherance of equitable taxation. They are, first, "Let the taxes be taken out of the revenue but leave intact the productive capital. Second, "Taxation must never fall on that part of the income which is necessary for the preservation of that income. Third, "Taxes must not fall heavily on

wealth which might be carried elsewhere (for it might be invested in foreign countries and thus be lost at home as a source of revenue). Fourth, "Whereas taxes are a price paid by the rich to enjoy their wealth, those who have nothing to enjoy but are reduced to the bare necessities of life must not be taxed at all." This last he bases upon the principle that the family comes before the state and as a consequence a certain minimum necessary for their support must be exempted from that upon which the rate is levied for the support of the state.

Another important point in Taxation though rather belonging to economics than ethics is the consideration of the divisions of taxation according to the rate imposed; they may be thus divided into Proportional, Progressive and Progressional and will be discussed briefly. It seems that the poorer class of people wish the richer portions of society to bear the greater part, even proportionately, of the burden of taxation, and hence the main objection against the system of a Proportional rate is the fact that it is too equitable, and this objection, coming as it does from the great majority carries no small weight. According to this system the tax would grow in the same ratio as the amount taxed, thus if I, having a property valued at \$5000 am forced to pay a ratio of \$100, then you, being worth \$15,000 would be taxed \$300 and another having but \$2500 would only have to contribute \$50. The objection against this system does not seem to be

sufficiently strong to offset its perfect equity. The second system seeks the opposite extreme, by destroying wealth it would realize the dream of socialists, who forget or ignore the fact that by so doing they strike at the dynamics of production, and in the end destroy their own means of existence. The rate in Progressive taxation increases faster than the rate which measures the growth of the taxable wealth, the tax grows geometrically, but the wealth arithmetically. For example, suppose the rate on \$1000 to be 1 per cent, then on \$2000 it would be 2 per cent, on \$3000 3 per cent and so on; the tax meanwhile increasing from \$10 to \$40 to \$90. It is evident that this rate will logically bring about a moment when the tax will equal the amount of wealth taxed and will result in the injustice of confiscation. A compromise has been effected between these two systems in the third, Progressional taxation. Up to a certain designated point the rate increases progressively, at that point it remains stationary and becomes proportional. Though not unjust to the extent that it would like the second, involve confiscation, it has the disadvantage of being extremely illogical. Of the three systems proposed, the first, taxation by a proportional rate is perhaps the most acceptable, and the one most generally followed, the defects of the others being too great to warrant their adoption.

Though the taxing power includes, as we have said, all the subjects under the jurisdiction of the society, and bears

equally upon all objects under the protection of this society, we have also noticed in the discussion of the canons of taxation that there are certain inconveniences which must, as far as possible, be avoided in levying the rate. Thus we come to our last point, a consideration of these particular kinds of taxation, in regard to the object taxed, that produce the best economic results. Taxation has in this view been divided into Direct and Indirect, more perhaps for purposes of convenience than on any matter of principle. The distinction is subtle;—by Holaind a direct tax is that laid on persons, their property, their business or their income; indirect, that which is laid upon commodities before they reach the consumer. Somewhat in the same way but perhaps a little more clearly Devas says, “distinguish direct taxes where the payer is the person intended to be the bearer of the tax, from indirect taxes where the payer is meant to shift the burden on someone else.” Seemingly a rather useless distinction it becomes of value here in the United States where according to our Constitution, the national government derives its support from indirect taxes, while those which are considered direct are left to the individual states, according to our definition direct taxes are those laid on property, whether real or personal, on rents of lands or houses, on wages, and finally the most direct of all direct taxation, the Poll or capitation tax. Adam Smith held that the latter, so far as it is levied on the lower class of people, became a

tax on labor, and therefore distasteful, but even more disagreeable does it become when viewed as a fee upon the privilege of citizenship, or when imposed only upon those who vote at the elections, as a fine for the performance of a duty. We have included the tax on labor in the summary of the direct taxes, but according to our definition taken from Father Devas, it should rather be considered as indirect, for the burden of payment would be shifted at once from the employee to his employer by a simple raise in his valuation of his work.

A tax on wages is both unjust and destructive; the existence of all society depends upon the labor of its members and if a tax is to be laid upon the incentive to labor, it will discourage this never very inviting duty. Again when we leave the working classes, the determination of the wages of other members of society becomes more and more difficult and equality is again left behind. Taxes on profits and the rents of lands are in equity enforceable for the reason of their protection by society but again the question enters of the expediency of their taxation; on profits it should be always moderate, otherwise there is grave danger that production and the accumulation of wealth, the life of national prosperity, would be discouraged and eventually cease. Taxes on rents, might, if allowed to grow excessive, eventuate in the idleness of the otherwise productive territory, this would necessitate an unusually high rate on unproductive lands as an offset, and the one tax operating against the

other would end in detriment to both government and governed. This mention of taxation on land serves as an introduction to our last class of indirect taxes, those levied on real and personal property, the connection being that land forms one of the greatest divisions of real property, or as it is otherwise known, real estate. The tax in either case is very difficult to collect, but much more so for personal than real property, where it is so easy of concealment. If such a tax were laid it were well that it should be almost infinitely light, that temptation be reduced to a minimum. It has the additional inconvenience of tending to deprive the poorer citizens of such aids to a comfortable existence as they might otherwise afford to have, and when, as has been done, it is imposed upon such conveniences, nay such necessities as window lights, it unjustly deprives them of those blessings which were intended equally for all. There is more in favor of the taxation of real property, but we would advocate the exemption of such a minimum as would be necessary for the strict support of the owner, if such a minimum could be well determined. Real property is less easily concealed than others and less fraud is possible. This tax, if properly adjusted would discourage the large unproductive holdings of rich citizens, and by turning over the large private grounds and parks of such men would increase both the public revenue and national prosperity.

The income tax, it seems must be given a special place in our article; econ-

omists cannot come to a peaceful decision as to whether it is in its nature direct, or indirect and so we will, like many others, evade the subject altogether. It would seem at first to be the one most equitable and most easily assessed, but in practice is beset with the same difficulties that render the taxing of wages impracticable. In the first place it is obnoxious and vexatious if the assessors have to pry into the private affairs of families, or the sworn statements of the contributor are relied on then the honest man will have to bear the greater burden, and a premium is placed on dishonesty. The income is seldom permanent, and a tax which might at one time be fair, would perhaps, through the vicissitudes of fortune, become most unjust. The sole tax, proposed by some political charlatans under the pretence of simplicity and economy which would levy but a single tax, and from that derive all the revenue of the state, belongs also more or less to the hybrid class in which we are forced to leave the income tax. But whether applied, as some suggest, to incomes, or as some others wish, to land alone, a sole tax is highly objectionable. In the first case we find all the deficiencies and offensiveness of the income tax greatly increased and aggravated; in the second we find the burden, the whole burden resting upon "a capital which must be preserved in its integrity." "Were it adopted" says Devas, "it would in the first incidence, oppress the husbandman; in the second incidence, it would raise the price of the necessaries of life,

and by its repercussion it would destroy the most permanent source of state revenues. There remains then, but the internal revenue, Excise, duties on Exports and Imports, and with a consideration of these forms of taxation we will conclude.

The first two, internal revenue and excise duties are very similar and are indeed by the Encyclopaedia Britannica considered as identical. They consist in a duty paid on home goods either in process of their manufacture or before their sale to the home consumer, but it interferes so directly with the industry and liberty of the subjects that it should be introduced only on such commodities as are regarded by them as luxuries. Liquors and tobaccos might well bear the greater part of the burden of the internal revenue or excise duty. It exists too in the shape of licenses, "such as to kill game, to use and carry guns, to sell gold and silver plate, to pursue the business of appraisers, auctioneers, hawkers, or pedlars, pawnbrokers, or patent medicine vendors, to manufacture tobacco or snuff, to deal in sweets, or in foreign wines, to make vinegar, to roast malt, or to use a still in chemistry or otherwise." Excise, by reason of its own intrinsic vexatiousness never could have been popular, but it must have been especially the contrary in the time of Dr. Johnson who defined it in his Dictionary as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches, hired by those to whom the excise is paid." The greatest evils of the internal rev-

enue taxes, and the ones to be most carefully avoided are the increased cost, sometimes even prohibitive cost, to the consumer, and the grave danger of encouraging adulteration. The latter should be safeguarded by the most stringent investigations and legislations. Custom duties, or taxes on the export or import of commodities rank among the most ancient, as they continue to prevail as one of the most common modes in all countries of levying revenue for public service; but "as every rose hath its thorn" so has every tax its inconvenience. That of the latter is that it offers to more unscrupulous traders temptations to fraud. This fraud, which takes the form of smuggling is only to be checked by the most careful administration, by a system proceeding as far as possible on the simplicity of generally recognized principles and by duties so moderate in amount as to reduce to a minimum these temptations to the evasion of the law.

A custom duty on the import of commodities has to be paid by the home consumer; the incidence is shifted from the importing merchant to the consumer by a simple raise in the standard of value. It comes to be an excellent source of revenue provided the rates are not to be made so high as to be prohibitive, else it would defeat its own end. By increasing the rate on a certain class of goods it becomes a protective tariff for the encouragement of particular industries which would otherwise leave an important source of wealth unproductive. A duty on exports has on the

other hand to be paid by the foreign consumer, one of the most agreeable forms of taxation that could be conceived, were it not that it tends to cripple their own home industries both by the danger of successful foreign competition and by discouraging manufactures that cannot find a ready disposition of their goods in an overcrowded home market; and of course the opposite also holds, that it may be resorted to as a means of keeping at home a sufficient supply of the otherwise exported necessities for home consumption.

EPILOGUE. If in the preceding investigation we have failed to determine

upon the precise system which would embrace all the rules which we have set down, the failure is not so very surprising; it but adds one more to the vast number that have gone before, and the public must continue to be patient with the defects of the existing methods, which are due to the natural imperfections of human wisdom, both in the making and the application of its laws. We have done what we could to state and explain the rules of the "art of so plucking the goose as to obtain the greatest amount of feathers with the smallest amount of squealing."

ROBERT EMMET FITZGERALD, '06.

THE CALL OF MAY

*Away from worldly toil and strife
The poet wends his way,
With joy he leaves the lowly life
To heed the call of May.*

*His eyes feast on the waving trees,
His ears enchanted seem,
His heart—like the dancing waters
That sparkle in yonder stream.*

*The loveliest month of all the year
Holds him within her charm,
He does not care, he does not fear
He leans on Nature's arm.*

B. A. Budde, '10.

THE AGNOSTIC

*A deep and tragic dream,
Where phantoms seem
To rule and guide !
This, he sees in life !
He beholds a ghastly strife
Of specter-human forms to live:
But what can give
Them life ? He cannot see.
Are they unreal ? They vanish from his side !
Can they e'er be
But in his wondrous dream ?
His dream ! Perhaps no dream but stern reality !
He ne'er will know.
He cannot deem
That aught be so !
The specter forms that he has seen,
On certainty,—
A prop that cannot be,—
For life and substance lean.
And thus away
He floats o'er life's great sea
In doubt and misery,
A fool that will not live a happy day.*

Anthony B. Diepenbrock, '08.

EL MAYOR DOMO

Dusk had given way to darkness and in the heavens the little stars peeped forth in myriads, twinkling contentedly as they surveyed from their lofty heights the beauty of the Arizona night. From below the camp came, borne on the soft prairie wind, the low and trample of the herd. Far off a coyote disturbed the quiet with his dismal howl answered now and again by a fellow in another direction, the one crying out to the other in anticipation of a feast on the morrow when the camp should move.

In the camp the dishes had been washed and lay in rows drying in the air to be ready for the meal in the morning. Scattered out in groups lay the men on their blankets talking of various topics, of the experiences of the day, of the latest news from town. The lights on their cigarettes that flared, then dimmed, then flared again, looked like so many little fire flies lost in that vast area. Now one described a parabola like a miniature shooting star as the discorder blew out from his lungs the last draw and joined in the general talk and laugh or rolling himself in his blankets, resigned himself to the care of Morpheus.

Apart from the rest lay the major domo, a tall, bronzed dark-haired son of the plains, slender of limb and broad of shoulder. Since first he could ride a horse he had lived on the ranch, and gradually had worked himself to the

place he now occupied as boss. All liked him. His ambition had been to become major domo and in that position he felt that he could ask Lottie to marry him. He had always loved her and Lottie, the daughter of old Joe, the prospector, had watched his success with him, for she loved him and was waiting.

The prairie by starlight is always conducive to thought and through his mind one idea chased another until all were banished by the ever predominating one. His cigarette went out and he lit it again, watching the match absently until it nearly burned his fingers. He had worked hard all his life since he had first known her and now his labor was to be rewarded. Only a week past and he had left her with the promise that when he should come back from this trip they would be wed. He could see her now as they stood at the old well in the twilight of the evening before he left. He had asked her then and she had told him yes.

"When you come back this time Lonzo, I will be ready." And he had kissed her good-bye as he rode out happy, at peace with the world, thrilled with the joy of living.

He drew in a mighty breath of the air out of pure happiness and contentment and cast the long neglected cigarette away.

"Boys, it's going to rain before morning, I guess."

A few sleepy answers were returned from those who as yet had not found forgetfulness.

Lonzo pulled his blanket over him and before long nothing but the sound of the herd and the call of the weird coyote disturbed the quiet.

When he awoke all was confusion and the rain was coming down in torrents. He drew his slicker on and sat up. A man came up from the herd.

"They're mighty restless, Lonzo, and the thunder scares 'em pretty bad. Better get the boys out."

"All right, go on back, we'll all be down in a hurry."

Horses were quickly saddled and soon around the herd, a seething mass of backs and horns, the cowboys formed a great circle, talking in low voices to the cattle. The rain poured down and now and again a flash of lightning pierced the darkness and in the blackness that followed the thunder came, and all the time that sea of dark forms moved in the restless circle. Then suddenly as a great bolt of light leapt from the clouds, with one accord the herd bolted. Ahead of the avalanche rode the major domo, his gun flashing as he went, in a vain effort to stop the maddened flight, while all around the sharp reports told that the men were doing their best in every direction.

On, on they went, and above the noise of the rain their hoof beats sounded like the dull echoes of distant canon shots, while at intervals the lightning zigzagged through the air and

lit up the scene of confusion; then the thunder broke forth, only to frighten the infuriated animals the more. All around the cowboys rode their perilous ride, their guns flashing. The rain stung their faces, their hands became almost numb and their breath came in sharp gasps that whistled through their teeth.

Ahead rode the major domo. The wind blew the cutting rain full in his face, but he did not notice it. His mind was busy with other thoughts. Those maddened, frightened animals must be held. It meant months of hard labor wasted should they scatter. They must not. He shouted until his voice refused to utter other than hoarse, guttural sounds, and his gun was hot from incessant use. He thought of her. How much longer should he have to wait if those creatures were not stopped. His gun broke forth again and he tried in vain to shout.

He turned in his saddle to look back by the lightning flashes and as he did so he was jerked violently and his horse sank to the ground, with a cry that sounded above the roar of the cattle, its leg broken in a prairie hole. The man dizzily tried to rise, but his leg lay under the horse. Then he realized. A thousand hoofs that beat unmercifully all upon which they trod, a death too horrible to think of. In frenzy he strove to extricate his foot; he called aloud to God, to her, and all the time the avalanche swept on. He felt the wind then, the wind fanned into action by the moving bodies. He bent near the horse;

a great cry rang from his very soul and then—darkness.

An unaccountable something, which only God can know, had swerved that mighty mass to one side and over the horse and rider only a few of the animals had passed, but he had been trampled and kicked into unconsciousness.

The herd swept on over the prairie and foothills until morning, then the storm broke and before the sun had risen they had been quieted to an extent. The men worn with their long ride stood in little groups and told one another all about it. It was only then that the major domo was missed. It was not noticed at first, but when he did not come the men became anxious and a party went back to look for him. They never found him.

Some Indians on their way back from the mountain where they had been gathering acorns, happened upon a man wandering aimlessly about the foothills. His clothes were torn to shreds, his hair matted with the clotted blood from several raw cuts in the head. His face too was torn and blood stained and he limped painfully. No image seemed to penetrate the glassy surface of his eyes. The Indians took him to a stream and cleaned off the blood from his head and face and bound his injured leg. They could ask him nothing to which he would respond. He did not seem to understand but gazed now with undisguised wonder upon everything. They put him on a horse and he, without a single protestation or struggle, followed

them. Life to him had found a new beginning and all that had entered his existence before the hoofs of the herd had trampled him was blank.

For years he lived with the Indians. Their language was his language, their ways his ways. He knew no others. He never left the reservation. To him there was no other place. What existed beyond the mountains he had never dreamed of fathoming.

Ten years passed thus. Then one day he had been breaking a horse. Some people passing through the reservation had stopped to watch him. He surely was a past master at the art. No movement could the horse make that he did not follow with an easy grace. Tall and subtle he bent to and fro as the horse leapt, swerved or stopped. The watchers were extremely interested and cried with delight at each new move of man or beast. Then things got mixed for a second and so swift was the accident that no one realized what had happened until in a cloud of dust they saw the man rise from the ground. Close beside him lay his saddle with a broken cinch strap. Two or three of the men ran to help him but no one heard the "hell" that he uttered as he picked himself up. It was the first word of his own language that he had spoken in ten years.

The watchers left him in a moment, after dusting the dirt off of him and hoping he wasn't hurt. They thought he was dazed and one looking back shook his head, "Got a pretty hard knock I guess." But into the mind of

the man memories were crowding so fast that all was a jumbled beginless and endless mass.

He sat down upon the saddle and tried to straighten things out. By degrees he recalled the past. The herd, the fall of his horse, and then the girl. It seemed only yesterday that he had left her and she had promised to be his wife when he came back this time.

Hearose and sought the old woman who had kept him during his stay at the Reservation. She told him it was ten years since he had first come. He laughed at her and wouldn't believe her. Then he saddled up his horse and started across the mountains. He rode along cheerfully and care-free, not a doubt entered his mind. The miles seemed to stretch unending before him but he covered each one with complete satisfaction. The sun was low, just taking one last look at the world before it sank away to another watch, when a man rode up to the ranch house. He jumped off his horse and took off the bridle. An old man greeted him.

"Howdy? Where from?"

"Howdy? Just came up from below. It's some time since I was here last, I guess, things look different. There's a new place. Who lives there?" He gazed around, perhaps the old woman was right.

"That's where the boss lives now. He's a new man come from Texas after our other boss got killed some ten years back. Good man, married old Joe's daughter."

The bridle fell from the major domo's hand. He staggered and caught hold

of his saddle. A mighty pounding in his breast almost stifled him and he felt something give way. A lump came into his throat which he could not swallow.

The old man talked on. "Yes, married Lottie. Got two nice kids. There they are off there playin'."

The major domo mechanically put the bridle back on his horse as the animal finished drinking at the trough. He looked at the house, then off to where two little children were amusing themselves pulling and tugging at a little goat who aimably tolerated their mistreatment.

The old man was still rambling on in his undulating tones when the Major domo mounted.

"Not going already, are ye? Better come in and get a bite to eat. It's late, and you better stay over till morning."

But the other was slowly riding toward the gate, his head bent low, and his face contorted.

"Hm, damn queer man that," and the old man, after watching him a moment, turned back to the house. "Must a been took with cramps or some other onery unsociable disease."

Out through the gate the man rode. A door in the house slammed and a woman's voice rose to call the children. He did not dare look back. A slight shiver shook his frame and the thumping increased in his breast. He tried hard to swallow the lump in his throat and with his head bent still lower he followed the moonlight trail back to the Indian reservation.

IVO G. BOGAN, '08.

A PAGAN'S PRAYER

I know that somewhere Thou must be
 For everywhere
On land and sea
 Where'er I look I always find
 The product of Thy master mind;
 And so this prayer
I whisper to the sighing wind
 That it may bear
It to Thine ear, great unknown Deity.
 Long have I sought Thee, Lord, through trial and pain;
 Long have I sought Thee yet I sought in vain,

For in my youth
I wished to know the truth
 Of life's great mystery.
I sought to pierce the veil
 Beyond life's end.
I strove to send
My voice—a feeble wail—
 Into the vastness of eternity.
Yet was I doomed to fail.
 Now wheresoe'er about I cast my eye
 I see that all things earthly live to die.

Yet is the light
Of Heaven above me just as bright,
 The beauteous earth
 As wondrous fair
 As at my birth,
 And in the air
The birds sing sweeter every spring.
 My God, I sigh
To gaze upon each living, pulsing thing
 And think that all must die.
But Lord, my heart will yield not to despair.
How can it when Thy work is everywhere?

 Still will I grope
Blindly before me toward Thy light.
 Still will I hope
That if I only live my life aright
 All will be well;
 That Death will break the spell
That keeps Thee from my sight.
 Still will I trust,
 Great God, for Thou art just.
 Thou wilt not see
The life sink into dust
 Which springs from Thee.

M. T. Dooling, Jr., '09.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF APRIL 18, 1906

(Concluded)

New courage then was born in the heart of every one of us as we set to work to dynamite the buildings a few blocks ahead of the fire. Exhausted though we were from the hardships we had gone through since early morning, and though the strain on our nerves was terrible, we made up our minds that we should conquer and that the flames must yield.

Buildings were thrown down as if made of cardboard. The roar and concussion of the dynamiting were so great that it seemed as if we should be racked to pieces; for every time there was a discharge of the explosive, the ground would rock and quiver and tremble as if there were another earthquake. Yet the men heeded not, for they were fighting the battle of their lives. Difficult, dangerous commands, too, naturally had to be given, but not a man shrunk from obedience.

Everything was going in our favor and it looked as if we should win the fight before night, when all of a sudden above the din and cannonading we heard the bugles sounding "recall". What! Recall, just in the moment of victory! There must be some mistake. But no. Another call rings out, and it is to "fall into companies." Puzzled, vexed, we obey. It is not ours to reason. Then the bugles sing out a third time,—"the fire call." Some one

shouted, "the Hayes Valley's afire," and looking across to that section of the city we had hoped to save we saw a volume of smoke and flame issuing above the housetops. Gathering every bit of strength and speed we had left in us, we ran to the scene. We thought we might check the fire while still small.—But no small fire this, under such circumstances; three buildings were already at the mercy of the flames.

We knew then that we were beaten and that nothing would stop the devilish onslaught till it had ceased of its own accord. From early morn we had fought to try and check the dread enemy, and then just at a time when it seemed as if we could win, to see another fire break out at a place which we had worked so hard to save—this tore the last hope out of our hearts. We were utterly discouraged, and the poor, worn out, exhausted men, who had striven to conquer all day, went around broken hearted. For it was not as it was yesterday and the day before. Great changes had taken place in a few hours. Many of the boys had left their homes in the morning without letting their folks or relatives know where they were going. Now their homes were destroyed and their dear ones fleeing with the rest for a place of safety.

But these were the thoughts of a mere

moment. It was the time of action. This new fire was spreading rapidly and would soon join with the main conflagration raging on the east side of Van Ness Avenue. St. Ignatius Church lay right in its path. Now if there was anything dear to the heart of San Franciscans it was the church of St. Ignatius. A magnificent temple, for years it had been the admiration of strangers, the pride of the citizens, a gem of church architecture, and of church decoration, the most beautiful sacred edifice west of St. Louis. Was it to be doomed, was it to fall a victim to the flames? Not if human hearts could do anything. But alas! human hearts could do nothing. We dynamited all the buildings around it, hoping to save it. The flames laughed hideously at our efforts, and tore wildly on over the buildings that had been blown down, anxious to meet its bigger comrade. They did meet, and thus reinforced, they licked their fiery tongues around beautiful St. Ignatius. A burst of flames broke out from it—and we knew St. Ignatius Church would soon be a mass of embers. Sad it was, for there were those who loved that beautiful temple as they loved their own homes; yea, even more, for they bore stolidly the destruction of their own hearths, but wept bitterly when they saw the flames leap from the steeple of St. Ignatius.

Of no further use, and even in danger, we were ordered to move out to the western end of the fire and begin anew our fight.

When the Hayes Valley fire broke out it was not known at first how it started. Rumors were floating around that fiends had done their dastardly work; others said it was a woman who was the cause of it. Orders were issued that the incendiary should be taken dead or alive. There was a hasty clicking of rifles as the men grimly threw shells into their chambers and swore that they would get revenge on those guilty of the crime. Scouts were dispatched in every direction to look for them.

We had not proceeded far when a scout returned bringing a woman prisoner. Marching up to the commanding officer and saluting, "Here is the criminal, sir," he said. We looked and were surprised to find a woman the cause of such an act. Our blood was boiling with rage for we had thought at first the miscreant was a man, and if it had been he certainly would have got his deserts. As it was a woman we had to think of her sex instead of what she had done. She was taken to the Presidio and kept a prisoner till she was tried, and later on set free. For she had not acted maliciously. Hers was only another example of the disastrous consequences of private judgment despising the authority of those in power. Strict orders had been issued that there should be no fires in the homes, for nearly every chimney in the city had been damaged by the temblor. She disobeyed. A sentry on duty, close by, seeing the smoke issuing from the chimney, warned her of the danger. She

heeded his words merely until he had gone, and then re-kindled the fire with such direful results.

I said, after the burning of St. Ignatius we took up a new position. This was in the neighborhood of our Armory and it was here that this Hayes Valley fire was first checked on its western side. Within, in the magazines of the Armory were stored thousands of shells and arms. These were quickly moved to a place of safety. We then set in dynamiting one whole block, and as the flames crept to the fallen buildings we all rushed in on them, as if we were charging the enemy's forces and beat them back till they burnt themselves out.

The sun had already set and the hours of night were falling over the stricken city, but one did not know it, for the flames lit up the horizon for miles around. Fatigue now began to assert itself, and many of the men wearied and exhausted had to be taken to the rear. It was, therefore, very welcome news when we learned that fresh troops had arrived in the city and were even then marching to relieve us. When the last order was turned over to the new arrivals we heard the joyous notes of the buglesounding for the old and wornout Regiments to fall in line. We were withdrawn to a place where we were fed for the first time since being called out in the early morning. After this we threw ourselves on the ground and never did tired eyes close in a more refreshing sleep.

Our rest, however, was to be of short

duration. For the bugle soon sang out again and we were in line once more for duty. But it was a new kind of duty. Thousands had taken refuge from the flames in the parks and in the lots of the city, and these thousands had to be fed and sheltered. Few had money to buy, and frequently dealers who had to sell, raised the prices of necessaries exorbitantly. It did not take the Military long to settle this matter. Troops were placed in the various stores with orders to hand everything over to the people free of charge.

An incident concerning looting may not be uninteresting. A garage was being used as a temporary morgue for the dead victims and was in charge of a detachment of troops. The bodies would be brought in and laid out just as they were found. Many of them were burnt beyond recognition, while the features of others could still be distinguished. A sentry, walking his post, found a body minus its fingers. Upon a closer examination, he noticed that these fingers had not been burnt off, but had been cut off. He immediately reported this fact to his Sergeant, who on inquiring found that several more bodies had been treated in the same way. The alarm was quickly and quietly spread to the rest of the detachment that the bodies were being robbed of their jewelry. The public who were in the morgue at the time were watched but all efforts failed to uncover a clue. A closer scrutiny was kept and a few days after it proved successful. A negro

came in one morning and walked over to the section reserved for the colored dead, as if looking for some dead friend. Soon the sentries, their time up, went to an adjoining room where they would be relieved and whence the new sentries would go forth. This was the moment waited for by the negro. He quickly made his way to where the white bodies lay and began his butchery. But alas for him, this was just the time suspected, and therefore watched by a sentry who lay concealed. He permits the fiend to operate long enough to demonstrate his guilt conclusively, and then steps out of his hiding place and covers him with his rifle. The negro, seeing the game was up, calmly surrendered. He was tried before a drumhead court-martial, proven guilty, and condemned. At daybreak the next morning, the unfortunate man was led forth before a picked firing squad and suffered the penalty fit for all looters.

The fire raged four days before it was finally brought under control. On the fifth day as there was no danger of the fire spreading any further we were recalled to take a much needed rest.

We had been almost constantly on duty since the first day of the fire, and the hardships we had endured without rest had told on us. Out of all the men who had started out with us only about one-half were present. The strain had been too much for the others, and they had fallen out from exhaustion. All however, showed up later except a few who never will answer rollcall on this earth again. Their lives had passed in-

to eternal rest in trying to do their utmost in saving San Francisco.

After several hours repose we were ordered to pitch camp, for we should have to remain on duty for several weeks.

In looking down Market Street towards the Ferry Building, it seemed as if it were a dream to see the smoldering ruins of San Francisco. In ninety-six hours over four hundred square blocks had been destroyed, which meant the loss of millions of dollars.

The people that were made refugees were well looked after, for order was now restored and everything was done to a system. Very few disturbances were recorded, and this fact speaks eloquently for the uprightness and self control of the citizens of San Francisco. Two hundred thousand were left homeless and yet it was remarkable how they bore up, under the awful strain they had undergone.

They did not sit quiet when they saw their city laid low, but started right in to plan, and build a greater metropolis. The ashes of the old City were not yet cold when the new one was commenced. And see what progress has been made in two years!

We were on duty six weeks when we received the joyful news that we were discharged. The few of us who had homes left returned to them to don once more the civilians clothes.

Looking back on old memories, we had an exciting experience, but who of us would have missed it? For we had the honor of serving San Francisco

when she needed it most. And now that we see her once again rapidly assuming her proper station among the leading cities of the world it is very

pleasant to reflect that we had some slight share at least in the work of her preservation.

JAMES C. MARTIN, '12.

THE LIFE FOR ME

*Thro' cranny and crook
The sportive brook
Murmurs its fitful tune.*

*And I love to dream
By the crystal stream
As o'er its depths I croon.*

*While echoing long
A heavenly song
Rings thro' the scented dell,*

*Where the tall grass heaves
And the deep green leaves
Are weaving their mystic spell.*

*O would that I—
With many a sigh—
Could be alone and free.*

*For the woodman's life
With naught of strife
Is surely the life for me!
Eug. F. Morris, '10.*

A SLIGHT EMBARRASSMENT

Our modern street car ! What memories revolve in our minds at the mention of this human freight-van !—memories of incidents, serious and humorous, but all tending to make up the program of events scheduled to the minute for that certain space of time, a day.

I daresay, I've had about as many queer experiences while riding on the cars of the United Railroads in San Francisco, as the average passenger can reasonably expect to have; some were trying in the extreme, and I believe that I would do almost anything, rather than go through them again.

I was recounting a few the other night to a gay little coterie, and in my enthusiasm was getting somewhat conceited over the number of times in which I played the hero, when Harry Halliger flippantly remarked that my experiences didn't begin to compare with his, and that not till I had gone through an embarrassment similar to the one he suffered last August on a Third Street car, could I afford to talk. Of course, this was the signal for a challenge from myself and the others, and the amiable Harry rose at once to the occasion like a man that has a title to defend.

Halliger is a good-hearted fellow, a general favorite with the boys, and has the happiness of being the son of a well-to-do family in the city; his parents dote on him, and as for his two sisters,—well, they just think he is the grandest brother that ever lived. Be that as it

may, we won't dispute with the dear girls, but will only consider the fact that this charming relation of theirs had been granted a two weeks' vacation by his employer and that he had determined, as he warmly assured us interested listeners, to get the best he possibly could out of it.

Taking, as he supposed, sufficient money for a fortnight's stay at the beach, he hied himself to Santa Cruz, paid for his room and board in advance, and then proceeded, as he himself expressed it, to "do" the town. Instead, this picturesque little seaside resort, with its innumerable attractions, care-free visitors, and swarms of fleecing gentry, soon "did" him, and, at the end of six days, the unfortunate young fellow, found himself high and dry with but twenty cents in his pocket, and the unpleasant thought of having now to keep aloof from the whirl of pleasure for the balance of the time, continually forcing itself on his mind.

A fine predicament this, for cheery, debonair Harry Halliger, the pride of his parents and the admiration of his lovable sisters ! To be sure, he might have telegraphed home for money and gotten it easily, but twenty cents won't buy a telegram. The only thing he could reasonably do then, was to go home, and that as quickly as the next train would carry him. Luckily he had a round-trip ticket, and so he was saved the fatigue and annoyance of walking.

Once ensconced in the comfortable plush seat of the chair-car, he forgot his troubles and breathed a little more freely; but his good feelings did not return alone; no, they were closely attended by his old-time spirit of lavishness and unable to resist this, he recklessly unburdened himself of fifteen of the twenty cents, and then discreetly put away the remaining five for the car-fare he would need when he would reach the city.

The run from Santa Cruz to San Francisco is a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, consequently Harry had plenty of time during his visit to the smoker and his lounging in the chair-car to get up a plausible little story for the folks at home, anent his sudden return. In fact, he was just rehearsing it for the last time, when the rumbling noise of the express brought him to a sense of his surroundings as it puffed and thundered into the terminal at Third and Townsend. Lifting up his suitcase he alighted and leisurely worked his way through the crowded sheds till he emerged on the sidewalk in front of the depot. There he found that his car had already started. Nothing daunted he proceeded to sprint for it and after half a block's chase, caught up to it.

As usual, it was packed with passengers from the incoming trains. With some difficulty Harry had appropriated the only square inch left on the foot-board and was squirming about in an effort to get a little more room, when raising his head, he looked directly into the face of Miss Audine Babbit, a very

dear young lady acquaintance of his, who was sitting on the platform seat tightly wedged in between a portly old gentleman and a little slip of a girl. He had just about finished telling the young lady how well she looked, when, with a shock he remembered his solitary nickel now lying in state in his vest pocket. Of a sudden, the blood mounted to his cheeks and burned there in two bright red spots, then it fled and left him deathly pale. To add to the horror of the situation the conductor was approaching, calling out in blandest tones, "Fares, please, fares, please." Oh! the agony of Halliger! What was he to do? His first impulse was to jump off the car without a word, run for dear life and never speak to the young lady again; but no,—he wouldn't do that, he couldn't afford to thus cruelly sever their ties of friendship.

Still, he must act promptly for that conductor, like the steady workings of fate, was slowly edging up to him. The persistent cry of "Fares, please," seemed to quicken our friend's thoughts, for he had determined to secretly hand his watch over for two fares and mentally take the conductor's number, when a brilliant idea suddenly crossed his mind. "Have you paid your fare, Miss Babbit?" he asked in a suave and business-like manner.

"Oh! yes, thank you, Mr. Halliger," she answered sweetly, beaming down on him with a lovely smile.

What a relief! He felt like tossing his hat into the air and yelling for sheer joy, as he parted with that nickel. But

he didn't. Instead,—more luck. The stout old man, sitting near his beloved, got off at the next street corner, and happy Harry, now in his merriest mood, lost no time in making use of the seat.

A few moments later, as the electric

car sped on its way to Market Street, he turned to the conductor with the dignity of a lord and touching him gently on the arm said, "Two transfers, please."

EDWIN E. SIMARD, '11.

EASTER-TIDE

*'Tis Easter-tide throughout the wide
And boundless fields of earth—
And in flower and tree
My heart doth see
The beauty of nature's birth*

*O let it be for thee, my soul
An Easter, too, to live—
Let but the love of the Christ above
Distil into thy heart
And flower and tree
Can never be
As beautiful as thou art.*

William Talbot, '12.

ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH

War had broken out suddenly between the United States and Japan and now while the long absent Pacific Fleet was supposed to be plowing homeward in mid Atlantic, San Francisco for the first time in all her history heard the boom of hostile guns and saw the entire navy of Japan lying outside the Golden Gate.

It was the third of July, 1909. The sun was slowly setting, turning the rolling billows of the intrushing fog bank to radiant silver upon a sea of gold. His last rays shone upon the long low hull of a torpedo boat destroyer lazily raising and falling with the surge of the seas in the lee of New Year's Island. Her hull was painted a dirty brown. Forward and aft her machine guns glistened in the sun. A faint smudge of smoke rose from her stubby stacks and drifted leeward. At her stern the stars and stripes waved defiant in the breeze.

For a week grim and menacing in her dull war paint she had been lying hidden behind the low sand dunes of New Year's Island awaiting an opportunity to sneak out to attack the Japanese Fleet. At times the dull boom of guns beyond the nothern horizon reached their ears telling in plain language that an engagement was going on between the fleet and the shore batteries.

Dusk came, then darkness fell. The fog swirled around. It dripped from the rail and rigging, it ran in little streams from the turtle decked bow. The smoke

from the funnels was gradually increasing in volume, while from an open hatch came the hiss of steam, the clink of shovels striking coal and the occasional squeak and crash of furnace doors slammed shut. The crew were all near their places ready for any emergency that might arise. Some sat upon the deck and kept up a desultory conversation. Two officers paced the bridge, the captain, a grizzled veteran of a score of fights and the other a young lieutenant only a few years out from Minneapolis. The bell up at the light-house struck one and though only a few hundred yards distant it sounded faint and far off.

"This is about the heaviest fog I ever laid eyes on," the captain remarked as he brushed away the drops of water that formed upon the breast of his coat.

"The heavier the better," the young man replied, then asked. "How much longer have we got to wait?"

The captain took out his watch, struck a match and glanced at the dial, then answered, "In twenty minutes it will be half past one. Remember that its the morning of the fourth. We've got to to strike now or—"

"Sink!" the lieutenant interrupted.

Neither spoke. A length of time that seemed an age to the straining nerves of the young man passed by. The bell up at the light-house struck half-past one. Crack! Crack! Crack! a rifle on shore

barked out the pre-arranged signal for departure.

The captain turned and pulled a cord. The tinkle of the bell in the engine room came faintly to their ears. The hatches shut with a harsh grating sound. The volume of smoke pouring from her stacks redoubled. The captain spoke to a group of men leaning upon the rail. A man scrambled out onto the bow and slipped the cable. Again the captain turned and pulled the cord. The water swirled beneath her stern. Slowly the bow bore round to the north. Then with a farewell scream from her whistle she slipped silently away into the darkness bound on her mission of death and destruction.

An hour passed. The men stripped to the waist were standing beside their guns, grim, swaying giants amid the swirling fog. Another hour passed. All was silent save the throb of the engines and the hissing rush of water along her sides. The minute hand was half way round again. Could they have missed the fleet in the fog? The men were straining every nerve to catch a suspicious sound. A patrol launch shot out of the fog ahead. A challenge rang out upon the damp still air. The captain leaned out over the bridge and hissed between his clenched teeth the single word, "Fire!"

Twice the destroyer's twelve pounder spoke and the launch a helpless sinking wreck laden with wounded and dead seemed to shoot past and disappear into the fog astern. All round bugles blared and search-lights smote the fog in vain.

Suddenly, dimly outlined in the foggy darkness a huge hulk appeared. A dark object leaped from the destroyer's bow and struck the water with a splash. Then as she swung upon her heel to hunt new prey amid the fog, the great ship seemed to rise bodily in air and as a deafening roar rang in their ears she sank back into a vortex.

A moment later with all her guns firing wildly at imaginary shapes of her terrible unseen foe the great ship lurched forward and sank bow first beneath the waves.

Thrice more she struck her deadly blows and then unharmed she turned and leaped for the open sea. She cleared the fleet. A waning star appeared through a rift in the fog overhead. A moment later the fog swept out to sea. Already the stars were fading fast. The golden forerunners of approaching dawn crowned the hills behind the Golden Gate.

"Confound it," growled the captain.

"Well, what are you kicking at, we've done our work. Two battleships, an armored cruiser and a scout boat besides that launch ain't bad for one night, so we have 'nt got any kick coming. Foreign critics say that the Japs are the torpedo experts of the world, but after this I think they'll credit Ucle Sam with that title," the lieutenant replied.

"Well we've done our work that's certain, but if I ain't mighty badly mistaken they'll do theirs right now. Oh—," here the captain broke off short.

A gun flashed from a battleship a mile or so astern, an instant later its shell

screamed through the air and plunged into the water a quarter of a mile ahead.

A moment later a half dozen shadowy flame-spitting shapes darted past her and began the chase of the fleeing destroyer. The shells from the six and twelve pounders of the pursuing destroyers were screaming overhead and plunging into the water all about her. As yet she was untouched.

"More speed for your life!" the captain shouted down the speaking tube. "Give her oil, paint, grease, anything you've got that'll make her crawl."

With her whole frame a quivering with the pulsing of her engines the plucky little destroyer raced onward for her life amid the storm of whizzing shells. At her stern the machine guns were giving shot for shot.

The light was becoming stronger now. One of the pursuing destroyers crippled by her well directed fire dropped from its place. The others closed up the vacant place. The enemy were beginning to get the range now. A shell shattered the low signal mast, another drilled a hole through one of the smoke stacks, while still another converted thirty feet of deck rail into junk.

A vague grayish blue appeared against the horizon ahead. "What's that?" the captain shouted pointing towards it with his hand.

"A ship alright. If it's a Japanese our hash is as good as cooked. Ah! why didn't we head north instead of going back on our tracks. Oh! well its just our luck anyway," the lieutenant replied with a crestfallen tone in his voice.

Another loomed up beside it, another and another appeared until over a dozen ranged in a crescent, had appeared. On the destroyer tore straight at the oncoming line.

Were they friends or foes? A breathless moment passed. Under the turtle decked bow in the torpedo room a little group of men crouched expectant beside the tube. The minutes passed. Outlines grew clearer.

The captain lowered the glass he had been using and handed it to the lieutenant saying, "I can't make out their colors" and lowering his voice to a whisper he added, "I think."

The lieutenant leveled the glass. A flash of flame shot from the bow of the nearest, a shell screamed overhead, struck the water close aboard one of the pursuing boats and exploded.

The lieutenant staggered back. The glass slipped from his hands and fell to the deck shattering the lenses into a thousand pieces. "Thank God," he murmured, "we're safe. It's the fleet. I saw the colors by the flash."

A few moments later she dashed past the flag-ship amid a burst of cheers and hove to in the rear to watch the avengers of the starry flag.

That night as the sun cast his last red rays over the horizon they shone upon the fleet, battered but victorious, lying at anchor in San Francisco Bay, and upon a score of shattered, smouldering wrecks scattered along the Californian shore.

NORMAN BUCK, '12.

THE COAST NEAR MOUNT BEN LOMOND

*At the foot of Mount Ben Lomond
Where the land the ocean meets,
There the sea is ever striving
As against the shore it beats.
Ever striving, ever striving
To increase its wide domain.
Ever striving, ever striving
With its allies, wind and rain.*

*But the sturdy granite mountain
In its everlasting fight
E'er resists the sea's encroachments,
Ever braves its fearsome might.
Never listing, e'er resisting
With its front toward the foe;
Ever fighting, ever smiling,
Never in defeat laid low.*

*And they two will fight forever
Till the sands of Time are run
And the hand of God uplifted
Drapes the stars and dims the sun.*

Bernard Hubbard, '10.

THE NAVAL BALL AT THE FAIRMONT

It was Tuesday, the day before the arrival of the Atlantic Fleet, and San Francisco was crowded with innumerable visitors and sightseers. Never before in the history of the great metropolis had there been such an inpouring of humanity; never had such a spirit of good-fellowship and warm-hearted hospitality taken possession of her citizens.

The decorations of the city were elaborate; there was a wealth of waving colors displayed from street to street, and the buildings, and hotels and residences that paralleled the great broad avenues looked their fairest in the delicate draperies that adorned them in rich profusion. Everything was in readiness,—the immense arches with their cheering words of welcome, spelled out in myriads of incandescent globes, the reviewing stands, where the thousands upon thousands were to see the naval and military parade, the wharves where the men were to land, in short, everything was awaiting the sailors from the squadron that had astonished the world.

But there were also people who were expecting other guests besides the seamen from the battleships; there were homes that were being prepared for the reception of friends who had been invited to the city for the days of pleasure to which it was soon to be given over. And if we were to look into the dwelling of the Van Burens on Clay Street, we would find the hostess busying herself

with a few little things in anticipation of a visit from the Thorpes of Southern California.

Mrs. Van Buren and Mrs. Thorpe had been intimate friends all through childhood, but their lots had been cast in different places and consequently they had not seen much of each other for years. Both were the wives of successful business men, and were blessed in their old age by the cheering presence of sons and daughters.

Even now, Mr. and Mrs. Van Buren were awaiting the return of their son Jack who had gone to the depot to meet their guests. But they had not long to wait, for the door soon opened and in he came with Mrs. Thorpe and her daughter Helen, a tall, graceful-looking girl of about twenty, who, after the usual salutations had been exchanged, fervidly expressed her appreciation of the kindness that had been shown to herself and mother.

In a short time all were seated around the dinner table eagerly talking of the southland and the wonderful festive appearance of the city, that clearly bespoke the days of happiness in store for Admiral Evans and his gallant men. Though this was their first meeting, Jack and Helen had already formed quite a friendship. By degrees they skillfully managed to lose interest in the general conversation and, without causing any particular attention, were soon enjoying a little *tete-a-tete* by

themselves. Both were well educated, had similar tastes in many things, and hence easily passed from one subject to another with pleasing variety. In a burst of confidence, Jack told his fair visitor that he had just received invitations to attend the grand ball that was to be given in honor of the Admirals and officers of the Fleet in the Fairmont Hotel, on the night of May 11 th. Of course, she would go, he was sure of that; and then, besides the fine time they would have, it would be the occasion of their lives to meet and be introduced to the very flower of the navy. And so the conversation rippled on pleasantly for an hour or more, and finally, when all rose from the table, visions of Rear Admirals and Captains and the elegantly appointed ball room of the palatial hostelry on Nob Hill, passed in review before the delighted minds of Miss Thorpe and her companion.

It was late that night before there was any sleep in the Van Buren home. The next morning, however, found them out bright and early, speeding away in their new Thomas car toward the Presidio, where there were excellent vantage points from which to view the Fleet as it would steam in through the Golden Gate and take position in San Francisco Bay. Their high expectations were well satisfied; a grand sight met their eyes, and one that they always remembered,—the magnificent warships solemnly filing through the narrow channel and into the harbor, beyond which, they stationed themselves

in long graceful maneuvers. Moreover, the enormous crowds contributed largely to the thrill and excitement of the scene and the cheering when the Fleet appeared, was enough to inspire patriotism and pride of country in the breasts of the most indolent and sluggish.

All that day, and the next—the day of the great parade, the two families enjoyed themselves to the full, seeing everything that was of interest and riding from one end of the gaily decked city to the other. At nightfall the theaters afforded an agreeable climax to the pleasures of the day.

But the one grand function that stood uppermost in the minds of all, was the naval ball set for May 11 th. The old folks as well as the young looked forward to it with a good deal of pleasure, and when the morning of the great day at last dawned, there was an unusual flutter of excitement in the residents of the Clay street home. As the day advanced and the air grew warmer and more brilliant with sunshine, the spirits of Jack and Helen, at least, seemed to rise proportionately higher.

The family and visitors had just taken their seats at dinner, when Jack was called to answer the phone. He returned shortly with the news that he was wanted at the office of his employer, who requested him to transact some pressing business with a gentleman living about thirty miles out of town. As was to be expected the information fell like a blow on parents and guests alike. Still, as much as he regretted it, he had

to start to the office immediately, where some papers and an auto were awaiting him. His parting words were an assurance that he would be back in seasonable time and a request that they themselves would be more than half ready when he would return.

It didn't take him long to reach his employer, and by two o'clock he was fairly out of the city spinning along the road at a lively rate. One only thought held sway in Jack's mind during the long journey, and that was of Helen; somehow or other he felt himself much drawn to her of late, and whether he willed it or not the image of her pretty face was ever before him. Perhaps it was his desire to return to her as quickly as possible that made him increase his speed and reach his destination in the incredibly short space of time that he did. In fact he was much surprised himself when, covered with dust, he stopped his machine in front of a neat little house and then took out his watch and saw how early it was.

The quickness, however, that marked his journey from the city, seemed to abandon him when it was a question of getting back. There was so much dilly-dallying in the transaction of the business between this out-of-town man and himself that it was after six before he had turned his auto toward home and was once again driving along the deserted road.

All went nicely for the first part of the trip and Jack was already congratulating himself on the splendid time he was making when suddenly as he

rounded a sharp turn in the road, off went a tire. Crash! bang! the wheel was shattered, the car turned up on its side and the ill-starred Jack went sprawling in the dust. Though stunned a little, he jumped to his feet at once and surveying matters for an instant, muttered to himself, "Well, now here's a pretty mess! No house within ten miles and no chance of ever righting this car! Oh! what am I going to do? What will I say to Helen? Oh! for a horse or a bicycle, or anything to get away from this wretched place!" He looked around, up and down the road, but no friendly helper was in sight; no one to offer him a suggestion or to set him aright.

Truly, here was a sorry spectacle!— Jack Van Buren by the side of a broken down automobile, on a gloomy old road, dirty and dusty, alone in his misery and miles away from the dearest girl he ever rested his eyes on! Ah, yes! this last fact was what galled him. To think that Helen was waiting for him at home and that he had promised to be there early to take her to the ball!

But it was already seven o'clock and this business of staring at the machine wouldn't help matters any. So doing what he could to put the wreck in a less conspicuous part of the road, and gritting his teeth with determination, he struck off at a brisk pace in the direction of home.

In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Van Buren, thinking that their son would soon return, had gone with Helen's

mother, leaving the young lady to await the arrival of Jack.

Needless to say, Miss Thorpe felt nervous and anxious over the protracted absence of her friend. She tried to be calm and persuade herself that he was making a few extra arrangements for the ball before coming to the house, and that after all, it was just as well for them both to start a little bit late so that they could enjoy the illuminations and fireworks given by the city in honor of the fleet.

This was a new thought for the poor girl; nevertheless, acting under the inspiration she once more arranged her pretty gown, and went over to the parlor window. It was half-past nine but Jack could not be seen in the street. What she did see though was a silvery moon shining down on a city brilliant with electric dressings and gay with happy throngs. The clock on the wall struck ten and Helen, on the verge of tears, left the window and began to pace up and down the room. Just then a light, agile footstep sounded on the walk outside and her heart gave a

great bound as Jack's youthful figure burst into the parlor.

"Why Helen, my dear girl! You here all alone? Oh! look at the condition of my clothes and let me tell you the cause of my unpardonable delay." Then he went on telling her his troubles, until he won from her such sympathetic looks and expressions that he felt more than repaid for his long, dreary walk from that ill-fated automobile.

Despite the hour, it did not take them a very long time to determine how they should spend the rest of the night. And then when we come to think of it, who can say that they did not have a better time in their Clay Street home, than if they had attended the grand naval function at the Fairmont? Besides, Jack had been thinking seriously the last few days of a plan that would influence their future lives; he had been waiting for a chance to give expression to his little scheme, and now that the opportunity presented itself, I'll wager anything that he lost no time in seizing it.

HARDIN BARRY, '11.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

This month the REDWOOD announces the establishment of a gold medal to be known as the Redwood Medal, and to be awarded annually to the successful competitor in whatever literary work the faculty shall consider most deserving. This year it has been thought best to offer it, in place of the Accolti

medal, which has been withdrawn, for the best essay on the Mission San Diego. As it has been made possible and established by the earnings of the REDWOOD it is only right that it should be given for something which may appear in the REDWOOD, and we intend to publish the winning essay. However,

we should like to suggest that, if some other prize could be found to take the place of the Accolti, the Redwood medal might hereafter be awarded for something more broadly literary, as, for instance, the best article which would appear in the REDWOOD during the school year. Thus student interest would be aroused and student ambition stimulated and the REDWOOD would reap the benefit of its own gift directly in the additional contributions, which such a prize would call forth. In any event we are glad to announce the founding of the Redwood medal. It is a concrete demonstration that the REDWOOD is something more for the student than a source of monthly expense.

The announcement of the gold medals to be awarded at the end of the year should be followed by a great amount of interest on the part of the students. There is, in our opinion, nothing better calculated to sharpen the wits and develop the thinking mind than keen intellectual competition. Therefore we would advise any man who has ability in any of the lines for which medals are offered to enter the race with a determination to do his best, whether that best will win or not. The medal really should be of only secondary importance while the mental training and culture gained are all paramount.

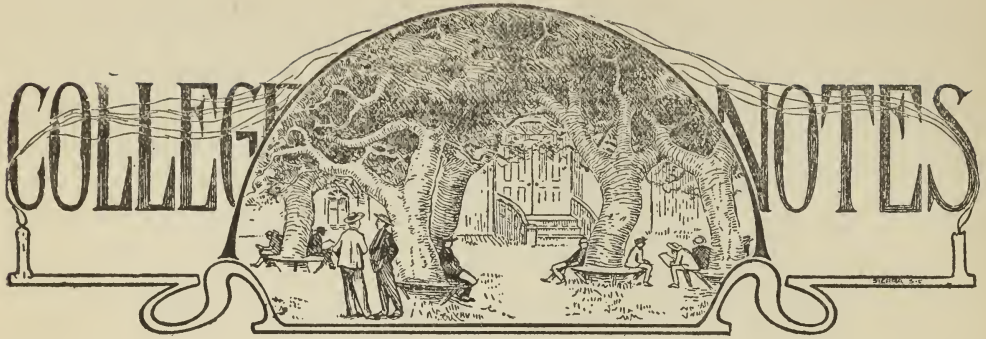
In connection with the concluding portion of "Some Recollections of April

18, 1906," which will be found in another part of the REDWOOD, it is interesting to note the remarkable progress which has been made by San Franciscans in the work of rebuilding their city. Never has the characteristic energy and sturdy optimism of the sons of the pioneers been better exemplified than by the spirit in which they met and grappled with this great crisis. For not only have they been successful in coping with it, but they have even turned it to their own advantage, so that the San Francisco of today is in better condition structurally, commercially and morally, than it was before the fire.

We take the liberty of quoting briefly from the Sunset Magazine of April on this subject. "The period has been one of stress and struggle, and yet no San Franciscan who has been through it would have missed it for five years in routine civilization. Cheerfulness and sturdy confidence have been the marked features that have controlled citizens generally. The work already done shows a city of far more substantial construction and of vastly better engineering and architecture than before." And this takes note only of the material progress and not of the remarkable advance made in civic virtue and morality.

If all this has been accomplished in the short space of two years and in the face of almost overwhelming odds what may we not expect of the San Francisco of the future?

M. T. DOOLING, JR. '09.



House

The month of April has been an exceedingly busy one in the House of Philisticians. Now that the annual Ryland debate is so close at hand enthusiasm among the Representatives has fanned the coal of apparent indifference into a spirited flame and each member individually is striving to the best of his ability to aid the chief contestants, whose intention it is to uphold the glorious and time honored reputation of this branch of the Literary Congress.

On the first of the month we listened with pleasure while Representatives Degan, Kennedy and Lyng upheld the affirmative side of the following question: Resolved, "That the Naturalization Laws of the United States at the present time are not stringent enough." They were ably opposed by Representatives Barry, Heney and Archbold. The two first mentioned, Barry and Heney, appeared in their maiden speeches and from all accounts their careers in the House were brilliantly started. The debate was a very

closely contested one and was finally decided in favor of the affirmative.

"That Prohibition is detrimental to a city's progress" was the subject of one of the most interesting debates in the House for months.

Both sides of the subject were brought out to perfection. Those of the affirmative side, against Prohibition, were Representatives Lowe, Meyer and Trescony, while the negative and victorious end was sustained by Representatives Brown, Alton and Ferreira.

Since last notes from the House graced the columns of the "Redwood," the roll call has been somewhat enlarged by the election into that body of Messrs. Irillary, McCormick and Robb. They were very enthusiastically received and each responded with an appropriate and appreciative speech.

By the departure from college of former Representative Richard J. Birmingham, the office of Librarian has been left vacant. At a recent election however, it was refilled by the unanimous choice of Representative Robert R. Brown. Despite the fact that the Representative from Ventura does not in-

dulge much in Commercial studying, he nevertheless promises to keep good account of the books belonging to the House and placed under his care.

The vacancy left in the office of Treasurer by the resignation of former Representative Carlos K. McClatchy, was ably filled at a late meeting by the unanimous election of Representative Griffith J. Kennedy. The honorable Representative from San Francisco is excellently fitted for the position, and judging from his manly stature, it is quite unlikely that any member of the House will escape when pounced upon and pinched for coin by big "Griff."

The Speaker called a special meeting Tuesday evening, April 21st, for the purpose of finishing some business and for the reception of candidates. Messrs. Bernard Budde and J. C. Martin were the honored ones. Their brilliant entry speeches were well received and bespoke a bright future as Representatives of the House.

"Gold Medal" Announcements

The following announcements in regard to the various gold medals to be awarded at the close of this semester were recently made to the student body.

The Elocution Contest will take place on Monday, May 18th. Those desirous of entering are requested to register with the Prefect of Studies before Saturday, April 25th. The tryout will

take place Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

The McCann medal is to be given this year for the best poem on the "Fleet." Said poem is to be handed in not later than May 20th. This contest is open to the whole college and registration must be in by Saturday, April 25th.

The Archbishop's medal for Catechism and the "Barchi" medal for Mathematics down to and including Elementary Algebra are both to be competed for on Wednesday, May 20th. Entries must be registered by Saturday, April 25th.

This year, for many and obvious reasons, the "Accolti," "Sweeney" and "Congiato" medals have been withdrawn.

A special prize of one hundred dollars is offered to the students now attending the college, for a story depicting Santa Clara College life; said story to be about the length of "Percy Wynn," or "Tom Playfair," both well known college novels. The writers will be given until March 19, 1909, to complete their work.

The "Redwood," through its former manager, Francis M. Heffernan, has donated a gold medal to take the place this year of the "Accolti" medal withdrawn.

The subject will be the "Mission of San Diego." Mr. C. Deeney S. J., will assume charge of all books, references etc., connected with this contest. Registration April 25th. Competition May 20th.

"Santiago" in San Francisco

On Wednesday morning April 22nd, close on to sixty students of the college left for San Francisco where they presented for the third time before the public, Charles D. South's war drama, "Santiago."

The affair was given for an exceptionally worthy cause, the benefit of the Sodality Libraries of St. Ignatius church.

The Chutes theatre, selected because of its immense seating capacity, was packed to the very doors, and judging from the enormous crowd we are of the opinion that St. Ignatius will suffer very little in a financial way when the plans for their library are completed.

As a curtain raiser, Martin V. Merle's playlet of Western Life entitled the "Prairie Judgment" was presented. Two old Santa Clara students, August Aguirre, '07, and James Bacigalupi, '03, took the leading parts. Mr. Willam McCann, '09 of St. Ignatius rendered valuable assistance to the cast in his excellent interpretation of Manuel Vegas, a half-breed.

Following the "Prairie Judgement," was a solo by Mr. Charles F. Bulotti. Mr. Charles Bulotti possesses a wonderful voice and the number of beautiful selections he sang called for no end of applause.

As the "Merry Widow" Coon, Mr. M. Donnigan made an enormous hit. His funny songs and stories were side-splitters and his jokes had no taint of mildew about them. His sketch put the audience in a very good mood and prepared them for the famous duo, Aguirre and

McKenzie in their roaring sketch, "Sherlock Holmes" or "That Detective."

These two clever comedians were at their best and certainly made one of the greatest hits of the evening. Their jokes and new songs were catchy and well received, and once again the old reliable fun-makers scored a triumph.

"Santiago," the main feature of the evening's program came next and was a success from curtain to curtain. Already famed in the theatrical world by its two past performances, first in the College Theatre and later at the "Victory" in San Jose, it brought down upon the student actors and the author a large amount of praise.

The cast was the same as in the previous performances with the exception of two slight changes. James R. Daly was given the place of "Major Bragg," left vacant by the departure from college of R. J. Birmingham; Edward S. Lowe, filled in Mr. Daly's position as "Colonel Rush."

As there have been so many descriptions of the play "Santiago," both in past editions of the "REDWOOD" and the daily newspapers, we deem it hardly necessary to go into details. Suffice to say, that each and everyone in the cast, both those holding important positions and the supers as well, played their parts in a manner that could scarcely be improved upon.

The large audience we feel sure, not only got their money's worth but went away well pleased the evening's performance.

R. E. MCCABE, '10.

ALUMNI



The REDWOOD is very grateful for the interest manifested towards it by the members of the Alumni. The cordial words of praise and encouragement that have fallen from the lips of the students of the past are lovingly cherished by the students of today, especially by those of the REDWOOD staff. We are happy to be able to tell them that now as formerly the Santa Clara REDWOOD is reckoned among the ten best College Magazine of the country. This honor is given it by such an eminent authority as the University of Virginia.

It may be of interest to the Alumni to know that an alumnus, who wishes his name not made public will give \$100 to the student of Santa Clara College, who will write the best novel dealing with Santa Clara College student life. The stories are to be handed to the Vice-President by March 19, 1909.

It was with deep sorrow that we heard of the illness of Mr. R. Chisholm, S. J. last year Professor at Santa Clara and Director of REDWOOD. Mr. Chisholm recently underwent an operation at

Georgetown University Hospital and is now rapidly progressing on the road to recovery.

We recently had a long and pleasant chat with Mr. Hugh Menton, '51 one of the members of the very first class established fifty-seven years ago at Santa Clara. With perfect ease Mr. Menton reverted to persons and events of half a century ago. He still remembers Fr. Nobili and the other early Professors very distinctly. Mr. Menton promises in the near future to write some recollections for the benefit of the readers of the REDWOOD.

A letter from Hon. Augustus D. Splivalo is at hand, in which he '60 kindly promises to write a few reminiscences for the REDWOOD.

Rev. Fr. Joseph Cataldo who taught '65 Philosophy at Santa Clara in 1865, is now an occasional visitor at the old Institution. For the past thirty or forty years Fr. Cataldo has been a missionary among the Indians of the Northwest. The narrative of his

life among the Indians of Montana, Idaho, Washington and Alaska would form very interesting reading.

He is at present pastor of the Italian Church in San Jose.

Edward Allen, an old student at Santa Clara, and former member of Ex. '90 the Philalethic Senate, was a recent visitor at the College. He is at present engaged in the hardware business at Palo Alto.

John J. Barret recently spent an afternoon at Santa Clara. John '91 likes now and again to take a look around the College and enjoy the sights that will ever remain in his memory.

John J. Montevaldo has lately joined Com. '01 the ranks of the Benedicks. He is at present connected

with the Col. Fruit Co. We wish him many years of wedded bliss.

Martin V. Merle, a former member of '06 the REDWOOD staff and author of "The Light Eternal," was a welcome visitor to the Sanctum and the Campus recently. His one act play "The Prairie Judgment" which was given at San Francisco on the 22nd was attended by many old Santa Clara boys, while several took part in the production. "The Light Eternal" is enjoying a very successful run at the Alcazar in San Francisco.

Harry Wolters the former captain of Ex. '10 our baseball team, accompanied by his cousin Lester, recently paid us a visit. Lester is at present residing in Monterey, while Harry is helping the San Jose team win the pennant.

A. T. LEONARD, JR., '10



Joyfully did we welcome to the recesses of the sanctum, our new visitor, *The College Student*.

The
College
Student

Many good things does it contain, but what we considered the best in its columns was the

short story, "The End of the Drought." The scene is laid in a small village, which, hidden midst the mountains of China, is suffering from the effects of a drought. We are given an insight into the superstitions and customs of the Orientals. Of the verse "The Last Call" is worthy of note.

In this April issue the exchange editor ascribes to us an honor which is not justly our own. The poem "Like Rare Old Wine" has been attributed to THE REDWOOD,—and not only by this magazine but also by our esteemed friend, *The Wabash*.

All praise for this piece is due to the *Fleur De Lis*, in whose November issue it appeared. Such is the exquisite thought and such the diction, that any magazine might well be proud of it.

In the March number of *The Carolinian* the essay, "The Confederacy's

Place in Future History," a vindication

The
Carolinian

of the southern warriors and a praise of their devotion and constancy,

seemed to strike a warm chord in our heart. We confess that we have a love and sympathy for the defenders of the stars and bars. This essay is very well written, in fact we think it the best in this month's exchanges.

We regret that the length of the poem, "The Land of the Indian," forbids our recopying it. 'Tis not often that we find a poem of such length handled so gracefully and artistically.

The Red and Blue for April contains some of the cleverest stories we have had the pleasure of reading this month.

The
Red
and Blue

"The Auction Sale in Blairwood 105," a humorous piece of fiction dealing with the proverbial hard luck of college men, is well

written. We also enjoyed "An Unexpected Moose Hunt." "The Run of the National Mail" though by no means new in plot, is told with such verve that it held us to the very end.

The March number of the *Marquette*

maintains its usual high standard and incidently confirmed the favorable opinion which we formerly held of it. In the perusal of "Ransom's Story" and "Francis Thompson" an essay, we found equal enjoyment. We thought the verse a little scanty. There were only two pieces, both however very good, and on that account serving to whet our appetite for more.

We were pleased in glancing over this issue to notice that Marquette University, shares with Madison and Princeton the rare honor of possessing an original college song, and not merely one but three. We do not remember having had the pleasure of seeing either "Marquette" or "Marquette U" or "Farewell Marquette" in print. Probably in the future we may be given the opportunity of reading these songs.

As a general rule we do not make a practice of criticising any but college publications, but for this once we think we should waive this custom in favor of *Out West*. To our desk comes the April issue of this magazine which has ever held a high place in our estimation and which we have regarded as the criterion of what journals should be, sparkling with excellent articles. What we wish especially to mention is the poem of Mr. Chas. Lummis entitled "Jim," which but for its length would give us great pleasure to reproduce. It is a beautiful thing, full of pathos and the dramatic quality.

It was indeed a pleasure and a surprise to welcome "*Easter Echoes*," a new exchange, from Creighton University: a pleasure to read the many good things contained in its pages, a surprise to learn that not only is this its first appearance but also that it comes from the High School department of the University. Surely we thought if the High School can send us so delightful a magazine what ought the College and the University be able to do. We hope that *Easter Echoes* will be a frequent visitor to the sanctum, as it will certainly be always a welcome one.

Of the verse, all of which is very good, we admired especially the address to Death, entitled "Where is Thy Sting?"

In a review of the February "*Redwood*" the exchange editor of the "*Mercerian*" has a few remarks to make concerning an article entitled "The Wise Men." This essay of ours was a criticism of a blasphemous article of the same caption that appeared in one of the Eastern College Monthlies. The keen logical mind of our Georgian friend would not allow him to rest until he had shown us our error. "Here is the point," he says, "the monthly is used as a means of preserving the best literary effort of the University. If the play "The Wise Men" is literature, it is in its place; if not, there is where the mistake lies." In very truth a Daniel has come to judgment! So therefore, no matter how blasphemous a piece of writing may be, how anti Christian, how insult-

ing to the Divine Person of Christ, if it is literature, it has a place in the college magazine. Beautiful indeed! Our logical friend may also see that from his principle it follows that no matter how obscene, how salacious an article may be, if it is literature it has a place in the magazine. Our friend's sense of the gentlemanly is as evident as his logic.

But after all it is of very little moment what a callow school boy may say. But to find such a statement in the exchange column of a magazine of such standing as the "*Mercerian*" surprised and pained us. We looked to learn a little more of Mercer and fortunately we succeeded. In the pages of the "*Mercerian*" the aim of Mercer College is thusly advertised "The main purpose of all discipline is to develop the highest type of Christian Manhood. The spirit of the institution, the contact with Christian professors and the environments contribute to the attainment of this end." Evidently the heart of good old Mercer is still in the right place; but evidently also this precocious child has wandered from the path marked out by Alma Mater. We'd suggest that Alma Mater try to develop some true Christian Manhood in this promising boy, though no doubt the task is a discouraging one.

WHERE IS THY STING?

Who art thou, fearful death,
That thou shouldst bid me follow thee
Into the darksome grave?
Am I thy slave?
Am I no better than the bird that flies,

Or the dumb beast that, sickening, lays him
down and dies?
Why dost thou beckon me with thy gaunt
hand?
Must I go down into thy dust sown land?
O sin! What havoc hast thou wrought
What evil hast thou brought,
What utter shame
Unto my earthly frame!
O Death, thou thing of sin, I'll fear the not!
Thou has been vanquished by a sinless death.
And these my lips of clay
Upon the Resurrection day,
Shall his own praises sing
Who conquered thee.
And as the Easter bells this Sabbath ring,
I ask thee, Death, where is thy victory,
I ask thee, Death, where is thy dreaded sting?

Easter Echoes.

HYMN TO ALMA MATER

Hearts that are leal to our old Alma Mater,
Pledge as ye pledged her in olden days;
All who ever have loved her or sought her
Sing her a song of praise.

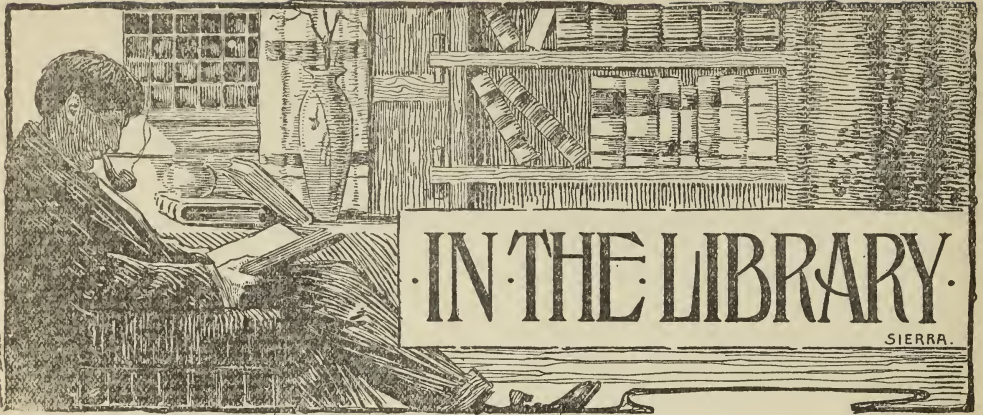
Alma Mater, Oh Alma Mater!
Dear to our hearts thou ever shalt be;
Child of the centuries, we still lift our chorus,
William and Mary to thee.

Orange of Nassau and York's snowy White
Blended in beauty, float on the gale;
Come let us cheer them and cry in delight,
"Orange and White, all hail!"

Together with hearts and voices blended
Sing us a song to her honor and praise,
Hail the old mother triumphant and splendid
Queen of eternal days.

William and Mary Lit, Jan., '08.

W. I O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE

BY REV. R. J. MEYERS, S. J.—B. HERDER,
PUBLISHER. PRICE \$1.50

This is the second volume of a three-volume series, the object of which is to show clearly and plainly "How man such as he is, must rise above the world in which he lives toward God for Whom he was created." The present volume treats of the theme indicated in its title. Life is a journey to an eternity of heaven or an eternity of hell, in which man must prove himself a child of God or a slave of Satan, and the straight and narrow way that leads to God is so readily missed by the many, while "the road that leads down to perdition is

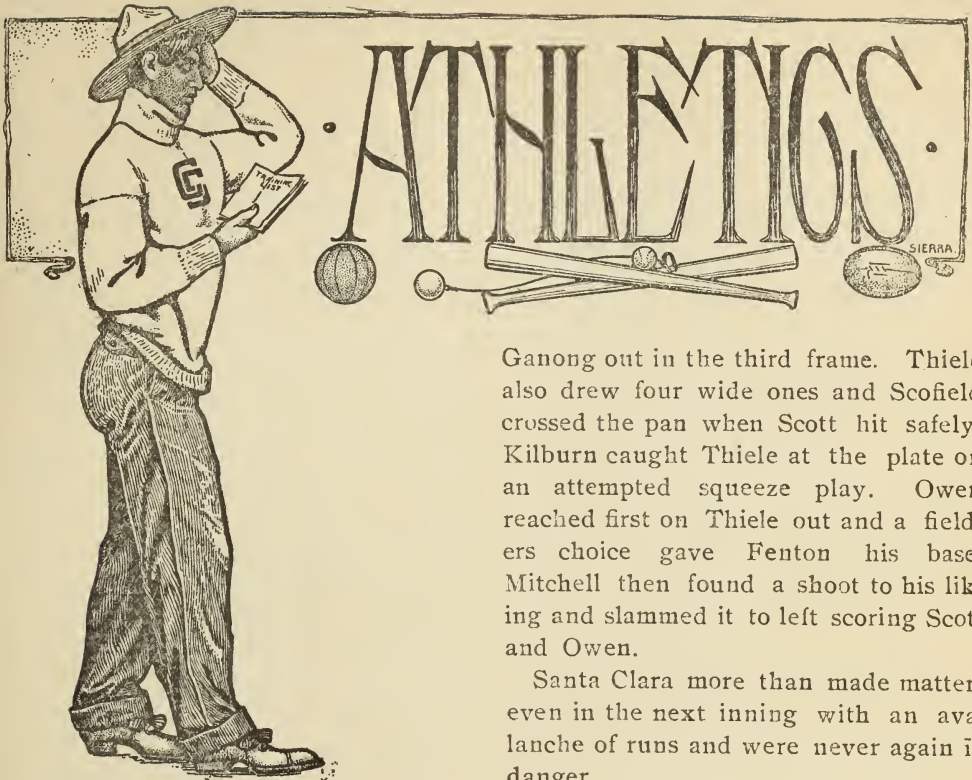
posted and blazed all the way," as the cowboy poet expresses it. A work like this, to teach man what he is, to show him what the world really is, and how its many dangers are to be avoided, is always in order and should be made accessible to all in public and private libraries. By its study any man of good will and ordinary intelligence should learn how *not* to regard life from the standpoint of the world, the flesh and the devil, but from that of God, the Eternal Truth; and learn moreover how to reduce to practice the great principles taught by the Savior which are often accepted by the intellect without being sufficiently acted on by the will.

BERNARD HUBBARD, '10.



SANTA CLARA COLLEGE VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM

Reading from left to right—H. P. Broderick, 1st b.; J. G. Kennedy, c. f.; H. A. J. McKenzie, manager; J. D. Peters, r. f. (utility); A. J. Shafer, s. s.; E. P. Watson, 2nd b.; T. J. McNally, 3rd b.; C. P. Kilburn, captain, p.; J. C. Lappin, 1. f.; J. J. Jones, p.; M. S. Shafer, c.; V. E. Salberg, r. f.



S. C. C. 10, Stanford 7

The last intercollegiate game with Stanford brought another victory home to the Red and White players. With the series just ended the College nine has won four out of the six games played with the Cardinals.

In this game Stanford knew that they must come out on the long end of the score to play off the tie that would result if they won.

Their efforts were rewarded by getting on the score board before us. Scofield walked and took second on

Ganong out in the third frame. Thiele also drew four wide ones and Scofield crossed the pan when Scott hit safely. Kilburn caught Thiele at the plate on an attempted squeeze play. Owen reached first on Thiele out and a fielders choice gave Fenton his base. Mitchell then found a shoot to his liking and slammed it to left scoring Scott and Owen.

Santa Clara more than made matters even in the next inning with an avalanche of runs and were never again in danger.

Lappin walked to initial corner and Peter's hit to right put the "Baby" on third; Kennedy forced Peters out at second where he waited till Broderick put the ball out to the "gym" for a journey around the bags. Watson hit safely and as Bell missed Salberg's grounder both were safe; Shafer flew out but when Bell dropped Kilburn's pop-fly, Watson scored and Salberg rested on third. Kilburn stole second and when Art Shafer walked, the bags were filled again. Thiele now forced in a run; an error scored Kilburn and Peters. Here Kennedy thoughtfully

contributed a two bagger which brought in the men ahead of him.

The Cardinals scored three more runs in the fifth and another in the eighth, but the lead was too much to be overcome.

Broderick's and Kennedy's hits came at opportune moments when bingles meant runs and they were responsible for five runs.

This is how the game was lost and won:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
A Shafer, ss.....	3	2	1	5	0	2
Lappin, lf.....	2	2	0	0	0	0
Peters, 3rd.....	4	1	1	3	2	0
Kennedy, rf.....	4	1	1	0	0	1
Broderick, 1st.....	4	1	1	7	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	4	1	2	0	4	0
Salberg, cf.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
M. Shafer, c.....	4	0	0	12	5	0
Kilburn, p.....	4	1	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	33	10	6	27	12	3

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Scott, 3d.....	5	1	1	0	6	1
Owen, 2nd.....	4	2	2	1	2	0
Fenton, ss.....	4	1	2	2	3	0
Mitchell, c.....	5	1	2	9	1	0
Bell, 1st.....	4	0	1	12	0	3
Wirt, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Schofield lf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Tallent, rf.....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Ganong, rf.....	2	0	1	0	0	1
Witmer, p.....	2	0	1	0	0	0
Thiele, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	36	7	11	24	13	5

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

S. C. College.....	0	0	9	0	1	0	0	—10
Base Hits.....	0	0	4	1	1	0	0	—6
Stanford Univ.....	0	3	0	3	0	0	1	—7
Base Hits.....	1	0	3	1	3	0	1	—11

SUMMARY

Home run—Broderick. Three base hits—Kennedy. Two base hits—Mitchell. Stolen Bases—A. Shafer, Peters, Kennedy, Kilburn. Left on bases—Stanford 7, Santa Clara 2. First base on errors—Santa Clara 4, Stanford 2. Base on balls, off Kilburn 5, off Thiele, 3. Struck

out, by Kilburn 11 by Thiele 4, Witmer 5. Passed balls—Mitchell. Wild Pitches—Kilburn. Umpire—Wolters. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game, two hours.

Stanford 10, S. C. C. 9

A practice game was played with Stanford after the regular series in which the University team managed to nose us out in the last half of the ninth.

Coach Presley in order to have two pitchers in condition for the Berkeley series, gave McLain, a new man, a chance to show what he had.

The heavy stickers of the College found his offerings very much to their liking, the ball was hammered for ten hits and nine runs in four innings. Many of these hits were for more than one sack. Kennedy picked out a home run and hit out a three bagger while the same gentleman, Lappin, and A. Shafer got to the half way station on their bingles.

Stanford had got only one run while we had been running around the bases, when Witmer relieved McLain. However, there was nothing stirring for us in the way of runs for the rest of the game.

Captain Fenton's team now took a hand at the scoring. They placed one run on their side of the score book in the fifth and doubled that number the next time they went to bat.

They again fell to scoring with a vengeance in the seventh and their four hits, combined with errors on our part, brought in the necessary five runs to tie score.

It looked like an extra inning in the ninth after the first two Cardinal batters were out but Witmer started in to win his own game with a Texas leaguer to left which brough him to the keystone sack. Scott then came through with a pinch hit and Witmer trotted home.

1, Witmer 4. Passed balls—Mitchell 2. Wild Pitches—Kilburn. Hit by Pitcher—Scott, Witmer, Kennedy. Umpire—Friene. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game—1 hour, 35 minutes.

* 2 out when winning run was scored.

S. C. C. 9, San Jose Sodality 5

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Lappin, lf.....	4	2	2	0	0	0
Peters, 3d.....	5	3	2	3	0	0
A Shafer, ss.....	5	2	4	3	0	0
Kennedy, cf.....	3	1	3	1	0	0
Broderick, 1st c....	5	0	0	9	3	0
Watson, 2nd.....	5	0	1	0	2	1
M. Shafer, c 1st....	4	0	0	8	1	1
Jones, rf.....	4	1	2	1	0	0
Kilburn, p.....	4	0	0	1	3	0
Totals.....	30	9	14	*26	9	2

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Scott, 3rd.....	5	1	3	1	2	1
Owen, 2nd.....	3	1	1	1	5	1
Fenton, ss.....	4	1	3	1	3	0
Mitchell, c.....	5	0	2	5	1	0
Tallent, lf.....	4	1	0	3	0	0
Wirt, cf.....	3	2	1	2	0	0
Ganong, rf.....	5	2	1	1	0	0
Bell 1st.....	3	0	0	11	0	1
Witmer, p.....	2	2	1	1	1	0
McLain, p.....	2	0	0	1	2	0
Totals.....	36	10	12	27	14	3

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

S C College..	3	3	0	3	0	0	0	0	0—9
Base Hits..	3	3	2	2	1	2	0	0	1—14
Stanford Univ.	1	0	0	0	1	2	5	0	1—10
Base Hits..	1	0	1	1	1	1	4	1	2—12

SUMMARY

Home Run—Kennedy. Three base hits—Peters. Two Base Hits—Kennedy, Lappin, A. Shafer, Witmer, Fenton. Sacrifice Hits—Kennedy, Owen. Stolen Bases—A. Shafer 3, Kennedy 2, Peters, Watson, Jones, Scott, Ganong 2. Left on bases—Santa Clara 6, Stanford 8. First base on errors—Santa Clara 1. Stanford 2. Base on Balls, off Kilburn 5. Off McLain 1. Double plays—Witmer to Fenton. Struck out, by Kilburn 7, by McLain

The game played with the San Jose Sodality team at their new ball park brought out a large crowd of the Garden City fans who enjoyed the game and also the music rendered by the large Sodality band.

Not being able to obtain much practice, the Sodality team was hardly in the best condition and the college players were not called upon to exert themselves over-much.

In the first inning when Lappin had walked and Peters bingled, Art Shafer lined one of Emerson's fast ones over the center fielder's nob for a clean ride home.

With this lead three more were added in the fourth and in each of the three succeeding innings a man crossed the plate.

The Sodality nine in the meanwhile had found their way home twice and they now took a brace in the eighth, making things interesting before three men were down. The scorers chalked down three runs for them in this frame.

With the next and last inning their hopes ended. Kilburn tightened up and they never got a look at home.

This is the way it looked to the scorer.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Lappin, lf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Peters 3rd.....	3	2	2	2	2	2
A. Shafer, ss.....	5	1	2	1	5	2
Kennedy cf.....	5	1	1	0	0	1
Broderick, 1st.....	5	1	1	11	0	0
Watson, 2nd.....	3	1	0	0	1	0
M. Shafer, c.....	4	1	0	12	2	1
Jones, rf.....	3	1	2	1	0	0
Kilburn, p.....	3	0	1	0	3	1
Totals.....	35	9	10	27	13	7

SAN JOSE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Russel, 3d-rf.....	5	0	1	0	0	2
Emerson, p.....	3	2	1	0	4	0
Kelly, 1st.....	4	1	2	9	0	1
Burke, lf, cf.....	2	1	0	2	0	0
McNally 2nd.....	4	0	1	1	3	0
McGraw cf. lf.....	4	0	0	3	0	0
Twohy, c.....	4	0	0	8	1	0
McDonough ss.....	3	0	0	3	2	0
Chauncey, rf-3d....	4	1	1	1	2	0
Totals.....	33	5	6	27	12	3

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

S. C. College.	3	0	0	3	1	1	1	0	0	—	9
Base Hits..	2	1	0	2	0	2	2	1	0	—	10
S. A. A.....	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	3	0	—	5
Base Hits..	0	1	2	0	2	0	0	1	0	—	6

SUMMARY

Home Run—A. Shafer. Three base hits—McNally, Kelley. Two base hits—Broderick, Chauncey. Sacrifice hits—Watson, Shafer, Kilburn. Stolen bases—Lappin, Peters. Left on bases—Santa Clara 7, S. A. A. 5. First base on errors—Santa Clara 3, S. A. A. 3. Base on balls, off Kilburn 4, off Emerson 4. Double plays—Chauncey to McNally to Twohy, Shafer to Peters to Broderick. Struck out, by Kilburn 11, by Emerson 7. Passed balls—Twohy 5. Hit by Pitcher—Watson. Umpire—Smith and Flannery. Scorer—Anthony B. Deipenbrock. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes.

S. C. C. 5, U. Cal. 3

At last the long desired game with California came off and again the victory rested with the diamond warriors of Santa Clara. It was a hard earned victory, but the more praise is due to those who fought until the finish and not least among these we should mention the wonderful stop made by A.

Shafer, and also the beautiful catch in the field by Salberg.

Twohy and McNally who played in the absence of M. Shafer and Watson did all that could be desired of anyone, and their fielding was an essential help to the rest of the team.

In the batting part of the game A. Shafer increased his already large batting average by hitting a triple, a two bagger, and two singles from four trips to the plate. Kennedy hit the triple that scored the necessary two runs that won the game, while it took some fast fielding to get the other ones he hit.

Kilburn's curves could hardly be touched and a record of twelve strike outs and only five hits shows him to be the best pitcher in intercollegiate baseball this season.

The game itself did not start out promising for our team, for after an unsuccessful time at bat, the Blue and Gold team scored two runs.

Our first one came in the third on two hits, but as Berkeley also scored one they still remained two ahead. Santa Clara got a tally in both the fourth and fifth, which tied the score. It remained a dead lock until the seventh, when, after Peters and Shafer had both hit safely, Kennedy now scored the two men on the bases with a deep drive between left and center for three bags.

California was perfectly helpless after the third inning; Kilburn never gave them a chance, but struck out man after man and the few holes he did get into, he managed to pull out of by his head-work.

S. C. C. 11, Reno 3

Just as we go to press, news is received of the victory of Santa Clara over the University of Reno.

A fuller account will be given in our next issue.

ERNEST P. WATSON, '10.



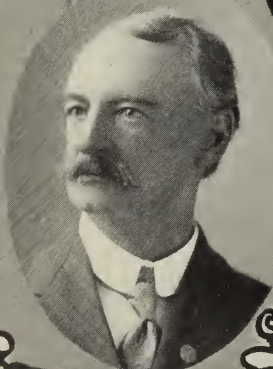
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JUNE BY THE SEA



silver surf frosting a golden shore—

List to the muffled music of its roar!

The sea-birds circling o'er the sparkling bay

The mist that hovers in the far away;

The half-awakened silence brooding o'er

The city of siesta—Monterey.

Chas. Warren Stoddard, Ph. D., '01.

JUNIPERO SERRA, THE PIONEER OF PIONEERS

It is hard to realize in the California of today that less than a hundred and forty years ago there was not to be found within its borders a single wooden or stone building of any kind, a church, a school, a hotel, a store, not a single line of railway or a railway station, no university or college, not a single ranch, no manufactory, no city, town or village, no white inhabitant—nothing but the rude rancherias of the irresponsible aborigine.

Yet God's hand had been pointing for centuries to California. History had been marching thitherward—marshaling the hosts of the khans, the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Emperors, each fighting his battles as he thought in his own way, but all irresistably impelled as if by one impulse toward the great and wonderful empire of the west that as yet lay undiscovered, peaceful and serene, on the bosom of two great oceans.

Civilizations rose and fell, and in each rise and fall, marked a step nearer to California. Rome became the proud mistress of the old world, reached a dizzy height of power and then fell—pointing westward, and in the God ordained time, from one of her former harbors a tiny fleet set sail controlled by the master spirit of Columbus, who, through storm and peril, superstition and fear, hostility and cowardice, had but one idea, that was to

“Sail on, Sail on, Sail on, and on”,

until the goal of his heart's desire was reached.

Columbus was but the first of the pioneers who were exalted instruments in God's hands for the carrying out of his Divine purposes, and in rapid succession came Cortez, Balboa, Gutzman, Mendoza, Cabrillo and Vizcaino. A new world was added to the old and the continent of America was being explored.

Then King Charles of Spain, over a hundred years later, in the proud and haughty exercise of his almost illimitable power, deemed himself carrying out his own will by promulgating his cruel order expelling the order of Jesuits from all the dominions. Yet he was but helping on the Divine plans,—that Supreme “Who maketh even the wrath of man praise Him,” for the expulsion of the Jesuits was the first step that led to the Franciscans marching into California to establish the first civilization within its borders.

Who should lead the Christian hosts to this new work, glorious in its possibilities, vast in its responsibilities, arduous in its exercise? Happy the man whom his compeers should deem worthy so honorable a task. The unanimous choice fell upon Junipero Serra, formerly of Mallorca, but now the humblest member of the College of San Fernando in the city of Mexico. He had already left honors and fame behind him, when he asked to be sent as a missionary of

the cross to the most desperate of the Indian tribes of America. He had already served faithfully and fearlessly. He had already demonstrated his intense earnestness, his zeal and his determination to be prepared in every way for the work he had chosen.

When he landed at Vera Cruz from Spain and a mule was provided for him (as was the case with all his fellow missionaries) to ride the three hundred miles to the City of Mexico he had asked to be allowed the privilege of walking.

"Foolish!" most of my readers will exclaim, "to walk when he could have ridden."

Ah, yes, how easy it is for the world, even those who are more thoughtful than the majority, to say "foolish" to those whose souls are imbued with a Divine purpose,—who see not the "practical" things of life.

Yet Serra was the most eminently practical of men, even in thus undertaking a three hundred mile walk. We find no fault with the "practicability" of the runner putting himself into training. All athletes deprive themselves of luxuries when they are preparing for some notable event, why, then, should not a man, with serious purposes in life, prepare himself by such training as three hundred mile walks for the arduous labors that he knows are before him.

Such was Serra's determination. He preferred the development of his physical powers to his ease. He foresaw that he would need all the strength he

could store up for the discharge of his missionary duties during the years to come.

And so faithfully did he perform the varied labors his superiors imposed upon him, that when a leader for the new enterprise of caring for the already established Jesuit missions of Lower California, and the establishing of new missions in Alta California, was required, the unanimous choice was Serra. Happy the man, in the results of his life, when all men agree as to his fitness to conduct some large enterprise to a successful issue.

The lesson I would here inculcate is that Serra's self-discipline was the training that prepared him successfully to carry out the pioneer work that the Church required him to perform.

Of his work in California it is not necessary that I should write for the readers of the REDWOOD. All are familiar with the noble structures he reared, the thousands of aborigines he gathered around the missions and taught not only the way of salvation, but the labors of civilization. But here are a few special characteristics of his work to which I would like to call the attention, especially of your younger readers, for to me they have been, and constantly are, a help and inspiration.

SERRA DID ALL HIS WORK WITH THOROUGHNESS.

There was no detail so small as to be neglected. He carefully considered what had to be done before the work was undertaken and then diligently

saw that every needful thing was done. When one remembers that his work had to be accomplished in a new and strange land, thousands of miles away from the base of supplies, and where everything needful had to be taken along it can readily be seen that he had to have foresight, both rare and remarkable. This meant sitting down and going over everything that was likely to happen, and as he and his co-workers were practically going to establish a new civilization it can be seen what a tremendous field his thought was required to cover.

SERRA WORKED WITH INDEFATIGABLE
AND TIRELESS ENERGY.

What he began he completed. He hung on with the tenacity of a bull dog. With him, genius consisted in keeping everlastingly at it. Was he weary, discouraged, disheartened? All the more need to work harder than ever to keep others from becoming weary or discouraged or disheartened. Think of what he must have felt after his arrival in San Diego to discover that almost all of the sailors on board one of the ships were dead or dying with scurvy. Yet did he falter? Not for a moment. He went ahead and established the San Diego Mission and at the same time sent off an expedition by land to find the location of the Bay of Monterey. He overcame the sadness he felt at the loss of his sailors by more earnest prosecution of his work. I have long since come to the conclusion that much of what we call sorrow and mental

anguish is nothing but a wrongful yielding to thoughts about our sorrows. We sit and brood over them, nurse them, feed them, pet them. Serra never, or seldom, did this. Life was too important. He forgot his sorrows for things that could not be helped in the tireless energy with which he prosecuted the work still to be done. Thus his "woes" were made a means of making him more useful and of drawing him nearer to God.

ALL SERRA'S WORK WAS DONE UNSELF-
ISHLY.

What the cities and states of our nations need today are men who are unselfish; men who seek the good of the country as earnestly as the Morgans and Rockefellers and Carnegies seek their own financial interest. In this, of course, he was but carrying out the principles of his great predecessor, St. Francis of Assissi, but he did it with such fervor, such reality, that none could doubt the completeness of his self-sacrifice, the absolute surrender of his very life—body, mind and soul—to the great work in which he had engaged. When we compare his unselfish labors for the Indians—people who could not comprehend his high and noble motives; people who ever misunderstood him; who hindered his very efforts for their welfare,—and then see how men today labor for their own pockets, their own fame, their own aggrandizement, we are compelled to bow in humble reverence before his real devotion, his complete self abnegation.

How many of even the unselfish of today would be willing to forsake honors, emoluments, fame, the society of high, noble and distinguished men, for the solitude of a new country peopled only by ignorant savages who were incapable of appreciating his endeavors on their behalf. Homesickness must be fought by greater endeavors for his wards; ingratitude must be overcome by greater love for his loveless Indians. And when the soldiers and even the higher officers were regardless of the rights and the better welfare of the Indians Serra was so faithful to his self-imposed duties that he made enemies of these men who might and would have been companionable with him, in order that he might protect his helpless children (as he called the savages) from wrong.

ALL SERRA'S WORK WAS DONE WITH SINGLENESS OF EYE AND PURPOSE.

Everyone soon knew where he stood. There was no bribing, no grafting, no buying him either by money, flattery, cajolery or intimidation, from what he regarded as his duty. What a noble example he has set to the young men of the present day. What an object lesson to the politicians—no matter of what party—of his beloved California today. Now men seek position for the power it gives them, for fame, for honor, for social prestige. Serra used the power conferred upon him for but one purpose, and that was to benefit those to whom his life was devoted. Socialism, anarchy and nihilism would disappear if all the

rulers of states and nations were endowed with Serra's spirit of singleness of purpose.

SERRA ALWAYS MADE THE BEST OF THINGS.

No matter how adverse the circumstances or conditions, he spent no time in sitting down and repining over them. He went ahead and did the best he could. When Portola and Crespi failed to find the Bay of Monterey he did not repine, or send to Viceroy Galvez for new orders. He reorganized the party and went along himself and Monterey was found. When the uprising took place at San Diego and one of his beloved priests was killed, as well as one of the neophytes, did he sit down and lament and think of retiring from the field? No! he rejoiced that now the martyr's blood had watered the soil of California; and, stopped in the work of building the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, he turned his energies in other directions.

When it came to building the missions he would have preferred having more skilled masons and laborers from Mexico but when he found that was impossible he went ahead, trained a lot of Indians to assist in the work, and thus one by one the majestic and beautiful structures that have given a new style of church and domestic architecture to the United States were born.

The secret of Serra's success was that he was filled with true *enthusiasm*. God was indeed in him, and he actually

lived in God. *en theos*—the real enthusiasm. In God and God in him. Here is the secret. If we work in God and for Him our work is sure to be unselfish, single of purpose, and from the true standpoint, successful.

Serra gave us an example. He was the *bravest*, the *best*, the *truest*, the *noblest* of the pioneers of California as he was also the *first*. All hail! then, to Serra. God give us more men like him!
 GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, Litt. D., '07.

ICI BAS

(AFTER THE FRENCH)

Here below the lilac dies,
 Short the song bird's melodies,
 But I dream of summer skies
 That are bright forever.

Here below lips lightly pres,
 Leave naught of their velvetness
 But I dream of a caress
 That endures forever.

Here below all human eyes
 Weep as love or friendship dies
 But I dream of tender ties
 That shall bind forever.

Hon. M. T. Dooling, Ph. D., '03

A PANOLOGUE

Said Pan: "Within my forest-glade, alone,
Unloved, I wearied of each loveless hour
Till Echo heard my soul breathe thro' a reed
And caught the melody and bore each tone,
Refined, subdued and soft, back to my bower.
Then—all my being to love's impulse keyed—
To her my burning lips a love-song freed!
Thro' music's witchery my love I told,—
She played the self-same passion-notes to me;
Then begged, as I, when I implored, 'Be mine'.
Thus have I wooed until my heart is old,
And taught each lilt to her I cannot see;—
Still for her smile, face, form, I do not pine.
She sings my songs! Enough! She is divine
Charles D. South, A. M., '01.

"THE FEUD"

Marta watched Rand as he half-staggered, half walked to the window where he reached for his gun which rested against the sill. As his hand touched it, the barrel slipped through his fingers and the gun fell with a heavy thud to the floor. Rand leaned on the sill for support and Marta started faintly and went over to him.

Her lips quivered pitifully. "Jim," she pleaded, "done, done go, I cain't bear it,—I cain't, Jim. Fo' ma sake, done go—at leas' not tonight."

Rand's eyes were feverishly bright as they looked up into hers.

"I tell yo' gel," he said in an unsteady voice, "I tell yo' I'm agoin' to get Lar'abee."

Marta's hand rested tremblingly on his arm. "But, not tonight, Jim, not tonight,—not while yo're in this condition."

He shook her off and steadied himself against the casing.

"Why—why!" he exclaimed sharply, "wha's the matter wi' ma condition?"

Her hands clenched unconsciously at her side, and her lips twitched terribly. "O, yo' bin drinkin', Jim,—not much, o' corse, dear,—but jes' a li'le mo' 'an usual, and Lar'abee—Lar'abee 'll drop yo' sure."

Rand staggered toward her and shook his finger unsteadily in her white face as she drew back from him, "Now jes' yo' look here, yo' Marta Ran', done yo' do none o' yo' damn dictatin' to me.

Lar'abee's people an' ma people ha' bin en'mies fo' mor'n forty y'ars, since befo' I was born, an' you' know wha' that means in Kentucky. Why, Sam Lar'abee—"

"I know, I know, dear," she interrupted nervously. "I do know wha' it means. I know too, how long yo've waited to get Lar'abee. He got yo'r brother Fred three mon's agc, after years o' waitin'. Yo'r people an' his have succeeded in wipin' one another out through this yar feud until now thar's jes' yo' self an' Sam Lar'abee lef'. I know better'n yo' think wha' it means, Jim, but, not tonight, dear, please not tonight!" She held out her hands pleadingly to him.

Rand backed away from her and leaned against the casing again. He picked up his sentence where her interruption had broken it off. "Why, Sam Lar'abee is the las' o' his stock, an' he gets his tonight. Now, don' yo' interfere wi' ma business, un'erstan'?"

He slid his hand down along the wall to support himself as he leaned forward and picked up the gun.

Marta's white neck rose and fell, and her breathing almost stifled her. "But, dear," she protested, "Lar'abee is almos' done already. The cancer is killin' him fas'. He cain't last,—he cain't, don' yo' see that?"

Rand began fingering the trigger of his gun, "Yes, I see it, an' I see yo' reason fo' wantin' me to wait,—so's he'll

die befo' I ken get him, eh? O, yo' cain't fool me, gel,—I see yo' li'le game." He laughed an unsteady, thick laugh as he swayed back and forth on his feet.

"No, no, it ain't that, Jim, it ain't, I swar it ain't. It's jes' a feelin' in here, here in ma heart, tha' if yo' an' Lar'abee meet tonight he'll get yo' sure. Jim, dear, yo'll make me awful happy if yo'll give it up fo' tonight, an' go to bed. On ma soul yo' will. Yo' know that I've never interfered befo', yo' know I ain't. But now, this time—tonight, I mus', I mus' interfere, yo' shan't go, yo' shan't, I say. Not tonight!" She flung her arms about his neck. "Jim", she sobbed hysterically, "I cain't let yo' go tonight!"

Jim Rand loved his wife, loved her tenderly and dearly, and he knew it more than ever as she clung, sobbing, around his neck. But he was a Northernmost Kentuckian—a man with a mission to fulfill—to get Sam Larrabee—and a voice in his blood, urged on by the whisky, called to him to get Larrabee tonight.

He rested the gun against the wall, and as gently as his condition would permit, he took Marta's hands from around his neck, and holding them in his own two hands, he steadied himself.

"Gel," he said, in a low, unsteady voice, "yo' ask me too much when yo' ask me to stay tonight. I gotta go, I gotta, I tell yo'. I cain't bear waitin' no longer."

Marta stood, pressing Rand's fingers with her own, and looking into his

fiery, bloodshot eyes. "But it's murder, Jim, it is, when he's so clos' to death! O, I cain't bear it, I cain't! It will kill me, if yo' go!—It will kill me, sure!" She was sobbing pitifully, and Jim's trembling hands were wet with her hysterical tears.

Rand led Marta to a chair near the table, her whole body shaking with convulsive sobs. As he placed her in the chair he looked at her wildly and strangely, and his lips were parched with emotion as he spoke.

"Gel!" he exclaimed, and his senses were becoming dizzy within him, "I gotta get Lar'abee tonight, I gotta—thar aint no other way. Yo' jes' wait fo' me, an' pray—pray hard while I'm gone, I won't be long, I won't, I promise yo'—I'll go by the corral, an' yo' jes' pray, pray hard!"

He tried to shake off Marta's hold on his hands, but her nails were digging into the flesh on his fingers now. Her eyes, blinded with the tears, were fairly starting from their sockets.

"No! No!" she screamed, "Yo' cain't—yo' musn't go! Not tonight, Jim, not tonight! Lis'n to me Jim, lis'n, please! Yo've drunk too much whisky today, an' yo' don' know wha' yo' doin', yo' don' know, Jim!—Yo're all I got,—all, do yo' hear? My God! how terrible this is!" Rand had pulled himself free, and Marta was up on her feet, staggering blindly toward his swaying, retreating figure. "Jim! Jim!" she shrieked groping toward him,— "it's murder if yo' get him! Its murder! Murder! Jim, dear!—Jim—I—I—— —!"

He had grabbed up his hat and the gun and staggered through the door, leaving it open behind him.

Marta knew that he had gone, but she made no effort to follow him. For a few seconds she felt herself growing numb all over. She stared through the open door, and clutched at the casing. Then followed a long minute of blindness,—then consciousness again. Marta shut the door, and felt her way mechanically over toward the mantle, and took down an old broken crucifix from the shelf. She fell upon her knees upon the bare stones of the hearth, before the dying embers of the fire, and pressing a burning kiss on the image of the Savior, she prayed.

Rand lost himself cunningly in the shadows of the trees, and staggered and stumbled on toward Larrabee's corral. When he reached it he crossed westward, and arriving at the gate, he fell upon his stomach, and crawled under the boards, dragging his gun after him. He had some effort to get back on his feet again, and when he did, he peered into the night before him. There was a light burning in Larrabee's shack, and Rand drew himself back against the fence of the corral as he noticed it. Steadying himself as well as he could, he got down on his knees, and crept stealthily along the ground, close to the fence. The night air was now beginning to have its effect on him, and his head was growing clearer, and his crawling body ceased to reel.

Rand, recalled, as he went cautiously on, nearer and nearer to the light, the

many previous efforts he had made to get Larrabee. He thought of his father, of his elder brother and his younger brother, Fred, all of whom the Larrabees had slaughtered. He thought, too, of the three Larrabees that his people had finished. He shuddered as these thoughts surged through his mind, but the thundering voice in his blood was calling out to him to go on,—and on he went. Once, when he was very close to the light, he thought of Marta, back there in the shack hysterical, frightened and alone. Was she praying for him, he wondered?—And then—then—he had reached the light, or rather the window through which it streamed.

Rand lay low under the casing and waited for some minutes, motionless, straining his ears. Everything was still—still as death. His breath was coming in swift, short starts, and his heart was beating like a treadmill. Everywhere was silence—dead, dull, terrifying silence. Presently Rand rose up to his feet, and in a crouching position he peered through the window into the room. The cold glass cooled his feverish forehead. Larrabee was seated at a table, his head bent forward over a newspaper—asleep.

Cautiously, Rand moved over to the door of the shack and reaching up his hand, he touched the latch. It gave easily and the door swung open noiselessly and readily. White-faced, but steady now, he stood there in the glare of the lamp-light that flickered and jumped in the draught. For a minute he did not move—he stood like a statue

in the shaft of light. Somewhere outside, the crickets awoke and joined in a lively chorus. The air, coming through the open door cooled Rand's brow and steadied his flinching eyes. A moth flew through the doorway and was soon beating itself against the lamp-chimney. The sound of its wings as it hit the glass startled Rand and he lifted his gun and covered Larrabee, —Then he spoke.

"Lar'abee," he said, and his voice was steady now,—“yo're covered!”

Larrabee remained motionless, and Rand wondered at his deep sleep.

Still holding his gun to his shoulder, Rand strode into the room and stood some few paces behind Larrabee, facing his back.

"Lar'abee," he repeated, "I didn't think to get yo' so easy, but it must o' bin them prayers o' Marta's. Yo' killed ma brother Fred in col' blood when he was off his guard. I aint agoin' to be soonery. I'm goin'to let yo'turn'round, an' stan' up. Then I'm agoin' to turn

col' blooded, too, an' shoot yo' down jes' like a dawg. Stan' up, Sam Lar'abee, because I got yo'."

Larrabee did not hear; he remained motionless. Rand moved directly behind him, and as he looked down on Larrabee a chill arose from the deathly silence, and froze Rand through and through. He rested his gun against the back of Larrabee's chair, and drew his revolver from out of his hip pocket. It gleamed in the trembling lamp-light. Reaching forward over Larrabee's bent head, he caught hold of the hair, close to the forehead, and his fingers became clammy in their clutch. With a fierce snatch he jerked Larrabee's head back and looked down into the man's face. It was ghastly white—the jaws were set and open,—and the eyeballs upturned were like glass in their open sockets. Rand loosened his hold on Larrabee's hair, and from the coldness of the body, he knew that Larabee had been dead for some hours.

MARTIN V. MERLE, A. M. '06.

THE STRONG WEST

*Out of the West we pray thee, Mother,
Maid Eternal, Mother Sweet,
Out of the Great, Strong West we pray thee,
Straighthen the Pathway to our feet.
Our laugh is young and we fear no danger ;
Our hands are strong and our breasts are deep ;
Pity us, Mother beside the Manger,
For the sake of the little Christ, asleep.*

Our high pines sing in their strong awaking,
Answering the sea-waves song ;
The berserk breed of the West in triumph
Sings with the dawn when the day is long.
The sweep of our hills runs rank with beauty,
Our huge Sierras are shod with gold:
Life is a wine and to drink is duty,
Joy is a prize for the young and bold.

The heart of the West is rich and ruddy,
Golden poppies, roses red,
Our shining fields are a gorge of plunder
Of golden grain on a golden bed.
In the smile of the sun our streams are riant;
Under the glory of arching skies,
The Strong West stands, like a careless giant,
Fronting the world with unwearied eyes.

In full-fed dreams of life we slumbered
Till the golden shafts of the morning sang
Out of the bow of heaven and smote us,
Stung us awake—as the bow-string rang.
The Old World calls to the New Born Regions . . .
Our tall pines sing by the sounding main . . .
The Strong West laughs . . . and his marching
legions
Flutter their banners on hill and plain.

*Out of our Youth we pray thee, Mother,
Mirror of Purity, House of Gold,
In the strength of our thew-strung youth we pray
thee,
Strengthen our days 'gainst the sins of old,
Our laugh is young and we fear no danger,
And the berserk strain runs strong and deep :
Pity us, Mother beside the Manger,
For the sake of the little Christ, asleep.*

EDWIN COOLIDGE, '92.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

Sometime in December, 1850, the Rev. John Nobili, S. J., having opened a school to teach the Catholic children of the Parish, in the north part of the Old Mission buildings, my brother William and I commenced to go to school there as day scholars along with John M. and Armstead Burnett, sons of Ex-Governor Peter H. Burnett, the first civil Governor of California, then living in the Port of Alviso. The boys rode horses back and forth five miles every day.

Among our schoolmates were Alpheus Bascom, son of Dr. Bascom who lived just south of town, and opened up the avenue (since called Bascom Avenue), young Martin J. Murphy, the sole pupil of Rev. Fr. Nobili, in Latin and Greek, T. White, son of Charles White, one of the "Juntamienta," or City Fathers of San Jose, John T. Colohan, Charles J. Martin, afterwards Mayor of San Jose. Then later came E. Rea of Oregon and T. I. Bergin of San Francisco, and Fred Macondray now the head of the firm of Macondray & Co., San Francisco. Then too, came P. W. Murphy and B. D. Murphy, sons of Martin Murphy, owner of the Rancho Pretoria de las Borregas (now Sunnyvale).

When I first went to school the number of pupils was four boarders and seventeen day scholars as we were

called. Just think of the change from then till now!

The boarders generally came from a distance, one I remember from Los Angeles, M. Estudillo, afterwards elected State Senator from there.

There were also Cypriano and Tomas Fisher, twin brothers from "Laguna Seco Rancho", just west of Coyote Station; A. D. Splivalo of San Jose, Geo. Keane of San Francisco, W. L. Merry, who now is U. S. Consul to Guatemala.

Then the five sons of J. A. Forbes who lived in the south part of the Mission buildings. He was an Englishman and had been British Consul in California under the Mexican Regime. He married a Miss Galindo of Santa Clara who received as her dowry the "Rancho Pastoria de Santa Clara" and a few years later Forbes sold it to Commodore Stockton and it has since been called the Stockton Ranch.

There are other pupils, mostly Spanish boys, whose names I do not now remember. "It is so long ago, don't cher know," as the Englishman would say.

Now as to the list of teachers (as they were called then): Rev. John Nobili, S. J., Greek and Latin; Rev. M. Acoltti, S. J., Rev. Veyret, S. J., French Composition and Ancient History; Mr. J. Pascal, German, piano, violin, vocal

music, penmanship, bookkeeping; Mr. Reid, English, Arithmetic; Mr. P. Egan, teacher Primary Classes. Later came Fr. Carreda and Fr. Mengarini, Fr. A. Congiato, Fr. Messea and Fr. Masnata, Fr. Prelato and many others too numerous to mention, and so the small school of those days grew fast, both in numbers and facilities for a higher edu-

cation, and turned out some of the ablest and most prominent men of the State.

Knowing I have about exhausted your patience in reading my rambling notes of the days of '49, I now close.

H. D. MENTON.

May 26th, 1908.

Santa Clara.

A REVERIE

*How swiftly, unerringly, towards the grave,
 Whirls the cycle of time for us all.
 The hours, and the days, and the weeks, and the years,
 Pass us by with a speed to appall.
 Yet we heed not the passage of time in its flight;
 We care not the moment of doom;
 We reck not the ever immutable law
 That hurries us on to the tomb.*

*But we list to the heart-throbs that beat for to-day;
 We live in the present alone,
 With no thought of the change that the morrow may
 bring,
 No regret for the years that have flown,
 No grief for the hearts we have crushed with our greed,
 No sorrow for souls that are lost,—
 Stand aside, let us pass, or be trampled upon,
 We must win, be whatever the cost!*

*Let us pause for a moment and turn back the leaves,
 And see how life's records appear,
 Let us go back a decade from nineteen nought eight,
 To the time of our last college year;
 To the time when we labored and struggled and crammed,
 And worried with problems abstract,
 With Spencer and Kant, and our calculus, too,
 To make up the learning we lacked.*

*We dabbled in oxygen, hydrogen, too,
In formulas long by the score,
In molecules, atoms, and theories old,
And other chemistry lore.*

*Those were strenuous days—so we thought at the time—
Full of study and labor and woes;
Not a moment of rest from beginning to end—
To the awful "exam" at the close.*

*Had we known what the world with its cares held in store—
What imported the battle of life—
What a struggle it is to be God-fearing men—
Yet to triumph in peace and in strife—
Truly then we'd have welcomed the studious hours,
And embraced opportunity's call
To prepare for the serious efforts of life
Which the future held out to us all.*

*Moments idled and wasted return no more;
Opportunity knocks and is gone;
So improve every moment your God lets you live,
Battle bravely and loyally on.
Let old Santa Clara—the College we love—
Be a blessing to you, as it should,
If you stand by her teachings and follow the path
Her finger points out for your good.*

*Here's a toast to the boys she is nurturing now,
From the boys of a decade ago;
From the past to the present, the old to the new,
From the boys who have struggled, and know.
Be true to the Fathers whose life is for you,
Rule yourselves, if you must, with a rod;
'Tis not saying you can't be a good fellow, too,
But be true to yourself and your God.*

Elmer Westlake, A. B. '98.

SOME CHRONICLES OF OLD DAYS

Forty years ago—in 1868, Father Varsi being President and Father Carreda being Prefect of Studies, both of blessed memory, the writer had the good fortune to be enrolled as a student in Santa Clara College. There was then no definite course of four years, divided into Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, and these terms were not known to the nomenclature of the College. When a student entered he was assigned to the class for which he was fitted by his attainments as indicated by a preliminary examination, more or less searching, as the case seemed to warrant.

The writer was assigned to the third English Class in the literary course—a class then under the administration of a father, who subsequently became a secular priest.

Hazing, while not a recognized custom of the College in those days, and not of uniform observance, was yet practiced by the students from time to time as the spirit of fun and the occasion demanded. There stood a handy pump in the middle of the campus and the neophyte, who was to undergo initiation into full membership as a student, was taken to it and the water pumped upon his head, neck and adjacent parts. Woe to the callow youth who resisted. If instead of yielding to the inevitable he concluded that he would not submit to the indignity, husky fellows were not wanting to seize

him by the most convenient part of his anatomy, and hurry him forcibly along to the place of punishment. There, despite his efforts to escape from his tormentor, he was “ducked” in right royal fashion. No mercy was shown to the recalcitrant and, without paying any attention to his appeals for mercy, the pump was kept going by sturdy arms and the water poured in a steady stream over his body, now limp and lifeless from exhausted effort. In a case of active resistance, the hazers were not squeamish about consequences, and many a dandified fellow had his new suit of the latest fashion thoroughly soaked, and sometimes reduced to a condition of rags and tatters. After the deluge, as it were, the stubborn youth slunk away, a sadder man but a wiser.

The writer remembers a boy by the name of———nay, let him be nameless, who not only opposed the aqueous application with might and main, but who actually drew a great gun out of his pocket, and threatened to blow the whole crowd to the kingdom come. How he ever became possessed of his weapon was a mystery, for it was strictly against the rules of the college to have or carry arms. This unexpected move on the part of the victim was a great surprise and the crowd stood aghast and irresolute, but only for a moment, and then great Wolter of Monterey sprung on him like a panther, wrenched the gun from his

grasp, and soon the triumphant crowd led him away to execution. Let us draw the curtain on the succeeding acts of this serio-comic drama, for the imagination can easily picture what happened to poor S———.

The college campus forty years ago was not so extensive as it is at present. The gymnasium was located about where second base of the college diamond now is, and a high board fence, running east and west, cut off the north portion of the block on which the college buildings stand. This portion constituted the "pig" yard, where the pork was raised with which the students were, at proper intervals, regaled in the refectory. Besides these Berkshire denizens, there was always at least one steer in this enclosure, which had the reputation of being wild and dangerous, and disposed to hook the student who rashly ventured into his bovine bailiwick. I have sometimes thought that his reputation was not really merited, but that somebody slyly spread the report in order to make that high board fence still more insurmountable and to keep the boys out of forbidden ground. Certain it is that many a baseball which flew into that yard was never recovered and became a lost ball.

The old gymnasium, to which I have referred, served a double purpose. It was, as its name indicated, a place set apart for muscular training, but it was also a histrionic temple. Whenever a drama was to be staged by the students, it was transformed into a very presentable and capacious theatre. In the

gymnasium portion proper, a temporary floor was laid and seats were placed thereon, rising in tiers one above the other, very much after the manner of a circus but affording, however, much more comfort. And the people that flocked to our dramatic entertainments! There never was room for them all, and the many who could not obtain seats within, stood without, always a large crowd, and had the satisfaction of hearing, if they did not see, all that took place on the stage.

Oh, I tell you the college actors drew in those days. Was it because our old boys were better actors, or was it because the people loved the drama more, or am I altogether mistaken in my premises? But let me mention some of those who trod the boards in comedy or high tragedy, mostly however as tragedians. Here is the list of those whose names were, by their fellow students, inscribed high in the temple of fame:

D. M. Delmas, John T. Malone, Clay M. Greene, Johnny Long, A. D. Splivalo, Cæsar Splivalo and John M. Townsend. The writer remembers when "Richelieu" was played with Clay Greene in the title role. He had a minor part, but as it was his first appearance on that or any other stage, it was certainly a proud day, or rather night to him. How he rehearsed the lines:

"Take the sword to Cardinal Richelieu;
He gives gold for steel when worn by brave
men,"

and then at the proper time in the play, when he felt that he was the cynosure

of all eyes, he spoke them as if the entire success of the performance depended on him.

There is no doubt that Clay Greene is not only a great playwright, but he was also a fine actor. His rendition of the Cardinal was superb, and I have seen many a professional in the rôle whose acting was not superior, in my opinion, to that of my college mate and friend.

I desire to note here also the excellence of Delmas' "Hamlet," Splivalo's "Hotspur," Malone's "Pizzaro," and Townsend's "Falstaff."

The students were separated into two divisions. In the First Division were the older or senior students. Their dormitory was in the upper part of the old California Hotel building, which stood until recently, linking the past with the present. Father Veyret—may his memory ever be green—was one of the prefects of the dormitory. He was one of those simple, holy souls, who knew no guile and suspected none in others, and particularly in the boys under his charge in the dormitory. It may be that towards the end he realized that boys will be boys, and that there is a lurking spirit of mischief in most of them. May we be forgiven for the many pranks we played in that dormitory, and more especially for our rascally conduct in simulating the nightmare in the deadest hour of the night, when the lights were out and the stillness of sleep brooded over all. The wild shrieks, unearthly yells, despairing howls were enough to raise the dead

from their long sleep in the neighboring churchyard. And for awhile, no doubt, Father Veyret was misled into believing that this babel of sounds was the natural and spontaneous manifestation of an awful dream, which the student had.

In October of 1868 there occurred a *temblor* of great severity, and this dormitory suffered considerably. Great, heavy sections of the plastering fell and the old building had a few more cracks put into it. But the old chapel in the yard, which stood facing north and across the site of the new chapel, suffered such dislocation by the shock that it had to be torn down. The students had just left the refectory after breakfast, when the earth began to roll and heave with the force of the disturbance. The writer remembers that he was at the door of the refectory when the quake began, and when it was over he was at the lower end of the campus—his migrations in the meantime being a mystery to him. The first sight that greeted his eyes, when his senses were recalled, was that of a well-known student kneeling before Father Barcelo and begging for baptism. He did not then obtain it but later on became a convert and was received into the church. While all the boys were in a state of great excitement and fear, Father Barcelo stood among them as tranquil as though a summer breeze had passed along. There was no dread in that great, pure soul. I am ready to believe that he did not feel the convulsions of the earth beneath his feet, so

much was his mind engrossed with spiritual things. I never saw a man so unconscious of his immediate surroundings. He was prefect of the yard, but I am sure that most of the time he did not see or hear what occurred about him. He was a great mathematician, and when he was not mentally working out some complex problem in calculus, his mind was far away with the children of the forest and the plain—the Indians. It is said that some of the red man's blood flowed in his veins, but however that be, he heard their voices crying in the wilderness, and he went out to them as a missionary. In their services, he laid down his life after laboring zealously, unselfishly according to the best traditions of his order.

Some workmen were employed to tear down the ruins of the chapel after the earthquake, but so slowly and ineffectively did they work that the students, who had been watching them, grew impatient and getting long ropes, they took a hitch around one of the walks and, in a trice, with a hundred boys tugging away, down it came with a crash. A half holiday was granted them, and in a short time not a brick was left on a brick, nor a stone upon a stone, for what was an arduous labor for the workmen was a mere pastime for the boys. Under the chapel floor were buried some of the members of the order—a Jesuit Father and one or more lay brothers. Their bodies were reverently exhumed and they were given sepultures in other consecrated ground. A wooden chapel was built, where the

old brick one stood, but it faced to the west, as does the present handsome chapel which succeeded the wooden one.

Many are the changes that have taken place in the old institution—material changes, but greatest of all are the changes in the personnel of the faculty and teachers. The old fathers with but few exceptions are gone from the scene of their earthly labors. A finer body of men, one better adapted intellectually, spiritually, to do the work allotted to them has certainly seldom been brought together. They were one and all animated by the spirit of the illustrious founder of their order—Ignatius of Loyola, and what more need or can be said?

At the head of the College as President was Father Varsi—a courtly man of great endowments and, as I love to recall him a superb dialectician. Father Carreda was Vice-President of the College, but he was longer in service than any one there. A fine musician was Father Carreda, and a man loved by all the students. One of his chief traits was a most thorough knowledge of human nature, particularly as exemplified in young men. His eyes were capable of searching one's very soul. And there was Father Barcelo, professor of Moral Philosophy, Theology and higher mathematics—my guide, philosopher and friend. There was also in the faculty Father Veyret, teacher of French and Mathematics, who dearly loved his little joke and the *pons asinorum*. Father Brunengo, professor of

Natural Sciences, who was one of the first, I believe, to conceive the idea of the telephone, and Father Barchi, accomplished French scholar, added their share of lustre to the teaching corps of the College. Father Pinasco, that genial heart, that sympathetic soul—he too is gone. Father Young was a trenchant writer, and the dramatic tutor, under whose tuition the students became so proficient in acting. Father Calzia, adept in the languages and particularly in the classics, was a man humble of heart, but a soldier in the cause of the Master. These have all passed on to their eternal reward, but

we, who sat at their feet, cannot forget them, for have they not in some way entered into our very lives and become a part of our consciousness?

Some few of that noble band remain—Father Testa, the Disciplinarian, Father Neri, the Chemist, Father Cichi, the Geologist and Mineralogist. Many an anecdote of which they were a part is stored up in the cells of my memory, and to them, as to all, my heart is grateful for many a deed of kindness—a helping hand held out in the vexatious hour of difficulty, and a true word spoken when the spirit was languishing.

HON. W. P. VEUVE A. B., '74.

THE LADIES OF LONG AGO

(AFTER THE FRENCH OF VILLON)

Of Flora, the beautiful Roman maid,
 Tell me the present abiding place;
 Of Thais—too, and Archiapade
 Cousins united by ties of grace;
 Of Echo, who answered each murmur made
 Over the marsh or the river's flow,
 In more than mortal beauty arrayed,—
 But where are the snows of a year ago?

And where is Heloise, who was famed
 For her learning, and for the love of whom
 Was Abelard, as a monk and maimed,
 Consigned to St. Denys's cloistered tomb?
 And where is the queen, by me unnamed
 That gave command to her vassals to throw
 Buridan, bound and sacked, in the Seine?—
 But where are the snows of a year ago?

And Blanche, the queen like the fleur de lis,
 With voice of a siren, we seek in vain,
 And Bertha, Alys and Beatrice
 And Eremburge who defended Le Mayne;
 And Joan of Arc, the good Lorraine
 Whom the English burned at Rouen—Lo—
 Where are they, Virgin Sovereign?—
 But where are the snows of a year ago?

ENVOI

Prince, this week, or even this year,
 Where they may be, seek not to know,
 For this, the only refrain you will hear,—
 But where are the snows of a year ago?

Hon. M. T. DOOLING PH. D., '03.

AN INCIDENT OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE IN '68

Ulysses S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax had been nominated for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States by the Republican party, their Democratic opponents being Seymour and Blair. Political prejudice ran rather high among the students, particularly in the Junior department, and had a poll been taken among the boys Seymour and Blair would undoubtedly have received an overwhelming majority.

Just how many Republican sympathizers there actually were among the Juniors it is impossible for me to say, but only seven of us, in the face of the rabid opposition, seemed to have had the courage of our convictions. These seven were Henry and Walter Newhall, Lucian and Julian Burling, Alexander Campbell, Harry Dwinelle and myself.

And perhaps we didn't have a "hot time" of it during the height of the campaign! Well, if any of "The Seven" see this little reminder they will recall the fact that we had the time of our lives, both before and soon after the election which, as everybody knows resulted in a big Republican victory.

The torchlight processions of both parties passed, on different occasions, under one of the College fences. When the Democrats filed by, the said fence was lined from end to end with Juniors shouting hysterically to beat the band—what a mob there was of them! But when the Republican procession went

by later on, alas! only seven enthusiastic sympathizers were perched on the same fence, but what we lacked in numbers I dare say we made up in noise.

What an unmerciful "guying" we got from the opposition. It would pain me to describe it even if I could recall what we were up against. The Democratic Juniors didn't do a thing to us during recreation hours. I do not remember the name of the leader of the Seymour and Blair forces, but I know he was a short, chunky youth and wonderfully belligerent. Why not when he had such a large following at his back, while we "were only seven?" However, we seven stuck together like good fellows, and though we suffered from many fistic encounters, and what was much worse, the sarcasm of our opponents, in the end we had our reward and turned the laugh on the enemy.

Our parents having got wind of the fight we had put up to sustain a principle, decided that we were entitled to a banquet, and a whole lot of good things came down from San Francisco for our benefit.

With the permission of President Varsi the dinner came off one evening in the refectory between eight and nine when the rest of the students were in the study hall, and perhaps we didn't have a bang-up time! Well, say, it makes my mouth water now to recall

that feast! What was left when we were through would hardly have fed a humming-bird.

And perhaps we didn't crow over the boys who flattened their noses against the window panes on the outside! We held up turkey "drum-sticks," cake,

and other delicacies for them to look at, with the glass between, and what they seemed to suffer was balm to our souls. It was a case of "He laughs best who laughs last."

J. PERKINS TRACY, 1866-'69.

WELCOME TO THE CAPTAINS OF THE FLEET

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1908

Heirs of heroes with whose glorious deeds our annals are replete,—
Freedom's warriors whose brave story knows nor shame nor base retreat,—
With the warmth of Californian hearts your noble band we greet!
Welcome thrice and three times o'er from bannered town and shouting street!

From our purple-fruited orchards, from our fields of golden wheat,
From our hills, where the Sequoias guard their kingdom's ancient seat,
Rolls the chorus of our welcomes, while glad hearts the measure beat,
And the roses of our vale are strewn a carpet for your feet!

Ye that on the wave triumphant bear Columbia's standard-sheet;
Ye, our pride in peace, our calm reliance still in battle's heat;
Ye, whom Triton loves—the brave, to whom the land's acclaim is meet—
Santa Clara bids ye hail, and dips her pennant to THE FLEET!

Charles D. South, A. M., '01.

LETTERS FROM OLD BOYS

San Francisco, Cal., May 14, 1908.

Dear Friend: Your favor of the 6th inst., came duly to hand. Your surmise that I am busy is correct, nevertheless it is a relief and pleasure to pause in my vexatious work for a little while and revert back to and recall to mind and meditate upon what occurred in my happy days at Santa Clara College from August 1873 to June 1878. They are certainly replete with pleasant memories. When I first entered the College it was recognized and acknowledged as the best institution of learning on the Pacific Coast. In my opinion it is so still. Rev. A. Varsi S. J., was then president of the College, and he supervised it with a master-hand. The College was over-crowded with students, so much so that accommodations had to be hastily made for a preparatory department in which the youngest students were taught what was suitable to their age and capacity. In the senior division there were many bearded men seeking knowledge which they failed to obtain elsewhere. In the junior division there were many bright lights, such as the McClatchy brothers and Hon. J. F. Smith, now Governor of the Philippines. The students came not only from all parts of the State of California but also from Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Mexico, Central America and South America. They were of different creeds and nationalities. At first sight of them one would have naturally

believed that discord and strife would readily breed amongst them, but under the gentle influence and light discipline of the Fathers, barring a few rare and insignificant instances, harmony and good will always prevailed amongst them. It is true that often strong rivalry developed between some to wrest the laurels of victory in the pursuit of some branch of knowledge or other, but never so as to engender bitter feelings or unbecoming disputes. Very few there were, if any, who were disinclined to study. As a rule they were hard students, well knowing that to succeed, the impulse to learn must proceed from within themselves and that they must avail themselves and make the most of their instructor's guidance in and exposition of the learning they were there to acquire. Familiar as the Fathers were with every detail of any lesson they taught, well understanding human nature, and skilled in the art of teaching, they easily imparted knowledge, and it was imbibed by the students with little exertion. This aptitude of teaching was possessed by all the instructors, but I recollect particularly that of Rev. A. Veyret, S. J. In his class of Geometry he demonstrated the problems on the blackboard in such a clear, precise and engaging manner that not even the dullest students in the class could fail to understand them. He had the knack of impressing them indelibly upon their minds. The students were thereby en-

couraged, and it became a pleasure for them to study and learn. It is said that the speed of a fleet is that of its slowest craft which retards it, but with Father Veyret the dullest student received such an impetus by his fascinating demonstrations that he readily kept pace with the brightest student. As a result the daily instructions to and examinations of the class were quickly disposed of, and it frequently happened before the class hour expired that Father Veyret found time to spare in which to relate interesting anecdotes, which the more endeared him to his class.

How different was the training I received in the public school of my town, before I entered college. There, my class for instance, was given examples in arithmetic and algebra to do; each scholar had to work them out by himself, without any previous aid and explanations other than what the text book offered, which to me were often obscure, and woe betide him who did not present them correct at the appointed time. He would be kept in after school hours to perform his task, and failing again to do any example correctly, he was punished severely with a leathern strap and dismissed, only to return to school the next day and undergo a similar experience. It sometimes happened that the whole class was kept in after school hours and finally punished. Many a time since then have I thought that among the numerous pupils in that school, there might have been a few whose young, weak and undeveloped constitutions

may have more or less hindered the activity of their minds and blunted their intellects to some extent, but they might have outgrown their physical infirmities and if they had been taught in Father Veyret's suave and encouraging manner, who knows but that their minds might have been so educated as to eventually burst forth with effulgence and make them brilliant stars in the intellectual firmament. The old saying is that for the lack of a nail the shoe was lost; for the lack of a shoe the horse was lost, and for the lack of a horse the rider was lost. So it must have been with some of those poor students who might have ridden to fame on proper education received in that particular school, but who were unfortunately lost just for the lack of a little of that gentle encouragement which is so gratuitously and unstintedly given at Santa Clara College.

I might, had I ample time, likewise comment upon my experience in the other classes which I attended at College. I might state how carefully and successfully the experiments were prepared and made in the classes of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, with a view to have the lectures therein given properly understood; how in the classes of Mental Philosophy, Rhetoric, Mathematics and other branches of knowledge, everything was systematically done to train the mind to reason logically and correctly, to express ideas truly, clearly, precisely, concisely and in elegant terms, phraseology and styles and to figure and measure expeditiously and ac-

curately; how momentous questions were hotly debated in societies organized and fostered to test and improve the oratorical and forensic abilities of the qualified students that joined them; how the periodical "The Owl", was edited, printed and published by a staff of students in which they gave vent to their literary proficiency; how athletic exercises and games were devised, performed and played for the physical development and recreation of the students; how and in what manner moral principles were inculcated on their minds and, in short, how all possible was done for the mental, moral and physical improvement of the students to fit and equip them as good citizens and to rightfully achieve success in whatever vocation they each chose to pursue in the world, and to gain a crown of glory in heaven.

Were I to write about all this fully and relate in addition thereto all the incidents, happy, humorous and otherwise, which occurred, it would be necessary for me to prolong this letter to a tiresome and interminable length. I therefore must beg leave to close it here with my kindest regards to the faculty and my best wishes for the success of the greater College of Santa Clara.

Yours sincerely,

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO S. B., '78.

Alamos, Mexico, April 25, 1908.

Dear Father: Pardon me if I trifle away your time for a few minutes. I have tried to excuse you from this tiresome task; but I understand that by

right you are bound to bear the talk and letters of the old graduates, since you, to a certain extent, morally embody, as Director of THE REDWOOD, the dignified personality of our revered Alma Mater. Hence, to make known our deep affection to the College, we must express it to you.

During my last visit to Santa Clara I had no sooner stepped into the yard—in which every spot reminded me of my College life—than a thousand pleasant episodes came back to my mind. Their brilliancy was superb. The same old scenery helped my imagination to locate mentally every man at his own place. The day of the week is Thursday. Father Caredda is going to the Second Division Study Hall, and as he starts from his stronghold, the refectory, he sweeps over the yard with a discriminating glance through his always neatly polished spectacles. Casanova, list in hand, goes towards every throng of boys cordially summoning the "beloved ones" to go to "Letter A." Yonder, near the corner of the fence, Malarin is catching and Redman takes the place of the pitcher; David Spencer gets the ball on the scoop, and at the very instant in which I am going to shout "good boy, David! put it on second," Father Cichi who was near me said: "Eh! Urrea, what is the matter, are we going to stop here all day?"

Then, we walked to the site where the old play room was situated, and most sweetly did I enjoy the remembrance of the following episodes:

It was a winter's evening, just after

supper, when the First Division boys were assembled in the play room, located by the side of the old tanbarked gymnasium. We all were enjoying our "Old Judge" cigarettes, and waiting most anxiously for Father Allen and Dutchy Meyer, '83 to mount the piano platform, in order to begin playing for our usual evening dance. Our expectations were hindered at that precious moment by Jim Martins, who found pleasure in thumbing on the piano trying to get the accompaniment of the old song "The Spanish Cavalier." The boys voiced their protests in hisses and yells, but all to no use; for Jim's practice on the piano went on. As the boys found out that such loud protest was of no avail, they became perfectly quiet, so that even the stir of a mosquito could be heard and so therefore that Jim's pianistic ability could be fully appreciated. This artifice had no effect on Jim's mind either, and the accompaniment of the "Spanish Cavalier" followed its course uninterrupted. John G. Leibert and Henry W. Miller were the best Santa Clara College minstrels at that time, and with that esprit characteristic of them, devised the idea of playing a trick on Jim. They both went outside and made out of grass and *eucalyptus* foliage some queer looking bouquets, which together with some other articles, as a pair of wornout shoes, one or two bricks, and two bottles filled up with muddy water, were jokingly placed on a piece of board that was made to serve as a tea tray. Things arranged thus, Miller and Leibert hold-

ing in their hands such eloquent tokens of esteem, most comically walked up to the platform and delivered to Martins a ludicrous speech of presentation. Jim calmly let them go on, and when they got through answered them in the same jocosely style, and ended his address with these very words: "Johnny, presents to the table." Then all the boys burst into noisy and tremendous laughter and came to the conclusion that Martins never blushed. The dance began.

It was a drizzling morning, no prefect was seen in the yard as we were going in ranks to the chapel. Henry Arguello thought that this fine occasion ought not to be lost, and that he should afford the boys and himself a little fun. He jumped off from the boards and commenced to dance a jig; but it seemed that such an act of worship to Terpsichore was not benignly accepted by the Olympic deity, for just then a voice of basso profundo uttered the words: "Arguello! take ninety plus ninety." It was Father Caredda! Always Father Caredda! Not a thing could escape the penetrating eye of dear old Joe! Father Caredda with his inseparable bell in hand was behind a tree, sheltering himself from the rain. He was at that time the Napoleon of Santa Clara College; his discipline was hard and strict, nevertheless, the boys followed and obeyed him, as the soldiers of the First French Empire did Napoleon. Father Caredda was a commanding genius too.

Now one friendly word to the present students of Santa Clara College: Enjoy well your college days, my young

friends. Keep fresh the delicious flavor of our classical stew, eat relishingly our Bondielli's doughnuts, slap-jacks and bricks. Enjoy your peaceful, sound and strengthening sleep, that comes on you "like dew from heaven," and cease to be at a loss to finish your College career. For in the time to come, your sleep shall be disturbed by sundry cares, and though happy days you are liable to spend, those in the

dusky future will never equal in contentment those of your prismatic present, which refracts joy in all the bright hues of its magnificent spectrum.

With best wishes for the welfare of the College, and regards to Rev. Father President, Faculty and the rest of the Fathers, I remain

Yours respectfully,

J. S. URREA S. B., '83.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

In pursuance of a policy adopted last June we have devoted this number of the REDWOOD exclusively to the contributions of Alumni and old students of the College. A single glance at the index will be sufficient to show that we have been remarkably successful in

gathering material for our Alumni number. The prose articles are uniformly good and interesting, and the verse is of a character and quality rarely excelled. Indeed we pride ourselves especially on this array of verse, and we venture the assertion, without fear of contra-

diction, that never in the history of the REDWOOD have its covers at one time included so much real poetry.

We realize of course, that this excellence is due in no part to our own efforts, but entirely to the men who have so cheerfully and good-humoredly answered our appeal for contributions. In hardly a single instance was our request met with a refusal and we desire to thank all of those who have so effectually co-operated with us in making this number what it is.

It has been an unfailing source of pleasure for us—this getting in touch with the old boys and gazing with their eyes on the past through the rose colored glasses of memory. If we can measure the pleasure of our readers in perusing these articles by the pleasure that we found in their collection there can be no doubt as to the success of this number.

Whether it will become an annual custom to make the June number of the REDWOOD an Alumni number rests, of course, not with us but with our successors. However, we should like to recommend to those successors, if this may ever chance to come to their notice, that they should do something of the kind as we can conceive no more effective way of achieving one of the avowed purposes of the REDWOOD, "to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past," than by bringing the work of these Boys of the Past, not only before the Boys of the Present, but also to each

other's notice. In this way, by creating a mutual interest in the whole graduate and undergraduate body, we could go on yearly strengthening the common bond which binds us all together in the love of our Alma Mater.

"Sometime in December, 1850, the Rev. John Nobili, S. J. having opened a school to teach the Catholic children of the Parish, in the north part of the Old Mission buildings, my brother William and I commenced to go to school there." Thus runs Mr. Menton's simple account of the founding of Santa Clara College.

Fifty-eight years!—not so long a time when compared to the age of some of our eastern colleges, and extremely short when we consider the eventful centuries of life which many of the Universities of Europe have seen; yet long enough to have made Santa Clara seem already old and venerable in this land of youth and promise. Fifty-eight years—short in time perhaps, but if years were the measure of progress, wonderfully long!

It is a far cry from that little parish school with its score or so of pupils to the Santa Clara College of today, with her sons prominent in every walk of life. Yet in that humble beginning lay the germ of the great Santa Clara of the present and the greater Santa Clara of the future; and we must thank the Rev. John Nobili and his little band for our present educational facilities. To return to Mr. Menton's account: "and so the small school grew fast, both in numbers and facilities for a higher educa-

tion, and turned out some of the ablest and most prominent men of the state."

May she continue to grow in the future as rapidly as in the past, and to extend her influence for good so that her sons of tomorrow may bring as much honor to their Alma Mater as those of yesterday and today. In the light of her past history who can doubt that such will be the case?

In the springtime baseball is Santa Clara's king. During the fleeting season of his reign, when the merry crack of the willow may be heard every evening drifting across the campus from the diamond, his sway is undisputed. Player and bleacherite alike bow down before his scepter to do him willing homage. Once or twice a week during the baseball season his loyal subjects gather about the diamond to cheer themselves hoarse in his behalf, and during the rest of the week interested knots of students may be found at any time excitedly discussing the result of the last game or knowingly conjecturing as to the outcome of the next one. Yes, for a few brief months in the springtime baseball is our king and we his willing subjects; but alas, the season of his reign is pitifully short!

It was no little pleasure to us therefore to learn that this year he has increased both the time and the extent of his dominion. Whereas according to precedent the first of June should find him decently interred, this year it finds him not only still above ground but actually planning, with the advice of his prime-minister McKenzie, a conquest of Hawaii that will lay the islands at his feet. For, he argues, should not baseball follow the flag?

We wish, not only on behalf of the REDWOOD, but of the student body as well, to extend our congratulations to the members of the team for their good work this season which has made the trip to the islands possible, and to Manager McKenzie for arranging it. We desire to thank Mr. John A. Kennedy for the generosity and interest in our welfare that he displayed in donating a gold medal for the player making the best general average on the trip, and lastly to wish the players themselves the success, which we feel sure will be theirs. Our only regret on this occasion is that we are not a member of the team.

M. T. DOOLING, JR., '09.



The Ryland Debate

The annual Ryland debate between the Philalethic Senate and the House of Philhistorians took place in the College Auditorium on Monday evening May 4th. As in the past a goodly number of the public, friends of the College and of the students, attended the debate and by their encouraging and generous applause, spurred the contestants on to even greater efforts than ordinary.

The alumni who acted as judges were, Mr. Joseph R. Ryland, '84, Mr. David M. Burnett, '96, Mr. Robert R. Syer, '88, and Hon. James H. Campbell, '71; while Mr. William E. Johnson, '01, presided as chairman.

The question under discussion was a very timely one. It was: "Resolved, That the Sailing of the American Fleet was reasonably likely to excite the apprehensions of Japan."

The affirmative side of the question was supported by Senators Ivo G. Bogan of Tucson, Arizona, Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., of Hollister, and Harry McKenzie of San Francisco. The Neg-

ative was taken care of by Representatives P. A. McHenry of San Luis Obispo, William B. Hirst of San Mateo, and James R. Daly of Santa Rosa.

In his introductory remarks, Mr. Johnson, as chairman, highly praised the two rival debating societies of the College. He spoke of the exceedingly great opportunities afforded those who belonged to either of these two bodies, and of how the acquirement of fluency of speech and of soundness of thought—valuable assets of life—were in such debating societies as these are merely the matter of a short time.

The first speaker of the evening was Senator Bogan. His introduction of the question to be debated was such as at once to catch the attention of the audience and to hold it to the end.

A lengthy yet precise explanation of the terms used in the wording of the question furnished Senator Bogan and his colleagues of the affirmative with a solid basis to work upon.

He proceeded then to demonstrate that the only thing necessary to be proved by the affirmative side was that

the apprehensions of Japan were only "reasonably likely" to be aroused by the sending of the Fleet. He showed that it was not necessary to prove that the fears of Japan *were* aroused or *would* be aroused, but merely that they were *reasonably likely* to be aroused.

Throughout the whole of his oration the Senator showed great oratorical talent, and as a veteran in the art of debating, he used every mite of knowledge in his possession in presenting his numerous powerful arguments. One in particular seemed to strike more forcibly than the rest. In endeavoring to prove that Japan was reasonably likely to be aroused, Senator Bogan argued that Japan had every cause to fear the United States and consequently her war terriers for the preservation of peace on account of the many incidents where differences had occurred between the United States and Japan.

The Arizonian Senator closed his debate in the midst of applause, which throughout his speech had continually interrupted him, for his efforts were more than appreciated.

Representative P. Arthur McHenry of San Luis Obispo, as the first negative, next took the floor. After stating the question, as it read for his side, he too, went into some details as to the exact meaning of several terms used in the wording of the resolution. As his definitions, however, clashed very little with those previously given by Senator Bogan, no new train of argumentation was started in that direction.

Briefly put the argument of Repre-

sentative McHenry was: Commercial interests between two nations sometimes involve such vast amounts of money that all likelihood of war between them is utterly impossible. But such is the case between United States and Japan. Therefore there is no likelihood of war between the United States and Japan. Therefore since the Japanese government is certainly well aware of these facts the coming of our Fleet did not, could not excite in her any reasonable alarm.

To prove his point he brought out many convincing arguments, embracing a number of good examples and several items containing good statistics, demonstrating the very enormous commercial relations existing between Japan and the United States.

Among other arguments of Representative McHenry we may mention what, serving as a proof of his major, was a scholarly reference to that well known masterful speech of Edmund Burke, in the British Parliament previous to the War of Independence.

"Burke," said he, "was a man who realized the necessity of preserving peace at any cost, and his very sensible and correct opinions in this regard he set forth in that grand oration of his, which to any but a prejudiced audience would have been most convincing. However his efforts were of no avail, for he alone of all those assembled in Parliament realized the fruitlessness of entering into such a war, not only on account of the uncertainty of the outcome but principally because the *com-*

mercial interests between the United States and England were very likely to be ruptured."

Representative McHenry applied this example to the question in hand. Japan and the United States were both aware that their commercial interests forbade war, so why should there be apprehensions on the part of either country, or, to use more direct words, why should the apprehensions of Japan be even reasonably likely to be aroused?

The Representative's speech showed that he was very intimately acquainted with all the facts and circumstances in connection with the subject debated, due to industrious study of the question and energetic preparation. His delivery was good, and the coolness and ease with which he handled himself during the entire time of his possession of the floor showed that when it comes to the art of debating, he is far from being a beginner.

Senator Maurice Dooling of Hollister was the next speaker of the evening. He dwelt principally upon the fact that the mere sailing of such a powerful Fleet would in a way alarm any country that did not happen to be on the best of terms with the United States. Now Japan was not on the best of terms and consequently it was reasonably likely that her fears were aroused.

"'A great navy', says President Roosevelt, 'is the best guarantee of peace,' but as we possess a great navy," argued Senator Dooling, "for what other purpose should it be used than to preserve peace?" Surely the authorities at

Washington did not send the Fleet to the Pacific just for the show and celebration attached to the proceeding. There must have been some more substantial reason. The Japanese were in a menacing state and must be warned, so the Fleet sailed. That they were encroaching upon the rights of the country and in many ways menacing her citizens, the Senator from Hollister endeavored to show by citing many instances in which the Japanese had, to say the least, become altogether too familiar.

One of the best arguments brought out to prove his point was his reference to the Japanese emigration. The vast population of Japan, ever on the increase, and that very rapidly too, is in sore plight. They have either to starve or to emigrate, and of course of the two evils they choose the less, and consequently San Francisco and the Pacific Coast generally become in a way the dumping ground of over-loaded Japan.

This is only one way described by Senator Dooling in which the Japanese had become too conspicuous. This wholesale emigration led greatly to the much-vaunted school question, for the Japs became so numerous on the coast that even the schools couldn't hold them, peaceably.

Senator Dooling gave several other examples of the unpeaceful nature of the Japs, which all went to prove that Japan was not on the best of terms with the United States and needed some slight warning if not a reprimand, and so the Fleet sailed.

Under such circumstances, the apprehensions of Japan, argued the Senator, were very reasonably likely to be aroused, because not only had they something to fear on account of the troublesome state of affairs but they had also something to lose, which something they did lose, namely, the graft of the closed door, and the supreme control of the Pacific, both of which they were deprived of, when the Fleet sailed.

The great head work displayed by Senator Dooling, won him the plaudits of the audience continually during his speech. The manner in which he time and again turned the arguments of the opposing side back upon themselves was a performance seldom surpassed in college forensic battles. His cool and clear delivery helped in a great measure toward strengthening the already strong fight being put up by the Affirmative, and when he finally yielded the floor it was midst a spontaneous outburst of applause, extremely well merited.

The second speaker on the Negative side was Representative William B. Hirst of San Mateo. Representative Hirst's main object was to prove that the apprehensions of Japan were not reasonably likely to be excited on account of the fact that she had nothing whatsoever to fear from the United States. Taking for granted that the United States would not engage in war unless it had something to gain, Mr. Hirst proposed his argument thusly: "If the United States engaged in war

with Japan, some of these three results would ensue. The United States would win the war, she would lose the war or the war would end in a draw. In the case of any of these consequences, the United States would gain no material advantage no matter what the result of the war was. He proved the latter statement thus:

If the United States were victorious there were no possessions of the Japanese that she could seize or even monopolize; if the war was a draw, well of course only disadvantage would result, the loss of life and of great amounts of money spent in the carrying on of the war; if the United States were defeated they would gain no material advantage or any other kind of advantage, *ipso facto*.

If therefore the United States were in such a position as to gain no advantage even if they did win the war over Japan, they certainly would be extremely cautious about embarking upon such a hazardous enterprise. And as Japan knows this as well as we do, why should their apprehensions be aroused by such an insignificant thing as the sailing of the Fleet?

A point emphasized by the Representative from San Mateo is worthy of note. All our information in regard to American-Japanese matters is gleaned from the greatest of Modern Liberties or rather Modern Evils, the Yellow Journal, he said. We can't rely on the reports of these newspapers. Exaggeration and sensation is the object aimed at and they care nought for results. An

instance in particular which was intimately connected with the subject of discussion, was the well-known Japanese school question. Mr. Hirst declared all those reports to be exaggerated beyond the comprehension of the mind, "for", said he, "it is the special business of the Yellow Journal to make mountains out of ant hills, and they do so to a nicety, whenever the opportunity affords."

Representative Hirst's delivery helped along by his clear, powerful voice, could scarcely have been improved upon. Although but young in years, the Representative is old in mind and experience, especially when things oratorical and forensic are concerned. This is his third appearance before the public in debating circles and ever since his debut six months ago, when he wrestled with a question concerning the classics, he has been on a steady increase for the better, and each new effort shows a vast amount of improvement.

Senator Harry A. McKenzie, of San Francisco, next took the floor to sustain the affirmative. After a few moments spent in the introduction of the subject and clearing away the mist that might have arisen over the meaning of the different terms of the question he began energetically to unfold his arguments, the result of much mature deliberation.

"Japan was, and still is preparing for war," declared the Senator, "and for what reason? Is it not because her apprehensions have been aroused from some quarter of the universe?" These questions the Senator himself answered

by referring to the many differences that have of late sprung up between the United States and Japan.

"It is very evident," said he, "that Japan is making preparations for war with no other object in view than the United States. Not only are they preparing for war, but they are using all means within their power to stir up the rest of the Asiatic domains against us, and instilling into them the belief that their motto (Japan's) is one that should be followed: Asia for the Asiatics, America for the Asiatics, and Americans for the subjects of the Asiatics. Such a rebellious declaration as this surpasses even the fact that Japan is making ready for war, and also shows how very, very friendly our little brown cousin is towards us."

Another point brought out by Senator McKenzie to prove his argument of showing the state of ferment in our regard now existing in Japan, was, that when the Japanese learned of the intentions of those in authority at Washington, to send the Fleet to the Pacific, they at once took steps toward stopping such a procedure, through their ambassador who, failing in his attempt to hinder the sailing of the Fleet was forced to give up his portfolio, and now Japan enjoys a new ambassador.

Still another point brought out by the Metropolitan Senator was the fact that as soon as the Fleet sailed, Japan at once endeavored to stop emigration. This showed beyond a doubt, said the Senator, that Japan's apprehensions were already aroused, but the wily Jap-

anese smoothed things over, or at least attempted to do so by coming forth with an invitation to the United States to have the Fleet visit Japan.

As in past appearances in public debates the Senator carried himself with that ease and excellence which is ever the characteristic of the ambitious student, and his strong, convincing delivery manifested the budding orator.

The last speaker on the Negative side was Representative James R. Daly of Santa Rosa. His argumentation ran thus: The object in sending the Fleet to Pacific waters was for the great practical experience such a voyage would afford the officers and men of the Fleet, and to demonstrate what sort of trips our great battleships are really capable of. Japan understood this as well as we did and consequently, guided by common sense, was not in the least disturbed or alarmed at the sailing of the Fleet.

Representative Daly proceeded to prove his statements: In the late Russo-Japanese war, it is alleged, that had the Russian Fleet previous to the war had any practical experience, any long voyages, etc., the war would have had a different ending. It was principally on account of the lack of this, that when the Russian Fleet finally reached their destination they were in such disabled condition that it was only a matter of a short time for the Japanese to demolish them. Now the United States fully understood all this and profited by this very disastrous example, and as a result the American Fleet sailed.

The voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific was a long one and also one on which many hardships were to be expected, but the practical experience gained by the trip will be invaluable in the future if ever the Fleet is needed on the coast in a hurry.

The Representative declared that it was for this reason that the authorities at Washington saw fit to have the Fleet cruise to the Pacific and that it had nothing whatever to do with the Japanese and the few petty troubles that had arisen, not between the United States and Japan, but between California and Japan, merely an uninternational dispute. And then besides this, as the Pacific side of the United States is as important and possesses almost as great interests as the Atlantic, it is only right that the Pacific should be shown some recognition, and it was but natural that those at Washington should deem it advisable to honor the Pacific by a visit from the Fleet, after a voyage had been decided upon.

Representative Daly dwelt at some length on the good will and friendship shown by Japan towards the United States. The Japanese show us great respect in many ways, for instance, in regard to our laws and doctrines; they not only consider them as sacred but have even made many of our laws, their laws, and our doctrines, their doctrines, for many of them they have copied in their entirety.

A rather clever move on the part of the negative side, appeared at this point. A personal letter to Rep. Daly

from the Japanese Consul in San Francisco, was read, in which he answered a question asked him as to the real attitude of the Japanese in regard to the sending of the fleet. His reply was to the effect that Japan's attitude was still the friendliest, and that her apprehensions were not aroused, nor could he see any reason why they should be even reasonably likely to be aroused.

All this Representative Daly read and enlarged upon several arguments, arising from this fact.

The Representative's strong, clear voice carried conviction with it in every word. His well-known elocutionary powers he used to great advantage in his declamation against the statement that the sending of the Fleet was reasonably likely to excite the apprehensions of Japan.

Needless to say, Representative Daly received no end of applause from the appreciative audience who seemed extremely pleased with the manner in which the Representative upheld his part of the question. It was remarked that Representative Daly—always a speaker of promise—had improved fifty per cent since the last public debate of some months ago.

The refutation on both sides was superb throughout the entire debate, but especially so toward the end, when each speaker was entitled to a few minutes for that special purpose. We dare not say which side, the Affirmative or the Negative, was stronger in refutation, principally because that would seem too much like summing up the en-

tire debate, and as our opinion would not go for much, we shall not attempt to rob the judges of the honor of declaring their decision. However we wish to remark that the sword play of Senator Dooling and Representative Daly was indeed dexterous, and keenly was it enjoyed by the audience.

In the opinion of all the whole affair was a grand success from start to finish and reflected a great amount of praise on all connected with the debate, but especially on the contestants. They are to be highly congratulated upon their efforts. A word of praise is due the College Orchestra which furnished several selections of beautiful music during the intermissions; a word of praise, too, is due the stage hands for the manner in which they so artistically decorated the stage for the occasion.

The decision of the judges will be given on Commencement Night, June 30th, but if there happens to be anyone over-anxious about learning the results, we might let him know on the quiet.

From good authority we have it that the —— side won the debate. We congratulate them and at the same time we dole out our sympathy to the other side.

Senate

Mr. Ivo G. Bogan has handed us the following:

The Ryland debate came and went. After a final effort in which the Senate was well upheld the session was closed.

Activity ceased. Repetitions began and the Senate chambers remain closed until another year shall come and open the doors and raise the gavel for the few remaining members of the nine-eight session, and the chosen ones of the House who shall reverently cross the threshold and take their seats in the most dignified, and the most sought for body among the students of Santa Clara College.

The year has been in all a successful one. Harmony and congeniality have existed among the members. It has been from first to last an exemplification of D'Artagnan's motto, "One for all and all for one." Cooperation has been the undercurrent of the whole term—not shouted loudly from the turrets but acted and silently thought. Not a single discord has shaken the utter tranquility and steady progress of the year.

A number of units held together as a harmonious whole by the influence of a wish to do the right and by the personality of our President—a man who has given unstinted attention to the Senate, whose aim and ambition have been ever the furtherance and improvement of that body, a man whose character radiated upon those who sat in session about him, instilling in them the desire to be worthy of his leadership. The year is over and many who sat in the hall with us will next year be occupying their seats in the great Senate, the world. But they go prepared. The experience they have had will be a mighty factor to aid them. The lessons

they have learned will stand them in good stead. Those things which came as silent influences from our President shall be locked within us, small seeds that shall take root and make us better men, make us capable and worthy to be to others what he has been to us.

Many of us will this year bid farewell to our Alma Mater and to the Senate. We do not go as we once imagined we should with a jaunty step and a mighty cry of gladness. It is with many a backward glance and a heart that is heavy with the thought that some of the things we loved are to us fallen into the oblivion of the past. They will be just pleasant memories that will wake within us when the din of the market sounds in our ears; memories that will always be sweet but whose reality will never be for our enjoyment again. The Senate, the factor that has done so much for us, fades into a memory only. Its minutes will tell to those who come after us that we have walked that way and left our footsteps. That is all; but the memory shall remain with us, thankful recipients of its goods. A memory that will not be effaced but that will live with us always, cherished and revered.

House

Since last our notes concerning the doings of the "House," graced the pages of THE REDWOOD, but two meetings have been held, owing to the many interruptions that have occurred during the last few weeks. It is hoped, how-

ever, that a brief account of these two meetings may not be without interest.

On the evening of April 29th, a very instructive debate was held, somewhat similar in subject to the Ryland contest; it read: Resolved, "That the sending of the Atlantic Fleet to the Pacific, is very likely to arouse the apprehensions of Japan."

For the affirmative, Representatives Dooling, Henry and White did the honors, while the negative was supported by Representatives Watson, McCarthy and McCabe. Both sides put forth some very strong arguments, which helped materially our three representatives who were to speak in the Ryland debate, for it was for their special benefit that almost the same subject was chosen for discussion.

The negative side of the question, by a good majority, won the debate, and it is the sanguine hope of every member of the House that when the decision for the Ryland debate is given at the end of June, it also will be rendered in favor of the negative.

During the last month, the resignations of Representatives Austin Cheatham, and Carlos K. McClatchy were received with much regret. In these two gentlemen, the House has suffered a very serious loss, for their names are coupled closely with the art of fine debating.

Three new names have been added to the already well filled roll of the House of Philistorians by the election into that august body of Bernard A. Budde, Thomas L. McCormick and

Raymond L. Robb. They were received very enthusiastically on Wednesday evening, April 29th, and each one favored the assembly with an appropriate speech.

The Speaker, Mr. W. J. Keany S. J., appointed a Committee on Entertainments, whose duty it was to look after the getting up of the program for the Ryland debate, and to see to it that invitations for the affair were sent away to all the friends of the College, both the relatives of the students and the Alumni. The committee was composed of the following: Representatives Lowe, Archbold, Foster, Degnan and Watson.

Elocution Contest

The annual oratorical contest for the Owl and Kennedy gold medals, took place on Friday evening, May 29th, in the College Auditorium, before a large and appreciative audience of Alumni and friends.

The contest proved a very exciting one, being exceptionally close in both the Academic and Collegiate courses, and from the showing made by every one that took part, the judges will find it no easy matter to select those most worthy of the medals.

The program of the evening opened with a selection by the College orchestra, after which Mr. J. J. Barrett, '91, as chairman of the evening, delivered a very eloquent introductory. He clearly outlined the object of these annual con-

tests and spoke at some length on the great advantages contained in an oratorical training.

After the contest we had the pleasure of listening to another eminent orator in the person of His Lordship, Right Rev. Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles. The charm and force of his remarks on the value of oratory made a deep impression on all who listened to him.

Following is the program of the evening:

Prelude, College Orchestra; Introductory Remarks, John J. Barrett Esq.

ACADEMIC CONTESTANTS FOR THE OWL GOLD MEDAL

"Little Jim" (Anon) Chas. I. Gallagher, '12; "An Incident of '98" (Anon) J. Jos. Hartmann, '12; "Almanzor" (Locke) Geo. J. Mayerle, '13; "The Telegram" (Anon) Frank D. Warren, '13; Intermezzo, College Orchestra.

COLLEGIATE CONTESTANTS FOR THE KENNEDY GOLD MEDAL

"Cassius to Brutus" (Shakespeare) Wm. I. Barry, '10; "The Murderer's Confession" (Poe) Bern. A. Budde, '10; "David's Lament Over Absalom" James R. Daly, '09; "The Unknown Rider" (Lippart) John J. Jones, '08; Music, College Orchestra; "The Legend of the Organ Builder" (Dorr) Thos. J. Lannon, '11; "Coriolanus" (Chas. D. South) Edm. S. Lowe, '10; "Death-bed of Benedict Arnold" (Lippart) Thos. M.

McCarthy, '10; "Prince" (Anon) Jas. B. Oswald, '11; Finale, College Orchestra.

The Judges of the evening were Jno. J. Barrett Esq., chairman, Rev. James E. Malone S. J., John A. Kennedy Esq., Victor A. Scheller Esq., Professor Geo. A. Sedgley, and Hon. Charles A. Thompson. The decision will be made public on Commencement night.

"Fleet Vacation"

The coming of the United States Fleet to San Francisco on May 6th was the occasion of a week's holiday for the students of the College.

Needless to say everyone enjoyed himself to the fullest extent from the time the vacation started until the hour of its termination on Monday, May 11th.

For a month previous to the coming of the Fleet, the main topic of conversation on the campus was "Fleet, fleet, fleet!" "Where are you going to view the Fleet from?" was the "eternal question," on the tongues of everyone, and strange to say it was answerable by few, if any at all.

"Fleet week" was in every sense of the word "exceedingly fleet." It seemed as if the Almighty shortened the days by hastening King Sol over his golden path with more than ordinary speed, so fleet did the time seem to flee.

A rumor about the yard has reached our ears to the effect that just as soon as the Japanese fleet makes its appearance in this vicinity, a vacation of an

indefinite period will be declared, in order to afford the students of the College opportunity of seeing the fireworks. How true this story is, we cannot tell; we hope however that it is unfounded because the majority of us might have some difficulty in reaching the interior States, despite the fact that the financial stringency is now a thing of the past.

Visit of the Fleet Officers

On Tuesday afternoon May 12th, three hundred officers of the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets, visited the College. They were driven from San Jose in automobiles and assembled in front of the College, where a short impromptu program was rendered, of which James R. Daly's recitation of a poem of welcome written especially for the occasion by Charles D. South was the main feature.

A number of selections were played by the College Band, intermingled with "varsitys" and "sky-rockets," all directed toward the Fleet and the officers. Our yells were very tactfully returned by the navy men and their patriotic Annapolis cheer with Santa Clara tacked on the end of it was inspiring to listen to.

All in all we feel sure that the men

who so recently traveled around the horn under the masterful guidance of the inevitable Bob Evans, appreciated our feeble but earnest endeavors to entertain them.

The beautiful poem of welcome written by Mr. C. D. South '01, which we consider the most poetic and most characteristic production evoked by the coming of the Fleet is given in another column.

Father Bell's Lecture

On Wednesday evening, May 12th, we assembled in the College Theater to listen to a very interesting and instructive discourse on Ancient and Modern Rome, given by the Rev. Richard Bell S. J.

To make his address more interesting and at the same time to place before the students of the College a true idea of what Rome really was and is, Father Bell had a special set of beautiful stereopticon views prepared for the occasion, which were thrown upon the screen as the discourse proceeded. These he fully explained and described in a very able manner as each picture was presented, and judging from the great amount of applause, Father Bell's efforts to entertain us were fully appreciated.

ROB'T E. McCABE, '10.

ALUMNI



One of the many pleasant results of the trip of Santa Clara's team to Reno was the number of old boys it brought to light. Nevada has always been honorably represented at Santa Clara, even from the beginning. We recall just now among others such names as Robert J. Keating S. B., '62, John E.

Nevada Alumni

Adams S. B., '89, Joseph G. Carey A. B., '92, James S. Flynn A. B., '01, Frank A. Lawler A. B., '02, and the Comerford brothers. At our victory over the University of Nevada on the 25th, our team had the support of many old Santa Clara students, who came from far and near to lend their voices to their Alma Mater. We noticed Frank Byington '97, Harry Gulling '04, George Campbell '88, now manager of the Reno Traction Company, Alex. McCone '79 and Leo Marks '97 who is engaged in mining operations.

At the annual Ryland Debate, held in the College Theatre on May 4th, Wm.

E. Johnson A. B., '01 acted as chairman of the evening, while Joseph R. Ryland S. B., '84, Hon. David M. Burnett '96, Robert M. Syer S. B., '88 and Hon. James H. Campbell A. B., '71, Ph. D. '03 passed judgment on the merits of the speakers.

Ryland Debate

Elocution Contest

On the evening of the 29th of last month the annual Gold Medal Elocution Contest took place and was attended by many of the old boys. Among them were John J. Barrett S. B., '91, chairman of the contest, and John A. Kennedy Hon. '97, Victor A. Scheller S. B., '86, George A. Sedgley S. B., '68 and Hon. Charles A. Thompson A. B., '00, all of whom acted as judges.

While we are glad to welcome those of our Alumni who have gone forth from our walls not less regard do we feel for those who have remained amongst us, namely: Mr. Fred G. Gerlach S. B., '89, our visiting physician,

Mr. George A. Sedgley S. B., '68, who is known to the Santa Clara boys of several generations and Mr. John A. Waddell, to whom is due in great measure for many years the success of both our plays and entertainments.

The new Santa Clara College has received from a friend the gift of \$6,000, which will be solely devoted to the development of the water resources of Loyola (the new College property). Loyola is on the direct line of the Southern Pacific and commands a beautiful sight of the surrounding valley.

We are very happy to be able to offer in this Alumni number some reminiscences from the pen of one of the members of the very first class established in Santa Clara College. We see from Mr. Menton's brief account that several of his classmates are still alive. We should be only too grateful if they, also, would favor us with some similar recollections.

In THE REDWOOD sanctum hang two large pictures of two of Santa Clara's first graduates, Thos. I. Bergin and Delphine M. Delmas. Both in their college days were well known as talented, brilliant scholars, and ever since in the legal profession no light has shone brighter than theirs. It is interesting to recall the herculean tasks they performed in those days. Of Mr. Bergin we read in the program of the public entertainment of 1855: "Master Thomas

I. Bergin having last year exposed the whole of Homer's Iliad, this year offers himself to be examined on the 24 books of Homer's Odyssey and on Demosthenes' Philippics and the Corona." Of Mr. Delmas we read in 1861: "Mr. Delmas is ready to translate into either Latin, French or English the 24 books of Homer's Odyssey."

Mr. J. Perkins Tracy, a celebrated author residing in New York, though far separated from the old College, has not at all forgotten his love for it even after a lapse of nearly forty years. His devotion and loyalty to Santa Clara are evidenced by the promptness with which he responded to our request for a few reminiscences of the days of yore, as well as by the following heartfelt lines:

My dear sir: I am in receipt of your letter of the 23d inst. and take great pleasure in responding to your request for a brief contribution to the Alumni number of THE REDWOOD.

Although it is nearly thirty-nine years since I severed my connection as a student with Santa Clara College, the three years I spent within its classic boundaries form a particularly green spot in my recollection.

The following incident which took place in the fall of 1868 may prove of interest to REDWOOD'S readers—both the "old boys" and the new.

On the 20th of April, amid the beautiful grounds of Casa del Rancho, in a

manner that did credit to the reputation for hospitality that it bears, Ex. '75
 Hon. '86 James F. Dunne celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. Among the guests of the evening were several former Santa Clara boys, while Hon. James D. Phelan Hon. '03 and Peter J. Dunne S. B., '84 were the speakers of the evening.

This year is the Silver Jubilee of the class of 1883, and we are glad to present our readers a very interesting letter from the pen of one of its members. Mr. Joaquin Urrea has done us this favor and we are very thankful to him. The home of this Alumnus is in Alamos, Sonora, Mexico, where for many years he has been a member of the Municipality. Mr. Urrea celebrated this year of jubilee by visiting his Alma Mater and placing his two sons under her care.

That California's welcome to the Fleet has turned out to be such a success is due in no small measure to several Santa Clara Alumni, particularly Hon. James D. Phelan, chairman of the Fleet Reception Committee and Hon. Lewis F. Byington of the Native Sons' Committee.

Superior Judge Joseph J. Trabucco, accompanied by his son, recently paid the College a visit, where by chance he met James Ennis of Gold Hill, Nevada, who with His Honor formed the

battery of the famous Varsity of '87-'88. "Joe" has been Superior Judge of Mariposa County for the last six years and as he is the only candidate of both parties, his re-election is assured. We congratulate Mr. Trabucco, but none the less do we congratulate the citizens of Mariposa County who have it in their power to place on the Superior Bench a man so honorable, so capable and so generous as the popular "Joe."

Who should drop in to pay us a visit the other day but the genial and well-liked John G. Covert of the famous class of '91! Old boys of S. B. '91 that and preceding years will be glad to hear that John is doing splendidly and that his fellow citizens have recognized his talent and integrity by electing him to be Superior Judge of King's County. At the College he had a pleasant chat with some of his old teachers, among whom were Rev. Father Ricard and Mr. Sedgley. He also met Rev. Wm. J. Deeney S. J., a former classmate. With Judge Covert was his little son Francis whom he intends to send to Santa Clara after a few years.

We have received a letter from Rev. Father T. J. O'Connell, in which he enclosed a check for a renewal of his A. B. '92 subscription, as he says "To help us keep green." We are very grateful to the Rev. Father, but somehow or other we had an idea that THE REDWOOD was *sempervirens*. At any rate, if all are as good to us as

Father O'Connell, we shall have no difficulty in keeping verdant. Father O'Connell is at present located at St. Joseph's Church, Alameda.

Old boys of '93 will be glad to hear that Father Joseph W. Riordan is expected to return soon from Mexico. Rev. Father Riordan was President of Santa Clara College for the six years prior to 1899.

J. G. Deming Jr. dropped in amongst us last week. He is connected with the Albers Bros.' Milling Company of Seattle, Wash. We were very happy to have him visit us.

We are happy to hear that Jos. B. Kennedy is doing splendidly in the practice of law. He is at present associated with Chas. S. Wheeler in the Union Trust Building.

We recently heard from Edward J. Kelly. He is at present residing in Watsonville, where he holds an important position in the bank.

Lately we had an interview with John B. Welsh of Menlo Park, in which he promised to write shortly a few reminiscences of his college days for THE REDWOOD.

There is at hand a very interesting letter from Walter J. O'Brien, who is at present engaged in the automobile business with

the O'Brien Motor Car Company of San Francisco.

We are pleased to hear that Howard B. Patrick, the former center of our varsity, is as popular at Stanford where he has been elected to the captaincy of the varsity crew as he was at Santa Clara. "Tootie" was stroke oarsman of the crew during the past season.

Among the recent visitors at the College were Frank Watkins, who is engaged in the wine business at Los Angeles, Dan Flannery of San Jose, Charles H. Graham A. B., '98 of Sacramento, Thomas E. Kelly, of Alameda, Wm. J. Kieferdorf A. B., '00, Milton Moraghan, Francis H. Moraghan A. B., '04 of San Francisco, Gerald Beaumont Ex. '05, George Fisher A. B., '07 of Stanford and Charles Laumeister.

Mr. John A. Kennedy visited us last month and hearing of the proposed trip of the Santa Clara Team to the Hawaiian Islands generously offered to present a handsome gold medal to the Santa Clara boy that brings back the best general average. This is but another manifestation of the interest and devotion that Mr. Kennedy always cherished for everything that is connected with Santa Clara. THE REDWOOD takes this opportunity of cordially thanking him.

ALEX. T. LEONARD '10.



The call of summer is in the air; the birds, the flowers, the plants, the animals, the very atmosphere seem fascinated with the charm of its voice. Yet though we hear it with gladness our heart twitches with regret. For ushering in an era full of new pleasures and delights, summer, nevertheless, carries away in its arms all the incidents of a school year. It blots out forever the sweet, happy blending of past delights and griefs; it tears us away at least for the present, or may be forever, from those friends, those schoolmates whom we have learned to love; it snatches from our view those places, those associations around which so many happy recollections are entwined. Thus even in the midst of those anticipated joys a feeling of sadness and of loss overshadows us.

One of the pleasures which summer claims of us, is that with which we part most reluctantly. During the past few months we have had the happiness of becoming acquainted through the medium of the exchange column, with many of the different universities and colleges scattered over the United States. We have learned to look for-

ward with pleasure to the arrival of their various magazines and journals. It has always been an enjoyment to peruse their contents in the sanctum, when the shades of evening spreading their veils enveloped the outside world in darkness, and when the twinkling stars, God's lanterns, alone shone down to light the darkened paths.

Now summer has come, it is ready to separate us from all these coveted enjoyments; 'tis true it may be but for the short space of a few fleeting weeks, but who knows, who can say for certain? Nevertheless those sweet happy hours that we spent beneath the old lamp in the sanctum, glancing over the pages of our contemporaries, with them at least in spirit, will be enthroned forever amongst our most cherished remembrances and we shall always gaze fondly back on them with emotions of pleasure and pride.

The May number of the *University of North Carolina Magazine* has several attractive short stories, yet there is an undesirable something, a certain wierd unnaturalness, if I may so term it overshadow-

ing them which clouds the reader's mind in gloom. Especially true is this of "The Burden of Life" and "The Story of Hal Hendrix." The biographical essay on "Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer," is entertainingly and cleverly written; "A Spring Song" in darkie dialect, has a true musical ring and true poetic sweetness. "Porta Mortis" is likewise good.

Out of a number of excellent articles in May issue of *The Dial* there is one

**The
Dial**

piece that seems to surpass everything else in the magazine. This is the historical essay, "Maria Theresa" which portrays not alone the author's firm grasp of his subject but also his thorough knowledge of the history of that time. For the instruction which it imparts, for the charm and originality of its style, we consider this essay to be one of the best we have had the pleasure of reading this month. Of the verse, the poem "To H. T. K. on his Twentieth Birthday" is for thought, diction and sweetness especially deserving of mention.

We were happy to welcome in the May number of *The Labarum* a new

**The
Labarum**

friend to the sanctum. Coming from Mount Saint Joseph's College, it proved both instructive and interesting. We hope that this standard which has

ranked it on its initial appearance among the best of our exchanges will be maintained in future.

One of the principal reasons we have always evinced a certain fondness for

**The
Fordham
Monthly**

the *Fordham Monthly* is the freshness of its poetry and the power and originality of its stories.

What we have applied to the magazine for the past may more truly be said of this May number.

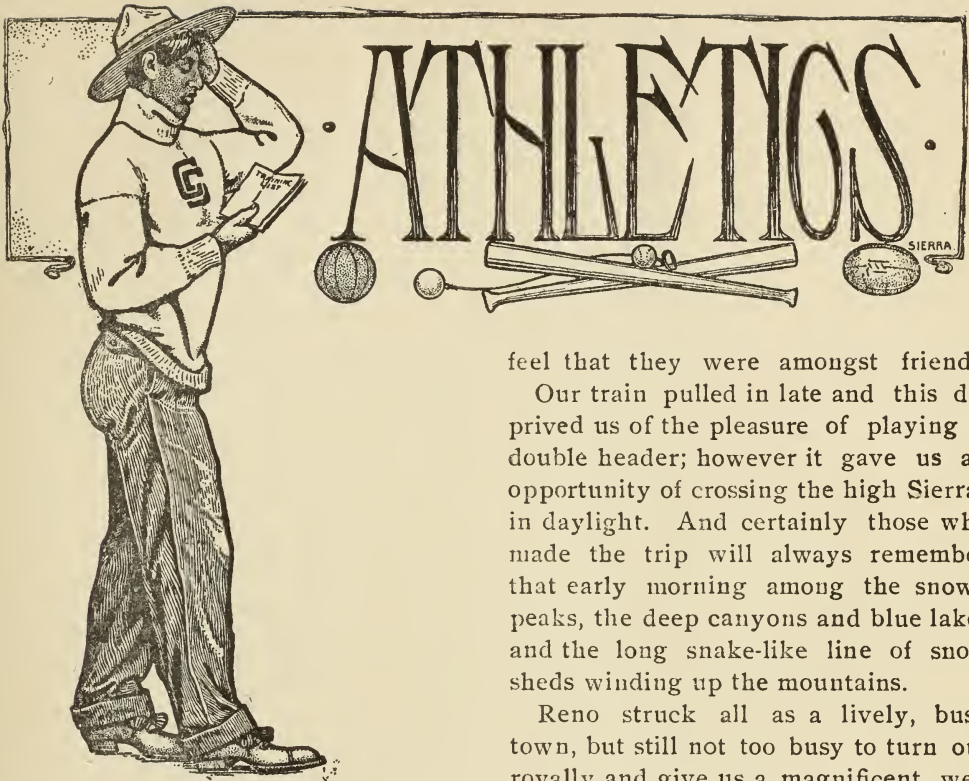
"A Question of High Finance" is the sad tale of a professional confidence man being slickly outwitted by the intended victim. The biographical essay on "Archbishop Hughes" is an appreciation of the sterling character, the charitable disposition and loving nature of that noble prelate. Of the verse, "A Hundred Years," and "To Our Lady" are especially good. All the remaining articles are well written.

Before we lay down our pen, not to take it up again this year, we feel it incumbent upon us to

**A Word
of Thanks**

thank our fellow exchange editors for the uniform courtesy and good will they have manifested toward us. We appreciate fully the high opinion they are good enough to entertain of us and we hope that as time goes on we shall become less and less unworthy of it.

WM. I. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '11.



Nevada 3, S. C. C. 11

As a wind-up for a very successful season our valiant diamond warriors under the doughty Kilburn and the stalwart McKenzie journeyed over the Rockies to cross swords with the willow wielders of the University of Nevada, the champions, by the by, of their own State.

The weather and the trip itself could not have been more pleasant and the cordial treatment received at the hands of the Nevada people made the team

feel that they were amongst friends.

Our train pulled in late and this deprived us of the pleasure of playing a double header; however it gave us an opportunity of crossing the high Sierras in daylight. And certainly those who made the trip will always remember that early morning among the snowy peaks, the deep canyons and blue lakes and the long snake-like line of snow sheds winding up the mountains.

Reno struck all as a lively, busy town, but still not too busy to turn out royally and give us a magnificent welcome. Crowds filled the grand stand to overflowing, while many enjoyed the game from automobiles and carriages on side lines.

To say that a Nevada crowd is enthusiastic is only expressing it mildly, but the old Santa Clara boys who were among the crowd rooted harder than any for their old College.

The game itself was close and exciting until the seventh act, but after this the Nevada boys took too many aeronautic observations and the players from the southland turned every miscue of the Sage Brush boys to their own ad-

vantage, leaving them on the short end of an 11 to 3 score.

In the first inning Santa Clara's hopes were rosy for a few moments, with the bags full and only one gone, but Westall pulled himself out of the hole by striking out the next batter and the following one was an easy fly.

The first run came in the first half of the third period. Kilburn was safe on an error, Lappin sacrificed him to second, and A. Shafer brought him in with a safe drive to center. Nevada promptly put a man around in the same inning after two were out. Beckner got a hit and Dougherty's double to right brought him over the pan.

Things were quiet until the sixth inning, when each team got another man around the bases and the score was again tied. Kennedy hit safely, McNally was safe on Gallagher's muff and Kennedy went to third and the squeeze play brought in the second run. Again Nevada scored in the same frame, Freeman hit safely, stole second and crossed the rubber on Westall's single. Their last run came in the ninth; Freeman's third hit brought him to the middle station and Rossi came through with the necessary rap to bring him home.

The rest of the game is only how Santa Clara scored four runs on as many hits in the seventh and how they repeated the trick in the ninth with one run sandwiched in between in the eighth. Kennedy's three bagger and Broderick's and Peter's doubles all helped to fatten the tally.

The figures for the fans follow:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Lappin, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Peters, rf.....	4	2	2	1	0	0
A Shafer, ss.....	5	1	2	2	2	1
Kennedy, cf.....	4	3	3	1	0	0
McNally 3rd.....	4	1	1	2	2	1
Watson, 2nd.....	4	1	1	3	1	1
Broderick, 1st.....	4	0	1	8	0	0
M. Shafer, c.....	5	0	1	7	3	0
Kilburn, p.....	5	3	1	2	4	0
Totals.....	38	11	12	27	12	3

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Henderson, 2nd.....	4	0	0	1	4	0
Beckner, cf.....	4	1	2	1	0	2
Dougherty lf.....	2	0	1	0	0	0
Freeman, c.....	4	2	3	9	2	0
Westall, p.....	3	0	1	2	5	1
Rossi, 3d.....	4	0	1	1	3	3
Curnow rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Gallagher, 1st.....	2	0	0	12	3	2
Folsum, ss.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	29	3	8	27	17	9

SUMMARY

Three base hits Kennedy.— Two base hits—Broderick, Peters, Freeman. Stolen bases—Lappin, A. Shafer, M. Shafer, Beckner 2. Freeman. Left on bases—Santa Clara 6. University of Nevada 2. Sacrifice hits—Lappin, Watson, Broderick, Gallagher. Base on balls, off Kilburn 1, off Westall 2. Struck out by Kilburn 6, by Westall 6. Double plays—McNally to A. Shafer to M. Shafer. Passed balls—Freeman. Hit by Pitcher—Watson, Westall. Umpire—Geo Campbell. Scorer—H. McKenzie. Time of game 2 hours.

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S.C.CollegeHits	0	0	1	2	0	1	4	0	4—12
Runs.....	0	0	1	0	0	1	4	1	4—11
U. of Nev. Hits	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	2—8
Runs.....	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1—3

A Retrospect

With the close of the baseball season a few averages will give those interested some idea how Santa Clara's 1908 team has played.

In the fielding department of the

game our average of 898, while not as high as our batting average, is still very, very creditable. However, what we are most proud of is our batting abilities which is demonstrated by a score that is higher than any of the University or College teams of the coast, to our knowledge. We boast the fine figure of 296, an average which even league teams would like to attain.

The swats moreover were not of a light order either, as four home runs, eleven three baggers, and twenty doubles will prove. We should like also to call the attention of our friends to our work done in the line of stolen bases.

A total of 72 of these pilfered sweets in seventeen games was the record of the team and is another reason why Santa Clara's 1908 team was a pennant winner. Art Shafer stole over a third of this number with 27 to his credit. The work of the rest of the team was good but for the fans figures speak more persuasively than words, and so we give the averages below.

	Games Played	Chances	Errors	At bat	Hits	Batting Av.	Fielding Av.	Stolen Bases
Shafer, A.	16	86	12	60	32	533	860	27
Kennedy...	9	16	3	36	18	500	812	5
Peters.....	14	62	3	54	25	463	936	8
Jones.....	4	9	0	14	6	428	1000	1
Kilburn...	15	55	6	49	15	306	891	3
Lappin....	16	9	1	57	16	281	888	8
Watson....	16	60	5	59	12	204	917	5
Broderick..	14	130	6	52	9	173	954	3
Rapp.....	6	7	2	21	3	143	714	3
M. Shafer	16	142	4	62	8	111	972	6
Salberg....	11	15	1	36	4	111	933	3

The following from the pen of Mr. Harry McKenzie speaks for itself:

By the request of the College magazine, the REDWOOD, and on behalf of the Santa Clara College Baseball Team the following statement is given:

We, the Santa Clara Baseball team base our claims to the *amateur* intercollegiate baseball championship for the season of 1908 on the following facts, viz:

We won five out of eight games from Stanford who in turn defeated St. Vincent's College. By defeating the University of Nevada at Reno we won the northern title.

A series of five games was arranged with the University of California.

Santa Clara won two and lost two. The University refused to play the fifth and deciding game. Hence by this fact it must necessarily forfeit the championship to Santa Clara.

Very respectfully,
 H. A. J. MCKENZIE,
 Mgr. Santa Clara Baseball Team.

Honolulu Trip

Perhaps the longest trip a college baseball team has ever taken, both in regard to time and distance, will be that which good fortune has in store for the Santa Clara College nine.

Manager Harry McKenzie had been carrying out his arrangements for some time and not until everything had been matured was it announced in the San Francisco papers that Santa Clara's ball

team was going to the Hawaiian Islands.

Ten games are to be played with the four clubs of the Honolulu Baseball League which should result in some major league baseball for the fans of the Islands. The University of Japan also will send its representative team, and so out in Hawaii will be fought the battle for the supremacy of the Pacific, at least in the world of baseball.

The trip itself will be a delightful one and the stay of five weeks will give the players a chance to see everything of interest among those tropic isles. Besides the Honolulu Stars who went down last fall cannot say too much for the hospitality of the people there, who did everything to make their stay pleasant.

We wish the team all kinds of luck and they may be sure that although far away every college fellow will be anxious to get the reports.

Owing to a lack of space in our last issue we were forced to withhold the tabulated score of the last Berkeley game. We now insert it.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Lappin, lf.....	5	0	0	1	0	1
Peters 2nd.....	5	1	2	1	2	0
A. Shafer, ss.....	4	2	4	1	2	0
Kennedy cf.....	5	1	1	0	1	0
Broderick, 1st.....	4	0	1	8	0	0
McNally, 3rd.....	4	1	1	3	1	0
Salberg, rf.....	2	0	0	1	0	0
Twohy, c.....	4	0	0	12	0	0
Kilburn, p.....	1	0	0	0	5	1
Totals.....	34	5	9	27	11	2

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Smith, 3rd.....	5	0	0	1	2	0
Earnest, lf.....	2	2	1	1	1	0
R. Myers 1st.....	3	1	0	13	1	1
C. Myers c.....	4	0	1	5	1	0
Al Myers, lf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Solinsky, cf.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Jordan, p.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Butler, 2nd.....	4	0	0	1	8	0
Lewis, ss.....	4	0	0	3	2	0
Totals.....	32	3	5	27	15	1

*Stanton batted for Butler in the ninth

RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

S C College..	0	0	1	1	1	0	2	0	0	—	5
Base Hits..	1	0	2	1	1	0	3	0	1	—	9
Univ. of Calif.	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	3
Base Hits..	1	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	—	5

SUMMARY

Three-base hits—Kennedy, Shafer. Two-base hits—Earnist, Shafer. Stolen bases—Peters 2, Shafer 2, Kilburn 2, Salberg, Earnirt. Left on bases—Santa Clara 8. University of California 6. Firat base on errors—Solinsky, Lewis. Base on balls—Off Kilburn 5, off Jordan 3. Struck out—By Kilburn 12, by Jordan 5. Passed balls—Twohy, C. Myers. Wild pitches—Jordan. Hit by pitcher—Kilburn 2, Shafer. Umpire—Walter Christie. Scorer—A. B. Diepenbrock. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes.

Juniors 6, San Jose High School 5

The '08 Junior team, the first nine of the 2nd Division, had already disbanded, and were just beginning to rest contentedly on the laurels won during what was conceded by all the student fans to be the best season in the history of that club in the College, when a challenge came from the crack San Jose High School team. As it meant a go for the championship coach Peters, Captain Lohse and Manager Ford worked hard to round up their men. The re-

sult was one of those fast snappy articles of baseball, that are often down on the fans' bill of fare but seldom served up to him.

Pitcher Walterstein was taking care of a sore back that day, but young "Hap" Gallagher had no difficulty in filling the southpaw's place on the mound. The visitors started things with a bang in the very first round. Gallagher walked a couple, who advanced to 3rd and 2nd and were waiting on tiptoes for the pinch hit. Snooks delivered the required goods and both High School men trotted across the rubber. Things looked a little blue, and they became more so when Worswick sacrificed with a long fly, bringing in a third run. The Juniors came right back at their opponents, undismayed by the lead they had given them, and at the end of the inning the score stood 2 to 3. Ford, Flood and Lyng came up in order, and each singled in big league style. In the second inning Gallagher settled down and the first three men were disposed of with ease, two of them making frightful swings at the ozone. Things remained stationary until the fourth act when Gallagher opened up with a safety, was moved up a peg by a pretty bunt hit of Nolting's, and finished the circuit on a drive from McCarthy, the little reliable of the right garden. The next round San Jose again took the lead, but soon lost it.

McGovern drove the sphere over left fielder's head; Gallagher again came through, sending Lyng and McGovern home, and putting his team one to the good.

In the 6th and 7th McCarthy and Foley got safe bingles, but Ross held them on the sacks. In the 8th frame Lyng, while trying to catch Ross, who was flying to third, threw wide and once again the race was neck and neck. Goose eggs tell the story of the following two innings, but in the second half of the eleventh Bobbie Flood tore into a shoulder ball and the next instant two fielders were racing after the bounding horse-hide. Flood was resting on third when the sphere was again recovered. All that was needed now was the winning hit. Lyng was equal to the occasion and connected safely through second.

This game was the last of the season for the Juniors, a fitting end to an almost unbroken series of victories. Anderson's Academy, St. Matthew's, and the High Schools of San Mateo, Redwood, and Mountain View, besides St. Ignatius' Second Nine, all met defeat. Some of their playing showed ragged edges at times, but they made up by good stick work, the batting average of the team being 303. We hope that the '08 Juniors will be an example to the Juniors of future years.

SAN JOSE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Tramutola.....	4	0	0	5	4	0
Ross	5	2	2	0	5	0
Lion	4	1	0	3	4	0
Horn..	4	1	1	5	0	1
Warswick	4	0	1	6	0	1
Snooks.....	5	0	1	7	0	0
Stilwell	4	0	0	0	0	0
Nelson	4	0	0	3	0	0
Brown	4	1	0	1	0	1
Totals.....	38	5	5	31	13	3

JUNIORS, S. C. C.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ford, cf.....	6	1	1	0	0	0
Flood, 1st.....	6	2	2	9	0	0
Lyng, c.....	6	1	2	9	3	0
McGovern, ss.....	5	1	3	4	5	1
Gallagher, p.....	5	1	2	1	0	1
Foley, 3d.....	4	0	1	3	3	0
Nolting, lf.....	5	0	2	3	0	0
McCarthy, rf.....	5	0	2	1	0	0
Lohse 2nd.....	4	0	0	3	1	1
Totals.....	46	6	15	33	12	3

One out when winning run was scored.

Umpire—M. Shafer; Scorers—C. Ernst and J. Lagomarsino.

SUMMARY

Base on balls, off Gallagher 2, off Rose 1. Struck out by Gallagher 9; by Ross 7. Three base hits—Flood. Two base hits—Lyng. Flood. Sacrifice hits—Lohse, Tramutola, Warswick. Stolen bases—Flood, McGovern, McCarthy, Nelson 2, Brown. Double plays—McGovern to Foley. Left on Bases—Juniors 11; San Jose 4.

The All-Star Team

During the past semester the All Stars have been most successful under the guardianship of Father Brainard as Director, M. Shafer as coach and Terry McGovern as Captain. They played 18 games and lost but two, these being to College teams, namely: The Outlaws and Juniors. Therefore they have a perfect percentage for outside games.

They began by defeating the crack 2nd team of St. Ignatius in the earlier part of February and wound with a decisive victory over Redwood High by a 13 to 1 score, in the latter part of May. The Stars always played a fast heady game and with a man like McGovern captain, they certainly couldn't help winning. A notable feature of the game was the stick work of Castrucio and the fielding of McGovern. The line-up of these young warriors is as follows:

- R. York.....Catcher
- C. Wilson.....Pitcher
- P. Smith.....First Base
- F. Warren.....2nd Base
- R. McGovern...Short Stop
- C. Castrucio... 3d Base
- L. Lynch.....Left Field
- H. Kennerson..Center Field
- H. Curry.....Right Field
- J. Sassenrath.....Extra

The "Angelus"

The midget "Angelus" nine has done its share this season to uphold the ancient glory of the Red and White on the juvenile baseball field. Having defeated everything in its class this clever aggregate of youngster ball tossers may justly claim the coast juvenile championship. Their recent errorless play-ing in the victorious games with San Mateo, Menlo Park and Columbia Park Boys of San Francisco was such as to call forth expressions of wonder and praise from enthusiastic witnesses. The style of ball playing manufactured by these youngsters may be seen especially in the victory they carried away from the Columbia Park Boys by the score of 1 to 0.

We are pleased to record the person-nell of this fine little team—maybe some of its members fifty years hence will look back upon this list and draw from it an inspiration to write for another Alumni number their reminis-cences of youthful struggles and tri-umphs:

Manager, Frederick Otto Hoedt; Coach, F. R. McGovern; Captain and short stop, R. E. Jeffress; Treasurer and first base, N. R. Cosgrave; Pitchers, T. J. Lannon, W. J. Balish, C. P. Lepori; Catcher, G. A. Broderick; second base, A. V. Turonnet; third base, C. I. Gallagher; right, L. A. Terrazas; centre, E. E. Harvey; left, P. R. Neth.

ERNEST P. WATSON, '10.





